

UMAGEZA

Empompini

By: Thembelihle Zwane

Prologue

There's nothing more annoying than the loud ringing of an alarm clock indicating a new day because it means it's time to wake up. I groan furiously as I roll over to turn off my alarm. I'm so exhausted I wish I could go back to sleep but a man gotta wake up and hustle. I roll out of bed, goosebumps breaking out of my body as the cold air hit on my bare skin. I pull on my gown and slide into my push ins then grab my taxi keys, trudging to the garage. I unlock it and bring the engine to life then walk back to my bedroom. I make the bed then skip to the bathroom to take a quick shower. 15 minutes later I'm done with my hygiene process I slip into Nike tracksuits and sneakers then head to the main house. I own a back room of which I extended and added a garage, bathroom and a lounge. The aroma of eggs and sausages hits my nostrils as I make my way into the kitchen

. "MaOledi" (mother)

She gives me one look and continues frying eggs without a word. I take out a bottle of milk from the fridge and drink directly from it.

"Yey wena Nkosinathi how many times do I have to tell you to use a glass? Who's going to drink your saliva?!"

I knew that I would get her attention when I drink the milk from the bottle. It's not the one I'm yearning for but it's better than the silent treatment.

"I'm sorry ndlovukazi yami" (...my queen)

I say looking at her and I can see that she's suppressing a smile and that's enough to make my day.

"Sit down, here's your breakfast"

I grab a chair and sit down she places a plate full of English breakfast before me and a cup of coffee.

“Ta maOledi” (Thank you mom)

I feast on my breakfast like I haven't been eating for days. I could never get enough of this woman's cooking. I swear even those top chefs have nothing on my mom.

“I have been thinking”

I look up to her expectantly licking my finger tips

“It's time you move back into the house so that we can rent the back room”

She gotta be kidding me I moved out of the house because I wanted my own space.

“Why?”

“We need all the money we can get Nkosinathi your little sister is going to varsity next year and my fast food business is not doing well ever since MaKhanyile stole my idea of opening a chisa nyama”

I don't know why mom is still friends with that ugly woman because it's obvious that she envies her.

“You have been in this game more than her mom, come up with a strategy to beat her.”

“I will never beat her she's using umuti to attract customers”

“Then use muti too, I can even find a powerful sangoma or nyanga to help you”

“Hey boy never ever suggest that nonsense to me! I don't believe in witchcraft!”

“It's not witchcraft mom come on. Every business owner does these things. It's not harmful at all tell me why you never come back home from town without buying something from Ellias?”

“Because they have reasonable prices!”

“No it’s because of their woza woza. It calls you wherever you are, even if you were not planning to buy anything from them. Remember last week you bought rat poison knowing very well that you have plenty. You couldn’t walk out of the shop without buying anything.”

She looks at me as though she’s trying to deduce what I just said

“Haisuka ayikho leyonto!” (There’s no such thing!)

Indians have one powerful woza woza I’m telling you. The whole of Newcastle town you will never find a shop that is always packed as Ellias strue nasi ngifunga ngempilo yalesifebe esangithelela nge STI (I swear on that bitch’s life who infected me with a STI) but that’s a story for another day. People are always buying from that supermarket. I don’t want to mention how packed it gets when it’s month end to the point that people have to wait outside and wait for other people inside to finish their shopping and leave the shop. If you are from Newcastle you would know exactly what I’m talking about. Woza woza for days I’m telling you, I wish they could pour some for My Mom or I should date an Indian chick maybe they are not undermining and gold digging like African women. It’s very hard to find a woman who can love you for who you are, not for what you have or what you do. It’s even worse for a guy like me, who’s job is to transport people from one destination to the other. There are zero ladies who want to date ‘Umageza Empompini’

Chapter One

The past few days Mom has been giving me the silent treatment but I'm glad that she still wakes up every morning to make sure that I have something to munch on before I go to work, mind you I wake up at 2am everyday. I have to arrive at the taxi rank at 3am to ensure that I'm far ahead in the taxi rank queue as possible and also cater to the needs of those who need transportation to work between 5am-6am. I love my job and I'm not ashamed of being a taxi driver. I grew up fantasizing about saving lives but mathematics and physical sciences was showing me flames. Yerrr those subjects made me hate school. I would always obtain the lowest mark and our teacher liked to announce marks from the highest to the lowest in the classroom. Everyone knew that I would score the lowest and when my script was the last one to be called out, she would ask the learners "And the lowest is?" Then the learners would reply "Nkosinathi!!" and burst out into laughter. It was so mortifying and the fact that the teacher was also mocking me in front of the learners killed my spirit. I started hating school and bunking every now and then.

I flunked grade 10 and my dad was furious so I changed the subjects the following year but honestly I wasn't feeling school anymore. I was tempted to drop out but I knew better than that, my dad was going to kill me. That dude was always breathing down my neck about finishing school and furthering my studies. He allowed me to breath after I matriculated because I wasn't sure what I wanted to study. I took a 'gap year' learning how to drive and shadowing my dad and that's how I developed a love for the taxi industry, but my folks always wanted me to further my studies. I studied at Amajuba College the following year for business management and completed all the Ns but they were not enough to get me a good paying job. I tried applying for internships with no luck. If I must say it was a waste of money and time to study that business course. I spent a few years just lazing around until 5 years back on the 13th of February,

my Dad was shot dead during a taxi war. It was then that I decided to stop lazing around and man up so that I can provide for my mom and my little sister. I took over my Dad's spot, although his boss was a bit skeptical at first but he gave me a chance and I proved myself that I got this. Like any other job there are challenges every day but I'm happy where I am and I want to grow in this industry and have my own taxis.

“You want to die like your father!” Mom says We have been re-visiting this conversation for 5 years now, doesn't' she get tired of saying the same thing over and over again?? Honestly I'm so exhausted of hearing the same thing all the damn time

. “I'm not going to die maOledi. you need to relax, okay?” “How do you know that huh? I don't want to lose you too like your father Nkosinathi, please take Bab'Gatsheni's offer I'm begging you my son”

Bab'Gatsheni was my Dad's best friend, they were like brothers. He owns a wholesaler in town so he needs a driver to supply his goods. I know that mom asked him to offer me this job because she hates my job. I understand her fear of losing me like my father I really do but I don't see myself in any industry than the taxi industry.

“I won't take Bab'Gatsheni's offer mom and I know that you told him to offer me this job. I don't know when will you accept that I love my job”

“You want me to understand that one day you will die on me like your father? Do you enjoy seeing me worrying every single day and praying that you don't get shot like your father?”

Her voice is cracking and her eyes are sparkling with tears. It only takes a blink of an eye for them to fall effortlessly on her gorgeous flawless face. I get up from the chair and walked up to her then cradle her face in my palms.

“I don't enjoy seeing you worrying and I wish you can stop worrying about me because nothing is going to happen to me I promise mom”

“Don’t make promises about things you have no control of Nkosinathi.”

That comes out as a whisper as more tears escape her eyes, breaking my heart into two pieces. I catch them with my thumbs before they fall. I hate seeing her crying and the last thing I want is to be the reason for her tears

“I hate it when you cry mom and you are worrying yourself too much. There hasn't been a war ever since Dad passed. Everything is going well, please stop stressing yourself. I have been saving money to buy my own taxi's maybe that will make you feel better”

She looks at me with glossy eyes and shakes her head in disapproval

“No! as long as you are in the taxi industry you are not safe. How about you start a business with that money. You can ask Bab’Gatsheni for ideas I know he will be happy to help you”

I don’t know if I’m overthinking things but lately it’s Bab’Gatsheni this and Bab’Gatsheni that. The mention of his name is starting to give me heartburn now.

“I’m going to be late stop stressing too much I love you”

I plant a peck on her forehead and take a toothpick then put it in my mouth. This conversation never ends anyway I might as well run away. I open the gate and the garage then hop into my taxi. I drive off after closing the garage and the gate. I thought by this winter I would be driving one of my taxi's probably a quantum with an air conditioner. It’s brass monkey weather and it doesn't help that I’m driving ingeque (old square taxi). I swear it feels like I’m driving a shack in winter. I connect my phone to the aux and play music just to light up my mood, cold mornings makes me grumpy. I don’t know if winter fans exist but what I know is I’m definitely not one. The weather that comes with winter is brutal and I hate wearing layers of clothes. I sing along Mnino by Kwesta as I drive to town

♪♪ Ska rebona re phela
Kgale re sokola rona re phelela mmينو
O skang potja ka dilo

Kgale re sokola rona re phelela mmino
 Ska rebona re phela
 Kgale re sokola rona re phelela mmino
 O skang potja ka dilo
 Kgale re sokola rona re phelela mmino

O skang potja ka dilo
 Kgale re sokola rona re phelela mmino

We 5 minutes from freedom
 Somebody tell my mom I'll be back when I'm cleaner
 I'm really close to my dream up
 Bebengenandaba, manje iyindaba zami ziyaziwa
 Kuyafiwa, tell them I'm a believer
 Long walk is not a boy riding out in a Bhima
 Nare patlela ao'bena
 Bathi akuna space manje izinja zami ziyagiga
 Ama Visa, sigijimisa uMadiba
 Sabela impilo e-right iyabiza
 We were invisible, nobody could see us
 Now we in visible and everybody can see us
 It's greener, on this other side of the fence brown
 The only problem is everybody wanna be friends now
 From K1 chasing these gees down
 To 1K, but now everybody geed up
 We us 🎵

You know if there's a man that does it for me it's Kwesta. That dude is one of the best rappers in South Africa. He dropped out at school at the age of 16 to follow his passion. I like how he stood up to his mom who had other dreams for him and they were mainly academically but he didn't share those dreams. Not that he was unable to grasp things at school he just wanted to follow his passion. He believed in himself that he will do it, look at him now he's unstoppable. Entlek akagijimisi umadiba, umadiba ogijimisa yena. (...He's not chasing after money but money is chasing after him).

I relate to him so much, my parents also had academic dreams for me oblivious to the fact that I lost interest the day I discovered that I could never be a doctor. I tried to impress them and studied business management which was rather a waste of time. Don't get me wrong, I'm not disregarding the importance of education but I believe not all of us will succeed through education. I found my passion and that is taking care of people's needs in terms of transportation. Imagine how life would be if the mode of transportation were still donkey or horse rides. Imagine having to travel the whole day just to get to town. It's funny how we are degraded as taxi drivers while we make life easier for the people. The world would collapse if we could be on strike for a month. I park my taxi on the queue when I arrive and notice that most of the drivers haven't arrived I'm sure they are hangovered . We are coming from a long weekend of the 16th of June people were having fun and drinking. I climb on Senzo's quantum and settle on the passenger seat.

“Aweh” (Hello)

“Shap fede?” (Hello, how are you?)

“Ah kuzophola boy, kuzophola” (it's will get better boy, it will get better)

Senzo is driving a quantum, It's warm and has air-con most of the guys chill with us while we wait for 4am and start working. In these five years since I started this job Senzo and I have built a great and strong brotherhood. I can proudly say he's my brother and we got each other's backs . We work for different taxi bosses but we drive on the same route.

“I see most of the drivers haven't arrived”

“Iyabanyisa ibhabhalazi!” (They have hangover)

“This weekend was very busy for me I had a special load to Utrecht. I didn't have time to have two nyana”

“You have been overworking yourself over the past 4 years Mnesh you need to rest ”

“There’s no time to rest ndoda I need any money I can get. By the end of this year I want to own at least 3 taxis”

“ I hear you man but I think you need to give yourself a break before you get sick.”

I look at him and laugh he can’t he serious.

“I won’t get sick I’m a porridge baby not purity or nestum baby. I’m not a softie”

He burst into laughter and shakes his head.

“For someone who wanted to be a doctor you are too ignorant man”
“Ag whatever man!”

“Let’s have some drinks this weekend. I’m sure Sabza and Khaya won’t mind joining us”

Sabza and Khaya are my friends from school till now. Sabza is a teacher at Amazulu High and Khaya is a male nurse at Madadeni Hospital. It’s funny though how I’m so close to Senzo more than I am with them now. He has a point I need to unwind a bit it’s been a while

.“No problem then”

“I will organize girls....”

I cut him short before he says any more words

“No no don’t even think about it, remember the last time you organized girls I was infected with gonorrhoea”

He crack up throwing his head back.

“I still don’t understand how that happened, what happened to rubbers?”

“I thought 3 would be enough but that girl was something else man yeses!”

“Was she that good?”

“Damn man you have no idea!”

“The gonorrhoea was worth it moss”

He teases me and I punch him playfully

“Yabona sewayaphapha!”

“Hade ntwana yam I promise to make sure that I don’t get those girls from the last time.”

“Then I will have to wear 3 condoms”

“The door slides open and the gents climb in. There’s exchange of pleasantries as they settle on the seats then we engage in the conversation, topic shifting from one to the other and before we know it, it’s time to work. I opted the 17 to town route because it’s straightforward and it’s short. By 5am I’m at bhareni so I pull over and stretch out and open the door for passengers. You can’t open the door when you are outside it only opens from the inside. Struggles of driving an old taxi. sigh! Once they have settled down and the door is closed I drive off, making a stop on each stop that has people then drive off again.

“Cela sihlanganise imali bazalwane” (can we please pay people)

I can see that t maths is showing these two ladies next to me flames so I turn the light on. It’s still dark outside.

“How much is your money Bhuti?”

Asks the one with a hideous razor cut. Oh Isiah! Razor cut in 2019? I look at the rear view mirror, there’s no empty seat which means I have 15 passengers.

“R225”

I reply and she hands me the money. I don't count it but slide it into my pocket. I know they wouldn't double cross me because they didn't know that I won't count it. I check the time on my phone and it reads 5:30am. I also transport children who are schooling in town unbeknownst to my boss. That cash goes straight to my pocket every month. It's R370 per child every month. Indoda kumele igereze (a man has to hustle) I can't depend on my salary only, there are many taxis which means the queue is very long. When you get back to the rank you have to start at the end of the queue again. The drive back to my hood is short as always. Omuhle is always the first one I pick up because I want to have some privacy nyana with her. I open the front passenger door and her sweet scent fills my taxi as she gets in.

“My King”

“My Queen”

I take out my toothpick from my mouth and cradle her cold face in my palms then kiss her lips. They are cold yet soft and so welcoming. I pull back from the kiss and gaze at her though I can't see her clearly since it's still dark

. “How are you my King?”

“I'm fine and you my Queen? ”

“I'm also good and I missed you so much”

Did I miss her? I don't know maybe I did but this weekend was very busy for me. I let go of her and start driving after putting my toothpick back in my mouth.

“I missed you too, how was your long weekend”

“It's was busy I was studying for today's exam. I hope you didn't forget to buy me a calculator”

“I forgot babe I’m really sorry”

“I knew you would forget you never keep your promises lately Nathi”

I can’t miss the tone of annoyance in her voice. I chuckle inwardly, this girl thinks I’m a fool. As young as she is, yet she’s very good at this game. Maybe she thinks I’m a dom kop like her little Indian boyfriend. Omuhle is beautiful and has a very matured body for her age. She’s that girl every guy in our hood wants to find himself between her thighs. I wanted to protect her from all these horny inexperienced fuckboys so I persuaded her to be my girlfriend. These boys respect me so much, I knew they would drool at a distance once they knew she’s mine. I also have a 18 year old sister and I wouldn’t want these fuckboys to learn how to fuck with my little sister. I was willing not to rush her to sex because she’s still young but after discovering that she’s with me for free rides and money of which she spends on her little Indian boyfriend I was so livid. I’m very much aware that she’s young and at some point she would want a young boyfriend but what I don’t like is to be taken for a fool. angidliwa mina angisi’khekhe! I thought she was innocent but I was fooling myself all along, what she doesn’t know is that I have dealt with a lot of girls who does this and wherever they are they will never forget me. Heee khona ozogweshwa!

“What are you talking about now?”

I ask feigning a surprise tone

“You no longer have time to pick me up from school”

She complains

“It's not that I don’t have time to pick you up from school you know that by the time your extra classes ends I’m already on the road. I’m working hard for you baby”

I say, I don’t want to raise any red flags as yet until she receives isgwebo sakhe.“

“Oh okay I’m sorry baby I was just worried nje”

“Worried about what my love” I ask curiously

“I thought you have found someone better than me” I chuckle softly “

I would never do that Omuhle you are the one and only for me. I see a future with you MaMtshali”

I see a smile tugging at the corners of her lips as darkness dissipates.

“I don’t want to lose you Nathi”

Is that sadness I hear in her voice or it’s all an act? I reach for her hand and kiss it.

“You won’t lose me mabhebeza”

I continue with my routine after dropping off my kids at their schools, driving back and forth and tolerating rude comments from the passengers about my erratic driving. I don’t pay much attention to them they don’t know the struggle, I have to transport many passengers as I can. 8pm I knock off dog tired and I have a splitting headache. I start at Bra Mos's place I don’t find him but his wife so I give her the money then drive home.

“Ladies”

I say throwing my taxi keys on the coffee table

“Hello my boy how was your day?”

Mom asks as I settle on the couch next to my sister who’s engrossed on iSibaya

.“It was just another day mama. I’m tired and I have a splitting headache. I want to eat and sleep”

I say pressing the side of my head with my middle finger and thumb

“I made your favorite I will go dish up for you my son”

She says getting up and I look at her wondering what’s going on. She’s in a jolly mood and it’s something I wasn’t expecting after our conversation this morning.

“Hey bhutiza wami!”

It’s only now she notices me because iSibaya is finished. I give her a cold look and she giggles

“I’m sorry kodwa nawe you always arrive at the wrong time” She says confidently as if there’s nothing wrong with what she’s saying.

“Really Kwanza abo Ndlovu no Mpiyakhe are more important than your one and only big brother?”

“No of course not Bhutiza you are the only man important in my life yezwa and I love you so much. I’m sorry for ignoring you”

She looks at me with puppy eyes and I fold my arms sulking like a baby. She jumps down the couch and walks around the couch then gives me a head massage

“How did you know I needed that?” I ask moaning softly “You are my brother I know everything about you.”

And she does as much as I know her. The relationship I have with my little sister is extraordinary. I’m not an upright brother she is free to me but she knows her place.

“What's with the jolly mood your mother is in?”

I curiously ask her, Mom hasn't been this happy ever since my dad passed. There were times I could see that she was alive because she was just breathing but inside she was dead. It broke my heart that there was nothing that I could do to drag her out of that dark place. It even killed me more that my little sister was witnessing her mom

dying inside and slipping away from us. The past years had been hard but I guess whoever said time heals all wounds was right. It keeps getting better with time

“ I also don’t know butiza”

“Mmmh I wonder”

“Mina I’m just glad that she’s happy it’s been a while”

“Yeah me too. I just hope whatever is, it has got nothing to do with Bab Gatsheni.”

She bursts into laughter

“I thought I was the only one who noticed that she doesn’t stop talking about Bab Gatsheni.”

“It’s really giving me heartburn”

“You think there’s something going on between them? Eww that will be gross mom is way too old I don’t want to imagine her having a man!”

“Musani nje ukungijwayela kabi nina nobabili!!” (stop disrespecting me you two!)

I didn't see her making her way in my eyes were closed.

“Here’s your food wena Nkosinathi, eat uyeke ukhleba!” (...Stop gossiping!)

She places the tray on the coffee table and walks out. Kwanza and I look at each other then giggle. Mom is the ‘akasipetuli isigharma’ type of a mother.

“Thanks for the massage little sis”

I wash my hands in the basin and wipe them then indulge on my dumplings and beef stew.

“You know that I love you right?” A glint of mischief is written all over her face.

“Kwanele what do you want?”

I can bet with all my savings that she wants money! This girl thinks I’m made of money!

“It’s Sweetness’s birthday on the weekend so Mpume and I want to take her out and buy something for her”

I knew it! Sweetness and Mpume are her best friends.

“Out of all the doors in South Africa where do I enter?”

“You enter through the one that has financial sticker” I laugh shaking my head.

“I will give you during the week”

“But today it’s Monday Bhuti!”

Hebana this child! I give her a “so” look. I know that she means it’s my payday. She sighs and looks at me.

“How soon is during the week?? We need to discuss where we are taking her to and what are we going to get for her.”

“I will give it to you tomorrow morning now let me eat in peace”

She gives me a bone crushing hug and kisses my cheek

“Thank you so much Bhutiza!”

Once I’m done eating I take the tray back to the kitchen and walk to my mom’s bedroom. I can hear her speaking on the phone I knock anyway

“Come in!”

She shouts from the other side, I make my way in and close the door. She says goodbye to whoever she's speaking to as I walk to her bed. I take out money from my pocket and hand it over to her.

“Thank you so much my boy”

She says as she counts the notes then looks at me

“R3000?”

I usually give her half of my salary every week which is R2000 per week but since I have made more money during the weekend I gave her R3000. I wish I can give her more but it's all I have.

“I know it's not enough mama but I promise...”

She cuts me off

“No boy it's more than enough. I want you to know that I really appreciate everything you do for us. I know that it hasn't been easy for you as well after the passing of your father. You were forced to grow and be a man. I'm proud of the man you are becoming my boy, taking care of us and providing for us. I know that your father would be proud of you too. I love you so much my son”

This woman is making me emotional now. I take her hands in mine and kiss them

“I love you too mom”

“So here take the thousand go spoil yourself you have been working hard alone in these past years. I want to you to enjoy your earnings for once my child.”

Mom has always been a business woman and Dad supported her with everything he had but after his death she lost interest in her business. It has been hard being the only one who put food on the table and paying water and electricity bills. I couldn't even buy myself a cold drink just to spoil myself a bit. Things got better a year ago when mom opened her fast food business again. People love her food and I have been thinking of getting a spot for her at Theku

Plaza but I have been told rent is expensive there. If franchised businesses like fish and chips and Romans pizza couldn't manage then I can't take that risk

. "Mom...."

She shakes her head

"No Nkosinathi take it. Bazokhathala phela oSabelo no Khaya ukuthengelana nendoda endala ibhiya" (Sabelo and Khaya would be tired of buying a beer for a grown man)

I can't help but burst into laughter

"Well if you say so"

I take the money and get up

"I'm going to sleep. Goodnight"

"Here take these tablets for your headache."

She hands me a container of capsules

"Thank you."

"Oh, about you moving in the house forget about it you are a man you need your own privacy. I don't want to bump into hoes sneaking out of my house in the early hours of the morning."

I chuckle vele I wasn't going to move back in, I nod anyway and kiss her goodnight then walk out. I give my little sister the money she wanted

"I hope R500 will be enough"

I walk out leaving her squealing excitedly. Once I'm in my back room I down the pill with water. I'm so tired to even take a shower I just want sleep I strip naked and slip under my blankets.

Chapter Two

It's one of those painful morning erections that woke me up before my alarm went off. I'm irked as hell I could do with 30 minutes more of sleep which is left before my actual waking up time but my sleep is gone. I find missed calls from Bra Mos. Damn I was dead asleep I didn't hear my phone ring. He hardly sleeps, so calling him now won't be a problem. It's ringing then I hear his bold voice on the other side of the line.

“Nathi”

“Hi Bra Mos, I'm sorry I missed your calls I was so tired I didn't hear my phone ringing”

“No problem I figured. Look can you come to my place before you go to the rank?”

He says and I'm wondering what for.

“Uhm...okay Bra Mos I will be there”

“Okay Sharp”

He hangs up. Is it possible that he knows about the kids I'm transporting and the money I steal? If so then I'm screwed! Bra Mos is the man I don't want to mess with, not only my job is at stake but my life as well. It's 1:44am I might as well do my daily routine. I start by warming up the taxi first before taking a shower. My mind is reeling with thoughts and my stomach is in knots. I hope I'm not in trouble. Once I'm satisfied I step out of the shower after turning it off and grab a towel to wipe my dripping wet body. I skip to my bedroom and slip into adidas tracksuits today. I love wearing tracksuits in winter because I don't have to wear layers of clothes to keep me warm. I put on my sneakers and head to the main house, as always mom is making breakfast for me but I don't feel hungry today.

“Morning MaOledi”

She swivels around to look at me

“Morning son you still look tired”

That I am! It’s becoming a norm now that I always wake up fatigued like I have never slept.

“I’m sorry that today you woke up for nothing. I’m not hungry”

“You never miss your breakfast what’s wrong?”

The concern in her voice is loud and she’s right I never miss breakfast. I know that some people find it hard to eat in the early hours of the morning but not me I’m a foodie. I don’t think there will ever be a woman other than my mom who can feed my appetite.

“I’m just not hungry mom”

I don’t want to tell her that Bra Mos has summoned me and I’m freaking out.

“Oh okay then I will put it in the warmer for your little sister”

She says rather disappointed , Eish I feel bad now that she sacrificed her sleep and made breakfast for me but I can’t eat. I walk to her and place my hands on her shoulders

“Have I ever told you how much I appreciate you?”

She looks at me and smiles

“Always but I can hear it over and over again”

“Well I appreciate you mom, you are the best mom ever. Thank you for sacrificing your sleep in the wee hours of the morning everyday to make food for me. I’m sorry that today I’m not hungry”

I say rubbing her shoulders

“I think I should stop cooking for you and doing your laundry so that you can get yourself a wife!”

She responds and I laugh.

“I’m still young mom”

“You are old enough and all your peers are married now!”

I don’t like where this conversation is going athi ngi slyze (...let me run)

“I have to go mom I love you”

I kiss her forehead and head out after taking a toothpick and put it in my mouth. I don’t think this woman understands how hard it is to find a good woman nowadays. I don’t want to get married, not that I’m against marriage but I don’t believe that true love exists these days . True love died with our great grandparents, the real love where sitting under the tree talking and giggling while having ginger cakes and cold drinks was the best date ever. Where strolling along the river with hands interlocked and just conversing about anything and everything was the best day well spent.

Today’s love is about how fat your bank balance is, What kind of car you drive, What kind of people you associate yourself with, What kind of lifestyle you live, What kind of clothes you wear. A relationship these days is like a job opportunity. If you don’t have money to spend no women takes you seriously. Once I mention the word ‘taxi driver’ women run and never look back. If you don’t support my hustle then you are not worthy to be a part of my life. Love is not to expect anything but it’s about giving unselfishly and making sacrifices for your love. It’s about loving without any restrictions nor demands, well that’s my definition of love. People have their own set of beliefs on what love is and isn’t.

The drive to bra Mos's feels rather short today. I take a huge breathe after turning off the engine then step out of the taxi, heading to the

gate. It's not locked so I make my way in and leave it a bit open just in case. The door opens after knocking several times.

“Greetings Bra Mos”

“Hey Nathi come on in”

Bra Mos says as he lets me in. I can't read his expression as always, he's one closed off man and he hardly ever smile. He's very intimidating and his big body structure is not helping.

“Thank you. Ey it's cold outside”

I say rubbing my palms together just to ease my nerves and act cool.

“It's flippin cold, can winter be over already”

He says. I'm still trying to figure out his facial expression but It's all in vain.

“Come this side I have something to discuss with you”

He says leading me to his office. It's not a secret that I'm scared of Bra Mos. He's one powerful taxi owner and most of the taxi owners are also scared of him even though they won't say it. Bra Mos is not even scared of Sputla who's the most feared taxi owner.

“Take a seat”

He says pointing out the chair next to his desk but my eyes are glued on his gun on top of his desk. He knows oh shit I'm dead! I remember this other day he shot one of the taxi drivers for stealing money from him in front of us. I swallow hard and take a seat.

“Uhm what can I do for you mhlonishwa” (sir)

I struggle to suppress the tremor in my voice. My heart is pounding hard against my chest and I feel a wave of coldness fluttering in my intestines. He sits down on his comfy chair and looks at me without saying a word for a moment as if he's reading me. Oh

motherfucking Isiah he knows! Nkosinathi you fucking dead! Just confess already! No don't what if he doesn't know and you sell yourself out?

“You have been my driver for five years now and I was very skeptical when you started but you have proved to be the best driver. I acknowledge your hard work Nkosinathi. You just remind me of your father, oh bless his soul.”

He says not taking his eyes off me.

“Thank you so much bra Mos for giving me a chance to prove myself to you. I couldn't have asked for a better boss than you”

The level of respect he has for his drivers is admirable and that's what I like about him. He doesn't treat us like dirt just because we are working for him. So far he's the only taxi owner who pays his drivers R2000 per week. Most of the taxi owners pay their drivers R1000-R1500 per week. It's a real struggle out there but the gents are still surviving. That's the reason why we steal the money we make after reaching the amount of R1000 the taxi owner wants per day. If I made more money a day sometimes I give him extra as a gesture of being trustworthy. You gotta be smart if you want to survive in these streets but it's seems like namuhla lingishonele. He knows and he's going to kill me. Oh my poor mom and my little sister, they would be so broken and my mom would never survive after my death!

“I'm going on a business trip for a few weeks and I couldn't see anyone fit than you to look after everything while I'm away”

Did I hear that right?

“Me? Are you asking me to look after your business Bra Mos”

Bewilderment can't be missed in my voice.

“Yes that's what I'm asking. Is it going to be a problem? I can ask my brother to come this side if you think you're not going to handle

this but I think this would be good for you since you want to own taxis.”

How did he know I have never shared that with him that.

“I know everything I need and have to know Nkosinathi so what do you say?”

He asks looking at me intensely. I can never get used to his intense gaze and it sends shivers down my spine.

“Uhm I would really like to look after your business while you are away sir and I’m very honored to be the chosen one”

I say and breathe out of relief. I thought he was going to kill me but why there’s a gun on his desk?

“Well I’m glad to hear that. I know these drivers will want to take advantage and start slacking. I trust you to handle them and earn their respect.”

“Yes sir”

“Here, you will only use this when it’s necessary but I doubt it will get to that point.”

He slides the gun to my direction

“Please keep an eye on my wife and ensure that she’s protected all the time”

I have never touched a gun before. I know that’s a bit peculiar for a taxi driver. I hate guns but I won’t tell him that so I take it. He looks at the watch plastered on the wall.

“I should prepare myself for my trip Nathi. Thanks for coming and I hope you won’t let me down”

“Thank you sir. Let me get going”

I say getting up and tuck the gun in my pants.

“Safe travels Bra Mos”

“Thank you my boy. Let me walk you out”

He gets up and walks me out. I say my goodbyes and hop in the taxi then drive off after putting the gun in the glove box and taking a toothpick putting it in my mouth. I can't believe that Bra Mos trusts me with his business. I'm actually overwhelmed. This will be very good and preparing me when I'm running my own taxi business. I start at the garage to buy something to eat, my appetite is back. They don't have pies so I settle for white bread and biltong then some simba chips and juice. I go to the till to pay and the lady is checking me out. Cha yena she's an attractive lady but her lips are darker and I can tell that it's not the natural color of her lips, she smokes. Girls who smoke are a turn off for me at least if you smoke for fun. Then her hands are not different than a man's hands who works with concrete or cement. I doubt I would get a boner, if they were to caress me it would probably feel like a man is caressing me. Trauma! Once I'm done paying I take my things and head out. I drive to the taxi rank after placing my things on the passenger seat. Unlike yesterday the queue is already far. It looks like today I have to take the kids to school first before starting my daily routine.

“Heita”

I say after getting inside Senzo's quantum.

“Sure boy kuhambani”

“Kuzophola boy”

I say and turn the light on

“Nali igawulo boy ” (Here's food boy)

He looks at me like I have grown horns

“Bread and biltong?”

“Wabuza ibhasi ibhaliwe ndoda mawungafuni phela ukudla yeka”
(Is that a rhetorical question if you don’t want to eat then don’t)

He chuckles and starts eating. I know he can never say no to food.

“Your mom didn’t make you food today?”

“She did but I wasn’t hungry, guess who will be playing boss for the couple of weeks?”

“Who?”

He asks with food in his mouth

“Take a guess Senzo don’t be lazy”

I take huge gulps of my juice.

“You know I’m not good with guessing”

“Me ntanga! Bra Mos is going away on a business trip and he left me in charge”

“Ah ntwana that man trusts you moss”

“Yeah man I’m honored”

“I wish he was my boss really. I’m struggling man and no one wants to hire me to take them somewhere. It’s rough bra noThembeka is threatening to take me to court for maintenance”

Thembeka is the Mother of his two year old boy. Let me just say she’s a typical melodramatic baby mama. You won’t believe that she once burnt Senzo’s clothes, she’s a piece of work honestly.

“Taking you to court for what? On what grounds? You are doing everything you can to take care of your son. Thembeka is just sore that you are no longer with her and she’s using the child to hurt you”

“Bra I’m sick and tired of her!”

“Women!”

“ I know right”

Time flies by before I know it the watch reads 04:00 am which means it’s time to start working. Lucky enough I’m able to fetch the first load first before driving the kids to school. Omuhle is not on her stop today she better not keep me waiting time is money. I take out my phone and call her

“Hello”

“You are late!”

It’s the first thing I say to her

“I’m not feeling okay so I’m not going to school”

“Oh I’m sorry be okay neh”

“Thank you”

“I love you”

“I love you too”

I drive the kids to school starting at Busy Bee Primary then drive to S.E Vawda Primary. By 08:00 am I’m back at the rank to be on the queue again. The day moves on swiftly and I knock off 30 min early and drive to the Mbhele residence.

“Nathi come in”

Bra Mos's wife says after opening the door for me.

“Hi Mrs Mbhele”

“You will never call me by my name??”

“You are my boss’s wife technically you are my boss so I can’t call you by your name ma’am”

She chuckles and gives me her relentless smile.

“Okay come”

She says leading the way I can’t help but stare her big behind and her hips swaying side to side. She’s not fat but she has natural plumpness that most women acquire throughout their thirties. We enter Bra Mos’s office.

“My husband told me that you will be in charge for a few weeks while he’s away.”

“Yes ma’am”

“You make me feel old Nathi especially when you call me ma’am”

“I’m sorry”

She briefs me up about anything and everything that I need to do , staring intently into my face. I have never spent a second in her presence without feeling her relentless stare on me.

“Is there any question?”

“For now I’m okay ma’...”

I stop myself as I see a frown on her face.

“Let me give you some space to familiarize yourself with everything.”

I nod and she shakes her booty out. I release a breath I didn’t realize I was holding and sit on the comfy chair. I hear a knock on the door and shout

“Come in!”

Thiza walks in and I can see that he’s surprised to see me here.

“Nathi what are you doing in the boss’s office?”

“I’m going to be in charge for a couple of weeks until he comes back”

“Oh”

He says with a low voice I don’t know if he’s disappointed or what and I don’t care. I gesture my hand for him to sit down and he does exactly that.

“Here”

He says passing the money to me, I take it and count it.

“Thank you”

He doesn’t say anything but gets up and leaves. That was rude what the fuck is his problem? For 30 minuets I’m busy counting money that has been made by all the drivers. Once I’m done I put the money in the petty cash box and head out. I find her in the lounge watching tv while punching herself on the back.

“Mrs Mbhele I’m done now. I’m leaving”

“Oh okay thank you Nathi”

Here goes that stare again it’s intimidating if you ask me. Then suddenly I see a frown on her face.

“Is everything okay?”

“Yes why?”

“You look like you are in pain”

“Oh ahh it’s nothing serious I spent the whole day marking so my back is aching.”

She’s a teacher at my little sister’s school, Osizweni High School.

“Oh I’m sorry. Don’t you have deep heat? my mom uses it when she has back pain”

I also use it for my back pain, sitting in the taxi and driving for hours causes back pain but you can never go wrong with deep heat.

“ I use it too but I can’t rub myself”

“I can rub you”

“No don’t worry I will be okay”

“No I won’t sleep well knowing that you are in pain and I couldn’t help you”

“Okay. Let me go fetch it”

She gets up while I settle on the couch and wait for her. Seconds later she emerges wearing a blue gown and sits down next to me. I take the tube of deep heat then wait for her as she slides her gown to expose her bare back. Her skin is soft and flawless I can’t help but imagine her boobs on the other side as she’s giving me her back, are they huge as they appear when she’s dressed? What the fuck Nathi? this is Bra Mos's wife you can't be having such thoughts about her!

“Where is the pain?”

“Here”

She points at her shoulder blade and I apply deep heat and massage her slowly but deep.

“Oh yess right there...ahhh ...ohhh”

I'm glad that she's feeling it but her moans are sending a wrong message to my cock, I can feel it twitch in my pants. I look down on my pants and my bulge is visible fuck! I need to get out of here.

“Uhm I hope you will be okay I have to go now”

I get up quickly and I don't know when she turned around but her eyes are now glued on my bulge

“Bye!”

I walk out quickly and get in my taxi then drive home. Fuck that was embarrassing! How am I going to face her tomorrow? Why did I even offer to rub her back? What if she tells Bra Mos? I'm not ready to die, especially not for a boner!

“Greetings”

“My boy how was your day?”

Mom asks

“It was good mama and yours”

“It was also good my child. Let me dish up for you”

Mom gets up and disappears into the kitchen. I sit next to Kwanza who's glued to the TV as always. Seconds later mom brings my food and basin to wash my hands. I indulge in my food after washing my hands.

“It's yours only Bhuti no one will take your food away from you”

Kwanza says chuckling.

“Fuseg wena it's only now you see me”

“Askies”

She says giving me puppy eyes.

“How is your headache today?”

Mom asks

“It’s better than yesterday.”

“Moses should give you a little break you are working too hard mtanami for seven days a week it’s too much.”

“He’s away on a business trip and he asked me to look after his business”

“That’s wonderful my child I hope the drivers won’t take advantage and give you problems”

“I will sort them out phela. I’m not scared of them.”

“So Bhuti does this mean you don’t have to wake up in the wee hours of the morning?”

Kwanza asks

“No I will still continue with my daily routine but I will knock off earlier than usual so that I can attend to the drivers”

“Aw, what's the use of being a boss if you would still be a driver?”

Kwanza says rolling her eyes

“Come on Kwanza it’s not like running a taxi business is an office job”

“But still Bhuti there have to be some sort of change nyana if you know what I mean”

“Ah it is what it is”

Working long insane hours is draining the shit out of me. I hardly spend time with my mom and sister because I leave early in the

morning and come back late and tired as fuck. I make it a note to make some time for them sometime next week maybe take them out or something.

“Thanks mom. I’m off to sleep now. Goodnight ladies I love you guys so much”

“Goodnight Bhuti”

“Goodnight my son”

They both say at once I kiss their forehead and head out. I get in my bedroom and take the capsules mom gave me yesterday for headache and down them with water. I strip naked and scramble into bed trying to sleep but my mind keeps drifting off to the encounter I had with Mrs Mbhele. I have to admit she’s a gorgeous woman everything is sitting in its place so perfectly. Fuck! my dick is misbehaving again!

“Your worship you need to behave yourself that’s our boss’s wife!”

I grab my hard cock and jerk it off as I imagine what’s underneath that blue gown my boss’s wife was wearing. Her big breasts are probably bigger than a handful. The triangle shape of her pussy between her creamy thighs. I visualize her fingers gripping on my shaft and stroking it before taking me into her mouth and rhythmically sliding it up and down on my dick. I feel my whole body goes rigid as my cum spurts out splashing on my stomach. I reach for my towel on the other side of the bed under the pillow and wipe myself clean. I can’t help but feel guilty as I drift off to slumber.

Chapter Three

I groan furiously as I switch off my alarm. Is it the next day already? I feel robbed off some sleep, like I skipped some hours ay ngeke! It was not so long ago when I fell asleep after reaching an intense climax and now it's time to wake up. Thinking about that makes me feel guilty, how can I fantasize about my boss's wife giving me a head? What the fuck is wrong with me?

I roll out of bed and do my every morning routine. Today I'm in Ellese tracksuits and another pair of sneakers. I take my phone and head to the main house and I'm surprised not to find my mother making breakfast. I walk to her bedroom and walk in without knocking then turn the light on.

I didn't prepare myself for what I'm seeing right now. Mom is nestled on Bab Gatsheni's chest who has his arms wrapped around her body. They're sleeping and not aware of my presence. I shuffle my feet towards the bed and look at them. The bastard is sleeping so peacefully and he's even snoring like a train, one would swear he's sleeping at a hotel. I wonder how did Mom manage to fall into slumber considering that she's a light sleeper. I don't even want to know, the thought of it is nauseating.

I walked out slamming the door hard behind me making sure that I woke them up. I'm so angry and what makes me more angry is that mom brought him here in my Dad's house and they did their nasty things in the same bedroom Mom shared with Dad. I hear mom calling me just as I turn the door handle.

“Nkosinathi”

I don't turn around to look at her I'm afraid that I won't look at her in the same light as before and that's not what I want. I stay rooted at the doorstep still holding the door handle.

“Why didn't you knock? You can't just barge in my bedroom without knocking!”

I chuckle and turn around to face her, she's fastening her gown.

“How dare you bring another man in my father's house let alone fuck him in the same bedroom that you and Dad shared?? How disrespectful is that Mama? He must be turning in his grave!”

“Don't you dare speak to your mother like that my boy!”

Bab Gatsheni says as he emerges through the passage and I chuckle in disbelief. The audacity he has to interfere in my Mom's and I conversation.

“You shut the fuck up! I'm not talking to you! The nerve you have to fuck my mother in her late husband's house. What kind of a man are you huh? It's clear that you wanted her before Dad died you bastard! You were never a good friend to Dad, you just wanted to fuck his wife angithi!!”

“Nkosinathi don't speak to your elders like that, show some respect!!”

Mom shrieks with anger

“Respect? You want me to give you and this man respect?? When you two don't respect yourselves! Manyala mani lawa eniwenza emzini kababa huh! You are too damn old but you are behaving like horny teenager....”

I'm cut off mid sentence by a huge slap on my face , my vision studded with stars.

“You are out of line now boy! I’m your mother and you don’t get to talk to me or him like that and don’t tell me what to do and what not to do in my house you bloody swine!”

I groan in frustration and make my way out after taking a toothpick and putting it in my mouth. I’m so angry I’m even shaking. I jump in the taxi and drive off. I’m trying to push this nonsense to the back of my mind but it proves to be a mission. I knew there’s something going between those two, they are way too old to behave like this it’s repulsive. Senzo knows when I’m angry all I want to do is listen to music and smoke. I smoke only when I’m angry, frustrated, upset or having fun. So we are both smoking in his quantum while listening to music

“Zikhaphani bra?”

He eventually asks after a while. How can I tell him that my mom is behaving like a teenager.

“It’s nothing bra”

I open the window and throw the cigarette butt outside then close it again. I lower the seat to a backwards position and shut my eyes close listening to seasons by 6LACK ft Khalid

♪♪ It's been a little cold
 And not outside
 Switch out the wardrobe
 Gotta be dressed for the ride
 Got hit with a winter breeze
 And oh, we like to act tough, what we do it for?
 Be careful with energy
 No need to be so cold, I wanna be more
 Oh, summer's calling
 A beautiful summer's calling
 Oh, summer's calling
 (I done had a real long winter)
 A beautiful summer's calling
 I've been goin' through, you been through it (you been through it)
 I fall back to look at what we're doing (now)

I can yell it at you, but what's the use? (use)
 If you really love me, gotta prove it (gotta prove it)
 I'm carrying this baggage, need to pack light
 Hate seein' you sad, I gotta act right
 I'm looking forward for the brighter
 Oh, oh love 🎵🎵

I can hear the gents conversing but I'm not in the mood to join their conversation today. I need something to distract me and calm my burning anger and that is music. I feel a bit better by the time it's 04:00 am on the dot. I follow my daily routine and Omuhle is still sick. I make it a note to see her when I knock off. I'm starting to get worried now.

“Gibelani ladies sambeni” (Get in ladies and let's go...)

I say to 3 ladies standing on the queue but they don't want to get inside the taxi and I am only short with 3 people to go. They look at me and laugh

“Khona mhlampe into ehlekisayo kulokhu engikushoyo?” (Is there something funny with what I just said?)

I ask looking at them with a raised brow.

“No”

“So?”

“We won't get in driver, we will wait for the next taxi surely it's not old as this skorokoro that will break down on the way”

Says the other one with a gold tooth and fake carvela. The other two burst into laughter. I chuckle and shake my head. Ziyaphapha lezifebe (these bitches are too forward)

“At least this skorokoro is not fake like that carvela of yours etshekile”

Everyone looks down to her feet and burst into laughter. I see a glint of anger in her eyes and wink at her then walk to my taxi. I'm sure her friends are comforting her 'uyaphapha nje lo mngani ungamnaki' but deep down they are laughing at her. Fake friends! The entire taxi rank is pervaded by their fakeness smell. 3 more people hop in and we are good to go. There's something not right today with this taxi I hope it's not something serious.

"Cela sihlanganise imali bazalwane I want to start at the garage"
(Please let's pay people...)

"Your money is short with R5.00 uncle"

Says a boy next to me after collecting and counting the money.

"Bazalwane kushoda i-R5 anyone who got extra change please bring it back"

I look at them on the rear view mirror and they are all talking at once but not is giving back the money.

"I think the boy made a mistake driver there's no one who got extra change"

Says an afro dude at the back seat. I take the money from the boy and there's R5 short indeed. I pullover at the Engene garage and switch off the engine.

"I'm not going anywhere if whoever got my R5 doesn't bring it back!"

They are mumbling and looking at each other. These people think I'm joking, I know that there's definitely someone who got the extra change between them.

"People please give the driver his money we left infants at home!"

"Whoever has it must give him!"

“I will return back to the taxi rank if no one is giving me the money!”

“Haisuka no driver unedrama nje esengaze akhalele i-R5!” (The driver is dramatic he’s crying for R5.00!)

“Would you buy a loaf of bread at shoprite or any store when you are short with R5 sisi?”

“Cha....” (No...)

I cut her short

“Exactly don’t come here and act rich. If you have money why don’t you give me that R5”

“Aw ndawo! I’m not the one who took it!” (Never!....)

She says dramatically. I start the engine and make a u-turn. Yes I’m going back to the taxi rank ndiyaqheleka ngoku! Every cent counts I need that R5.

“Nayi driver imali yakho please don’t go back!” (Here’s your money driver...)

“Where does it come from now?”

“I didn’t count my change correctly hade drivesi” (...sorry driver)

Says the Afro dude. I look at him in the rear view mirror. Is he not the first one who said no one got an extra change?

“Ubufuna ukuyonikela kashembe ngemali yami ndoda”

I hear a bit of laughter as I maneuver my taxi next to the petrol bunk.

“Faka owe 2 clipper ntanga”

I take out the money from my pants and wait for the guy once he's done I give him the money and speed off. I have wasted enough time fighting with these people for my R5 bayaphela abantu emgwaqeni demedi! There's a taxi behind me signaling me to slow down so I do so and roll down the window.

“Sure sure mfethu”

“Sure the oil is leaking”

Oh shit!

“Eish thanks for letting me know bra”

“Sure”

He hoots once and overtakes me. I groan in frustration and pull off to see how much is the damage. I take a risk and continue with my drive but it's clear now that I'm not going back. I check the time and it's 15:30pm fuck! I drive cautiously making a stop at each stop until I arrive at bhareni. I call Bra Moss as I drive to his house but his phone sends me straight to voicemail.

Mrs Mbhele's AMG S 63 Coupe is parked on the driveway I'm so not ready to face her now but at some point I have to face her. I pull up next to her car and step out of the taxi. The door is open but no one is attending to me as I keep knocking. I decide to make my way in useyongixolela sengiyoze ngingamuke iminwe phela.

I walk to the living room, the couches and coffee table are moved to one side and she's in the middle of the room doing uhm what's this thing called...yes yoga. She bends over slowly until her hands touches the mat and the sight of her ass pooping out of her grey yoga pants sends a message down south and I feel a twinge in my cock. Our eyes meet on that little space between her thighs she jumps up in total shock that there's an audience then she slides over and falls to the floor on her butt.

“Ouuuhh!”

She screams in agony as I rush to her and crouch before her

“Shit! I’m so sorry ma’am I didn’t mean to startle you! I’m sorry where did you get hurt!”

“On my buttocks!”

She cries out

“I’m sorry let me see”

She looks at me and I’m struggling to decipher the look plastered on her face.

“You want see my ass Nathi?”

Get a grip of yourself Nathi!

“What No! Of course not I thought... never mind. I’m sorry, okay”

I look down feeling stupid but the weight of her gaze upon me forces me to look up at her. Our eyes are communicating and I can feel her breath fanning my face. She runs her long tongue over her pale pink lips. I involuntarily lick mine and swallow hard as she pulls my toothpick out of my mouth and leans closer. This is wrong but I’m not pulling back my ringing phone disturbs our moment. I get up and take it out from my pants pocket. My heart skips a beat when I see the screen flashing ‘Bra Mos’ Oh shit! I look at my phone as it rings for a moment until it stops ringing.

“Won’t you answer it?”

She asks looking at me straight in the eyes

“It’s your husband”

The phone starts ringing again.

“Answer him Nathi”

“No what if he saw us?? oh shit! What the fuck was I thinking! But we didn't kiss that should count right?”

I'm panicking but she looks so chilled and that frustrates me more.

“My husband is in Cape Town Nathi how is it possible that he saw us?”

She says looking unbothered

“Maybe he has cameras here!”

I look around the lounge searching for any cameras. She laughs and looks at me

“You watch TV too much Nathi just answer the damn phone”

I hardly have time to spend with my mom and sister where can I get time for TV.

“Answer the phone!”

I look at her and reluctantly answer my phone.

“Uhm”

I clear my throat

“Br...Bra Mos”

I'm a stuttering mess.

“Hello Nathi I'm sorry I missed your call what can I do for you”

“Oh uhm I wanted to tell you that the oil is leaking in my taxi”

“Where are you now?”

“Uhm at your house sir”

“Call our mechanic and inform him. My wife will give you his numbers”

“Okay sir I will do that”

“Is she there with you?”

I look at Mrs Mbhele who's staring at me intently

“Yes sir”

“Give her the phone”

I give her the phone and she talks to her husband for a moment then hangs up after telling him that she loves him. I wonder why would she commit herself to a man old enough to be her father. Bra Mos is probably around his middle fifties. It's not like she has nothing and wants money and the nca life from Bra Mos, she's a teacher for crying out loud or maybe I'm just judging her harshly, she just loves her husband dearly.

“Here”

She hands over my phone and I take it

“Please help me up”

I grasp her soft extended hand and pull her up.

“He said I must ask the mechanic's digits from you”

She walks to the couch and takes her phone then give it to me

“Search Rodney. I'm coming just now”

I watch her ass as it swings to the rhythm of her steps and call our mechanic. He tells me that he's about to knock off now but he will send his guys to come and fetch the taxi tomorrow. I guess there's no work for a day or two until the taxi is fixed eish madoda ngyalimala ke manje. Mrs Mbhele emerges from the passage

“Hubby dearest said I must give you this”

She says dangling the car keys on my face

“Car keys?”

“Yes you will use the Audi so long your taxi is being fixed”

I’m stunned! Why is this man so kind and generous to me? They say if it’s too good to be true then it definitely is, but what can a man like Bra Mos benefit from umalambane onjengami? (poor person like me)

“No I can’t accept this car but thank you so much”

“Don't be silly here take”

She shoves the car keys in my hand.

“Follow me”

She leads the way, there are 3 cars parked in the garage, black Amarok next to it there’s a red Chevrolet Cruze then a grey Audi Q7. I walk to the Audi and step inside after unlocking it. I fall in love with the interior I can tell by the freshness and shininess of the leather seats and the smell of it that it’s brand new.

“When did he buy this car?”

“Three weeks back”

“Then why would he give me his new car? I’m sure isaseyigugu kuye”

“He bought it for his niece for her graduation unfortunately she passed on”

“Oh yes I remember my condolences once again”

If we talk about witchcraft is when you spend years studying for your desired course only to die right after your graduation. That's what happened to Bra Mos's niece. I can't even begin to imagine how Bra Mos's brother and his wife feels about the death of their daughter. The fact that she didn't even get a chance to get the rewards of studying hard is what breaks my heart. It's situations like these that makes us realize how short life is as cliché as it sounds.

"It's still hard to believe that she's really gone. God is really unfair, how can he take her just after she graduated? she was young driven, vibrant, focused. She..."

She pauses and I look at her as she blinks back her tears.

"She didn't deserve to die"

She whispers as a lone tear roll down her cheek. I get out of the car and I don't know where do I get the courage to envelope her in my arms.

"I'm sorry"

It's all I say. I don't think there will ever be the right words to say to someone who lost their loved one. Nothing can change the fact that their loved one is gone and they will never see her. I remember when my Dad passed everyone kept on saying 'I know how you are feeling, it's going to be okay' lapho kusho umuntu who has never lost a cat or a dog. I believe you will never know how one feels until you walk a mile in their shoes but you can only imagine so you don't know the depth of the pain they are going through.

She's clinging on me and the feel of her body against mine is doing things I can't put into words to me. I don't know how I'm suddenly comfortable to hold her in my arms. If I remember correctly, I hardly say a word to her except greetings and give her the money if Bra Mos is not available. She pulls back but not breaking the hug. I rest my hands on her shoulders and she has hers on my waist. There's communication going on between our eyes.

"Please don't go now"

She says after a while not taking away her eyes from mine

“It’s only a few hours before the drivers knock off. I don’t want to be alone now, I just need some company and this house is so empty without my husband”

“Oh okay”

I see that she’s a bit emotional now so if my staying with her for a few hours will cheer her up a bit then why not and her husband said I must keep an eye on her.

“Thank you! Let me warm up some pizza and we will watch a movie”

No not a movie please can’t we do something else? I move the coffee table and couches to their correct spots while she prepares food for us. Time reads 16:00pm I can’t help but feel a bit excited that I will be spending 4 hours with her even though I don’t watch movies. I settle on the couch just as she walks in with a tray. She places it on the coffee table and settles next to me then pulls the coffee table closer

“I hope you do eat something meaty with extra cheese?”

When it’s come to food I’m not picky yonke insipho iyawasha sbali.

“Yes I do”

I take a slice and eat while she’s flipping through channels.

“What kind of movies do you like? I don’t see anything interesting but I have plenty of movies in my laptop”

“We can watch any movie you want. I ain’t no tv fan”

“You telling me you have never watched a movie before?”

“With a sister like my mine? Tthat's highly unlikely she always forces me to watch movies with her.”

“How old is she?”

“18 years old, she goes to your school”

“Really? What's her name and which grade?”

“Kwanele Dlomo she’s doing grade 12”

“Loyamaphapheni owakini?” (That forward girl is your sister?)

I laugh

“Yes”

“Yhuu uyaphapha uKwanele I never go a day without reprimanding her for noise. I’m her Mathematics teacher” (Kwanele is forward...)

“That’s sounds like her she’s also like that at home. The only time she will be quiet is when she’s watching tv or going through her phone”

“I like her though, she’s very passionate and committed to her studies.”

I nod as I swallow, well that’s my sister. I know she will make us proud.

“You know what, let's forget about the movie let’s just chat.”

She says and takes a bite of her slice of pizza.

“What do you want us to chat about?”

I ask staring at her as she licks the cheese on the corners of lips.

“Tell me more about yourself”

“There’s nothing fascinating about me. I’m Nkosinathi. Nathi or Mnesh is me”

She giggles sweetly

“That’s not true Nathi you are intriguing”

I take a sip of my drink and look at her

“Well let’s see. I’m Nkosinathi Dlomo you know that. I live with my mom and sister. I’m a taxi driver uhm yeah that’s all”

“How old are you?”

“I’m 33 years old wena?” (...you?)

“Where are you from dude? You never ask a woman her age”

She says giggling

“You are a year older than me”

“Really?”

I ask totally shocked I didn’t think she’s younger than me though I knew that she’s around her thirties.

“Yes why do you look shocked”

“I thought you are in your late twenties”

I lie of course never admit to women that you thought they were older than their actual age, that would totally be an insult to them.

“Should I take that as a compliment”

“Of course you are so beautiful and you look absolutely younger than your actual age”

“Thank you”

Her cheeks dimpled as she smiles widely revealing her perfect white teeth.

“I guess it’s your turn now to tell me about yourself. Entleck ubani ivrou ka Bra Mos” (...Who’s Bra Mo’s wife actually?)

She heaves a sigh and looks at me but I’m unable to decipher an expression that crosses her eyes.

“I’m Cebisile Mbhele I’m a teacher, I love reading and yoga it’s helps a lot to deal with my fucked up life”

“You have a rich husband, a beautiful house and you are a teacher. What could be fucked up about that?”

“There’s more to life than having a husband, a beautiful house and money Nathi”

“Of course, what I’m trying to say is it seem like your life is in order and I’m sure many ladies are envious of your life.”

“Well they shouldn’t not all that glitters is gold. Iyanginyisa nami impilo just like everyone else.”

She presses her lips on the rim of the glass, gulping greedily on her juice.

“I’m sorry if I offended you”

She shakes her head

“No you didn’t. I heard that you want to have your own taxis has it been always your dream?”

“No I wanted to be a Doctor”

“Really? Then what happened?”

“Yes , ah let me just I was never meant to be”

“I think you’d make an amazing masseur”

I don’t think so! Imagine the erections I’d get. I was crossing my fingers that she doesn’t go there. She shifts closer and slowly brings her soft hands on the sides of my face, gently rolling my earlobes between her thumbs and forefingers before cupping the edges of my jaw with her fingertips. The sweet smell of her scent is intoxicating.

“Your boner is imprinted in my mind I can’t stop thinking about it”

“Oh yeah?”

My breathing is long and deep.

“Yeah I was fantasizing about it while self servicing myself last night”

“You did that? Wow I was also fantasizing about you while jerking it off”

I confess too and her eyes glints with lust. I run my thumb on her pale pink full lips she opens her mouths and sucks on it seductively. The feel of her warm mouth on my thumb sends a jolt of electricity to my dick. I withdraw my thumb from her mouth and bring my face to hers, claiming her lips. The kiss is laced with thirst and lust my hands naturally find their way to her boobs and give them a squeeze causing her to moan softly. I feel a tight squeeze on my raging hardon and groan in her mouth. Our bodies fuse together as I gently lie on top of her without breaking the kiss. I slide my hand into her yoga pants damn she’s so wet. Nkosinathi what are you doing? I push the question to the back of my mind and glide my fingers between her wet folds she moans my name softly over and over like it’s a chorus. Do you have a death wish? Bra Mos is going to kill you Nkosinathi! I spring up pulling out my hand from her pants immediately after another question pops up in my mind

“I’m sorry I can’t do this”

My voice is deep and husky I can barely recognize it.

“Uhm no I’m sorry”

She says with a strained voice

“Uhm think I should go I will come back later”

I take the car keys from the coffee table and walk to the garage. I open the garage and reverse out then drive off. What had just happened! I sniff her musky womanhood scent in my fingers. Fuck! I need some pussy now it’s been a while. I take my phone and call Wendy one of the girls I fuck when I need pussy. Let me just say I’m ‘data bae’ to her.

“Dlomo”

“Hello my love how are you”

“I’m fine and yourself?”

“I’m also fine I just miss you”

“Wuwe moss ozifihlile” (you are the one who’s scarce)

“Ukuphi?” (Where are you?)

“I’m at Dannhauser”

“When will you come back ngiyakfuna kabi” (.. I want you)

She giggles

“Wena ungikhumbula mawufuna ukungbhebha nje kuphela” (you only miss me when you want to fuck me)

“Akusiyo ivari leyo uyazi ngiyazifela ngawe” (That’s not true you know I love you)

“I’m here for my cousin’s funeral baby I will come back next week”

“Oh my condolences honey”

“Thank you I have to go”

“I will transfer you data now just to cheer you up neh”

“Oh! Thank you so much my love. I love you so much”

“Sharp”

I hang up and transfer 3GB data to her. I’m booking for next week when she comes back. See, I’m not a stingy man I pay when it needs to be just to get what I want but to my woman I don’t anticipate to do anything of that sort just because I want pussy from her. I want to spend on her because I want to spoil her and pamper her. I don’t have all the luxuries of the world to give my woman but my love would be the most luxurious thing she will ever receive from me.

I call Ntosh that one I’m ‘booze bae’ to her. I don’t mind buying alcohol for her as long as she will give me pussy, the problem comes when she wants me to buy alcohol for her friends as well. I told her that I’m her ‘boyfriend’ not her ‘friends boyfriend’ so I spend on what’s ‘mine’ not unless if she doesn’t mind sharing me, after all sharing is caring right? Of course she didn’t agree ahhh ngeke phela sidliwe izifebe sibhekile.

Ntosh is not answering her phone without a doubt she’s being banged by some idiot wherever she is. That girl is a ndunu hustler I tell you. Uyagereza strong ngendunu yakhe then they say men are trash mmmh sithule nje siyabuka. The last person is Omuhle plus kusa mele agwetshwe but she’s not feeling well. Let me use this time to go check on her. I drive slowly when I get to her street it’s always packed around this time just like mine. I play music softly and roll down the window ngikhiphe nephiko saan. I hear screams from the girls as I pass and chuckle

“Haibo chomee uNathi uthenge imoto!” (Nathi bought a car!)

“Yooo ayiseyinhle mgani!” (It's so beautiful friend!)

“Sengiyamfuna ke manje phela this is an upgrade!” (I want him now...)

I look at this wide hips girl on the side mirror, heee ngizokugweba lokhu (I will fuck this one)

“Hayi lengenqe ye taxi” (Not that old taxi)

They burst into laughter

“Come on girls the taxi is not his but his boss. He’s just a driver who’s making a living for his family”

I travel my eyes too this short thick girl mmh wena I will wife you

“Okusalayo uwumageza empompini!”

I chuckle when I recognize the voice. So this one is shaming me acting like she has never slept with me in front of her friends because she’s ashamed of sleeping with ‘Umageza’ Oh well... I pull over and wait for them to walk closer

“He’s waiting for me girls”

“Haibo he’s waiting for me”

They giggle by the time they get closer I’m calm as a cucumber but I’m burning with anger inside. I won’t allow this girl to mock my personal hygiene as if she has ever seen me dirty and stinking!

“Hello Ladies”

“Heeey”

They all say except Sindi

“We Sindi uzoza nini ukuzolanda iphenti lakho ekhaya lingiqhatha nendlovukazi yami” (Sindi when will you come back to fetch your panties at home it troubles my queen)

She looks at me and opens her mouth to say something but words are not coming out and her friends are looking at her in anticipation

“Or ngilishise?” (Or should I burn it)

“Sindi?”

One of her friends says. Sindi looks at them then at me and runs away leaving her friends in stitches. I take a two hundred note and give my future wife.

“Uthenge ikota yezwa” (buy a bunny chow)

I caught her off guard for a brief moment she doesn't know what to say until her other friend nudges her

“Haweeh thank you”

“Bye ladies”

“Byyyee!”

They say in unison I drive to our usual spot and call Omuhle.

“Babe”

“Hey love I'm at our usual spot”

“Okay I'm coming”

I wait for her just tapping on the steering wheel along with the music. As soon as I see her approaching I get a text 'where are you? I can't see you' I step out of my car I mean Bra Mos's car.

“Over here”

She looks at me and gasps.

“Is it yours?”

Oh I wish baby girl but soon I will be driving mine.

“Hello”

I say pulling her closer to me by her waist.

“Hey is this your car?”

“No it’s my boss’s car”

“Its beautiful baby futhi iyakufanela” (It’s suits you)

“You are so sweet my angel”

I plant a peck on her forehead

“Let’s get inside”

I open the door for her at the back seat and walk to the other side to join her on the back seat. I pull her close and kiss her my dick is sensitive from earlier.

“How are you feeling now?”

“I feel better”

“What was wrong vele?”

“I had fever”

“I’m sorry my pumpkin. I missed you yaz”

Funny enough it’s the truth

“I missed you too”

I run my hand on her thighs and kiss her again intensifying the kiss this time. The feel of her body against mine is doing things to my body. I caress her body and she releases a soft moan. Our breathing is heavy and deep I slide my hand between her creamy thighs, she's wearing a skirt which makes it easy for me. I feel her body tenses up as I push her panties aside. I pull back and look at her

“What's wrong”

“Uhm I don't feel comfortable”

“Oh really why?”

I can't mask the annoyance in my voice. I'm tired of this child's games habe!

“I'm scared”

“I won't hurt you I promise”

I say caressing her cheek

“I...I..I have never done it before”

Huh?

“You mean you are still a virgin?”

She nods her head and looks down. I pull her chin up and study her eyes. I can see that she's telling the truth. Fara God this is the last thing I expected from her. I thought ...Sigh!

“It's okay don't worry”

I pull her to my chest and stroke her back. I'm so conflicted now, virginity is a big deal to girls so I don't want to break her virginity knowing very well that I'm not into her that much. I thought she's not a virgin especially after discovering that she's two timing me while eating my money and enjoying free rides. I also have a curse

when it's comes to breaking girls their virginity they become obsessed with me and do crazy things. I vowed to myself that I don't break virgins but on the other side I don't want that idiot of an Indian boy to get her first. This means I have to change plans I'm sexually starving I don't have patience for a virgin I need some real hardcore fucking. 'Cebi' a voice whisper in my head and my cock twinges at the thought of me fucking her senseless. What the fuck is wrong with me? I need to stop entertaining these thoughts about my boss's wife.

Chapter *Four*

Kwanza asked me, No she actually demanded that I fetch her from school because she wants to show off to her schoolmates that her brother has a 'new ride'. Here I am parked at her school's gate waiting for her and this wait is starting to bore me now. The siren went off a while ago but still she hasn't shown up. I feel like a fool now with my eyes glued to the gate hoping that I will spot her.

It's Friday today and the past two days I haven't been working since my taxi is being fixed. Rodney said he will be done by tomorrow so I asked Senzo to transport my kids to school. I'm going to pay him of course, things on his side are very rough not that they're smooth on my side but Senzo has too much responsibility. He lives with his diabetic Mom and his two younger brothers and he's the only one who's working at home. His toddler also needs to be taken care of. I know that he's not expecting something but as his friend I know that he needs any money he can get.

Cebi and I agreed to stay away from each other and keep everything professional. I have to admit that she's not making it easy though with all those tight clothes she wears that display her pear shaped body gloriously. Her big ass though, damn that woman is hallelujah! I'm an ass and boobs guy by the way. Finally the princess shows up with her friends making noise as they get in. Sweetness and Mpume are at the back then my little sis is with me in the front.

"Hi Bhuti Nathi"

They both say and I turn to look at them.

"Zi right izgirls?" (Are you girls okay?)

"We are super fine and yourself?"

Says Mpume, who matches Kwanza's bubbly personality. Sweetness is shy and reserved totally the opposite of these two. I wonder how does she keep up with these two.

"I'm also fine baby girl"

The smile on her face vanishes in an instant but I turn around anyway and start the engine then drive off. I roll my toothpick to the corner of my mouth as I sing along the song playing while they are having their conversation but I notice Mpume is a bit off now. I wonder if it's me who said something wrong unwittingly. They both stay at Skopasini so I drop them and drive home.

"Did I say something wrong to Mpume"

She looks at me knowingly and laughs

"Don't mind her she's sick in the head"

"So I did say something"

"Yes you called her baby girl!"

She says dramatically and I don't know if I'm too slow but I don't see anything wrong or 'baby girl' has been named after a tokoloshe or a disease.

"Is there something wrong with that?"

"Gosh Bhuti you are too slow when you want to! Mpume is into you so calling her baby girl you technically implied that she's a little girl!"

She says blinking her eyes superfluously. Oh, now I get it unfortunately I don't do my little sister's friends. I value their presence in my little sister's life I wouldn't want to destroy their friendship. I'm not in a space where I can be faithful to one girl and I know it would hurt my little sister to know that I'm two timing her best friend but since I'm her brother she won't be able to rat me out, on the other side she would feel like shit for keeping such to her best

friend. These kinds of relationships can be messy at times, I don't want my little sister to be subjected to such.

"I don't know how many times I have told her that you are not the right guy for her!"

Ouch that stings as much as I know it's the truth.

"What are you trying to say Kwanza?"

"You are fooling around buti I don't want my friend to sleep with a broken heart because she caught you cheating"

There's nothing hurtful then being taken for a fool and made feel less of a man because you can't afford to take your girl out. Working 16 hours per day means you don't even have time to scratch yourself never mind having time to take your girlfriend out. The same girlfriend who's ashamed of you because you are a taxi driver. I rather date my hand then go through that shit again.

Taxi drivers are forced to put up with negative stereotypes such as being labeled 'umageza empompini' to mock our personal hygiene and suggest the lack of civility and education. I'm one of the most taxi drivers who don't conform to this shit. I know this guy who's a qualified social worker but he's a taxi driver. I may not have a degree but I do have N certificates for business management. I'm a very polite guy but passengers like to push my buttons.

"You are right I'm definitely not the right guy for her and I'm definitely way too old"

"Yet you are dating Omuhle"

I look at her in disbelief

"Where did you get that?"

"Haibo who doesn't know that"

“So you are judging me?”

“No I’m not, it's just that I don’t like what these people say about you.”

“Bathini” (what do they say)

“Nothing”

“Kwanza”

She draws in a deep breath

“They say you bought this car with her inheritance money”

I can’t help but laugh people are sick!

“Mxm badakiwe don’t allow them to get to you.” (They are insane...)

“You love her?”

“Why do you ask me that now?”

“You have never been with a girl as young as me Bhuti”

“Are you trying to say I’m with her because I want her inheritance money?”

“What? No! How can you ask me that Bhuti? I’m just surprised that all”

“I dated her because I wanted to protect her Kwanza from these fuckboys who want to fuck her and leave her like that. I knew that when she’s with me they will play far from her because they respect me. These boys tend to take advantage of girls especially if they know there’s no male figure in their lives who can protect them.”

Omuhle lives with her grams only, her parents died when she was young in a car accident. They were both teachers and left some

money for her that's how her grams have been able to take her to the best schools in town and giving her the best life she deserves. You know as much as I try to take this gossip lightly but it's getting to me. They think so low of me because I'm just a taxi driver and I want to eat the poor girl's money. It still baffles me that she behaves like a gold digger when she's actually not poor.

“Wow that's so sweet of you Bhuti”

“But these people think so low of me. Omuhle and I don't even talk about her inheritance actually when we talk about money it's when I'm the one who has to give her not the other way around.”

She reaches out for my hand and I give it to her

“Don't allow them to get to you Bhuti. People always have negative things to say about other people.”

“Neh you are right”

“I love you”

I smile and look at her

“I love you too”

Upon arrival she prepares food for us and we eat in front of the TV while chatting about everything. It's been a blessing in disguise that my taxi is being fixed because in these past few days I have been spending more time with my little sister and bonding.

“Sanibona bantwana bami” (Hello my children)

Mom says as she walks in oh well that's my cue

“Hey mommy”

I get up from the couch and head out. I can hear her calling me but I ignore her. I'm still mad at her for what she did and I won't understand no matter how she tries to explain. I get to my room and

kick off my sneakers then jump into bed. I must have dozed off because I'm woken up by my ringing phone. It's Ntosh the nerve of this girl it's only now she returns my calls. I ignore her and roll out of bed to wash my face and my mouth. Once I'm done wearing my sneakers I take my car keys as well as my phone and head out. I drive off after taking a toothpick in my glove box and putting it in my mouth. I have called a meeting to address the drivers that I'm going to be taking care of things for a while until Bra Mos comes back.

“Nathi come in”

Cebi says as she makes a space for me to enter.

“Hi Mrs Mbhele”

She looks at me and sighs. I know that as much as we agreed to be professional she doesn't want me to address her as Mrs Mbhele which is quite surprising, why she doesn't want to be addressed by her marital surname? Could it be possible that she doesn't feel this marriage? Why do I even care? it's none of my business. I can't take my eyes off her, she's wearing a robe and it's slightly open I can see a bit of flesh on her chest and her nipples are poking through the fabric of her silk robe. The knock behind me on the door interrupts my ogling session. I move away from the door allowing her to attend whoever is at the door. The drivers walk in and we exchange pleasantries then I lead them to the Bra Mos office. There's not enough seats for them so I allow them to stand.

“Guys I'm sure y'all wondering why I called this meeting? well I'm sure that you have noticed that Bra Mos is not here so he left me in charge. Nothing changed bafethu except that Bra Mos is not here and I will be running things on his absence, I hope we treat each other with respect.”

“Why did he choose you out of all these drivers? You are new here Nathi. We have been working for Bra Mos for more than five years”

Thiza asks

“I don’t know Thiza why don’t you call him and ask him?”

“Hhayi Bra Mos uyagingqa how can he choose a newbie over us who have been with him way before him this is bullshit!”

Thiza says making it clear that he’s not pleased with me being in charge for the time being. I look at the other drives and few of them share the same sentiments as they are rumbling.

“Lalelani bafethu I called this meeting to let y’all know what’s happening if you are disputing what I just said then you are free to call Bra Mos and let him know. No In fact let me call him now”

I call him and put him on loud speaker. He answers on the third ring

“Nathi”

“Bra Mos how are you”

“I’m okay and yourself?”

“I’m also fine. I’m with the gents here they have something they want to say to you”

I raise the phone to their direction cwaka even their spokesperson Thiza is quiet now. Nencnc.

“Boys”

Bra Mos says on the other side

“Uhm we were just wondering when are you coming back home”

Fana says

“I don’t know yet but I left Nathi in charge I hope you will respect him right boys?”

“Yes Bra Mos!”

They all chorus

“Good I have to go now is there anything else”

They look at each other and shake their heads as if he can see them

“Have a great night Bra Mos”

“Sharp my boy”

I look at them shake my head

“I guess we are all clear now so let’s get back to business”

I started collecting the money from them one by one and count it.

“Thiza this R700 where’s R300”

“Ah ndoda today it was one of those days”

“Where’s the money Thiza?”

“That’s all I made”

“If I search you now I wouldn’t find it?”

“That’s harassment phela you can’t do such thing!”

“Okay the give me the money”

“Ngithe ayikho awuzwa yini” (I said there’s no money)

I pull out the gun and point at his manhood.

“Ey saan ngizokuqhumisa amasende! Where’s the damn money!” (I will blow your balls!..)

“Yhoo I was joking Mnesh please don’t do that I’m begging you here’s the money”

He says frantically taking out the money from his underwear

“Who the fuck is going to touch that money you just took out from your stinking balls!”

I slap him hard sending him reeling backward that he almost fall.

“Ungijwayela amasimba saan!”

“I’m sorry Mnesh”

He presses his palms together and kneels down on the floor

“I’m sorry man I’m really sorry”

I tug my gun on my pants and take the petty box.

“Faka”

He put the money in the petty cash box

“Tomorrow I want R1500 from you Thiza not R1000. Anyone who got a question or need some clarification?”

I look at the drivers expectantly and I can see that they are shocked by what just happened and some are shaking in fear. Nazoke!

“No Mnesh”

They all say in unison.

“Good y’all can go now please close the door on your way out”

They make their exit leaving me reflecting on what just happened. Never have I ever thought that one day I would point a gun at someone. I’m not a violent person but it had to be done. I needed to put Thiza on his place ungikha kancane njenge sishebo. Not only did I put Thiza on his place but I also showed the drivers that they mustn’t think they are going to do as they please since Bra Mos is

not here. I killed two birds with one stone. I'm their boss for the time being and they need to respect me as much as they respect Bra Mos. I don't care that they are not pleased that Bra Mos chose me, they are going to give me the respect that I deserve. I make the necessary records of the money that is made by the drivers and deduct the mechanic's money. Once I'm done I take my car keys and phone then head out.

"Ma'am I'm leaving now"

I say as soon as I enter the living room where she's seated on the couch reading a book. She looks up to me with a look that I can't read.

"I didn't think keeping things professional between us will make us strangers?"

She says rather coldly and I'm not sure I get what she means, it's not like we were friends before our intimate encounters.

"I'm not following?"

She draws in a deep breath still not keeping her eyes away from me. I can never get used to her look, it's so intimidating. It must be the rare black color of her eyes, they are so deep and glistening.

"Never mind you can go"

"Have a good night"

I say walking out. I think it's for the best to keep away from each other before we do something we both will regret. The lust and sexual tension between us will make us succumb to temptation and I know that's the last thing we both want. I can't betray my boss like that and it's already wrong enough that I have shared some intimate moments with his wife.

To say I'm shocked would be an understatement to find Omuhle wrapped in my fleece blanket on the couch watching Uzalo. How did she get here and why is she here to begin with?

“Omuhle”

“Baby”

Says looking at me with a smile on her face.

“What are you doing here?”

“I missed you Nathi”

“So you thought you should come here without letting me know?”

“I wanted to surprise you baby”

“Surprise yokunuka you don’t barge into someone’s house unannounced! Who allowed you in my room?”

I’m so mad what if I came with another girl here or worse she found me shagging some girl. I don’t like a girl who just shows up in my house without telling me.

“Hawu Nathi I just wanted to see you, there’s no need to shout and relax no one saw me. The gate was not locked so I sneaked in”

“That’s so wrong! Don’t you ever do that again do you hear me?”

“Why are so worked up? Don’t you want to see me?”

“No it’s not that I don’t like when people show up in my house without telling me! You should have called me and confirmed with me if you should come”

“How Nathi? You are ignoring my calls I can’t reach you I had to come and see you. I miss you baby so much”

“I was with you two days back Omuhle idrama eyani?”

“I feel like I’m losing you Nathi ever since I told you that I’m a virgin you are so distant to me!”

She says bawling her eyes out. I sigh and sit next to her pulling her to my chest.

“I’m sorry okay? Please don’t cry. I’m not distant I have been busy”

I have been thinking about our relationship I don’t do virgins but how do I tell her that without breaking her heart. She pulls back and looks at me deep in the eyes

“Tell me we are okay Nathi please, tell me I’m imagining things.”

I can’t miss the longing in her voice to hear me say what she wants me to say. I take her hands and sigh heavily

“You are imagining things. I have been very busy”

Her lips curves as they form a sweet smile.

“I’m sorry for coming unannounced. I couldn’t take it anymore.”

She takes out a toothpick in my mouth and cradles my face in her palms then kisses me. I haven’t had some pussy for a while and my libido is on its highest peak right now. I can feel my dick pulsating in my pants as the kiss escalates into a passionate heated kiss. I pull back before I break my vow and pop her cherry.

“Let me drive you home now”

“I’m going to spend the night here”

“That’s not going to happen”

“Why not?”

“I won’t stand the torture of sleeping with you knowing that I won’t fuck you.”

“Is there going to be a problem if you can fuck me?”

“Yes! I don’t want to fuck you Omuhle. “

“I want you to fuck me Nathi”

“You are beautiful Omuhle so perfect in more ways than one.”

“I can hear a but”

“But I’m not the right guy who deserves your virginity”

“But I want to lose it to you”

“You are not ready for this”

“Says who”

“Me”

“I want you Nathi I have never been so sure in my life that you are the guy I want to lose my virginity to”

“Omuhle No! I know you are not ready”

“You don’t find me attractive?”

“You are beyond attractive Omuhle”

“Then why don’t you make love to me?”

“I...”

I’m disturbed by a knock at the door. I get up and walk towards the door and open it.

“Mom”

“Can I come in”

“Uhm...”

I look at Omuhle and gestures for her with my hand that she must go to the bedroom. She nods and walks to my bedroom.

“Yes come in”

I make a space for her to get in as I roam my eyes around my lounge to see if there’s nothing suspicious.

“What do you want mom?”

She sits down on the couch and pats the space next to her.

“Come here”

I huff as I close the door then go sit next to her.

“I don’t like this tension between us my boy.”

“Then stop this nonsense”

“it’s not nonsense Nkosinathi he makes me happy why can’t you understand that huh?”

“Don’t we make you happy?”

“Of course you do my boy but it’s not the same. I don’t want to die alone Nkosinathi.”

“You won’t die alone we are here mom,we will always be here”

“True but let’s face reality you and your sister are going to get married one day and you will be forced to leave home. I will be left alone bored. Don’t you think I also deserve some happiness with someone who loves me?”

“Someone who loves you? He’s a snake mom he betrayed Dad or you also have been waiting for Dad to pass so that you can move on with his best friend?”

She gasps and looks at me incredulously

“How dare you say that Nkosinathi huh? You know I loved your father in fact I have never stopped loving him but he’s gone there’s nothing I can do about that. I have to move on at some point and I know that what he would have wanted me to do. I have mourned for him for five years struggling to make it through the day without him. It hasn’t been easy and I never thought I would make peace with his death but I think he’s the one that gave me strength to accept his death. Finally my boy my heart is at peace, all I want from you and your sister is to accept Mphikeleli please my son. ”

“I’m sorry Mom but I won’t accept that man never!”

“Why Nkosinathi?? Give me one good reason why you don’t want to accept him?”

“He was Dad's friend mom it doesn’t look right and beside you are way too old for dating!”

“Oh come on it’s not like we are having an affair your Dad is dead! Ufile ngeke aphinde abuye and you talk like I’m 100 years!” (...He’s dead he will never come...)

“Mom you are 48 years old!”

“Exactly! You talk like I’m 104 years old and besides, age is just a number. You can never be too old for love my son. I understand that you feel like he’s going to replace your father but that’s not true. Your father is irreplaceable, there’s no one like him nor will there ever be someone like him but life has to go on my boy. I’m begging you Dinangwe just give him a chance”

I heave a sigh. If this man is her happiness then I have no choice but try to accept him because if there’s anyone in this world who deserves happiness it’s my Mom.

“You love him and he makes you happy?”

She nods with a twinkle in her eyes. There's absolutely no doubt that she loves him but does he love her back? I hope he does or else I will kill him.

“Mom I love you so much and your happiness means the world to me so I'm going to try to accept him just for your sake but please don't expect me to be friends with him, in fact I'm watching him if he dare hurt you I'm going to kill him with my bare hands.”

“Oh thank you so much my boy”

She says filling her fruity scent in my nostrils as she engulfs me in her arms.

“Oh another thing mom”

She pulls back and looks at me in anticipation

“I'm not telling you what you should do and what you shouldn't do in your house but I must say I don't like the fact that you brought him in my father's house and you slept with him in the same bedroom you and Dad shared. I feel like you are disrespecting Dad and the memories you two shared in that house and in that bedroom”

She heaves a sigh and takes my hands into hers

“I'm sorry my son I wasn't trying to disrespect your Dad or the memories we shared together in our house as well as in our bedroom. He's going through a lot right now his daughter was diagnosed with cancer and the thought of losing her just like how he lost his wife is tearing him apart. He was drunk and I couldn't let him drive in that state”

“Which daughter?”

“Buhle”

“Buhle has cancer?”

“Yes baby we only have few months left with her”

My heart sinks to the pit of my stomach

“Hawu kanti how long she has been sick and why you never told me”

“It’s been months I told you nje maybe you weren’t paying attention”

“You said it’s nothing serious Mom. How is she and where is she now?”

“She’s at mediclinic she’s getting weak day by day it’s so heartbreaking to watch her deteriorating and her father is not taking this well”

I can’t begin to imagine how they both feel about this predicament. Buhle and I were dating back then when we were in high school since I flunked grade 10 she continued with her grades until she went to university and left me behind. Our relationship faded on its own due to the distance between us but we never broke up. I loved her so much, she was my first through everything and I was also her first through everything. The first girl I have said the 3 words to was her and the girl I lost my virginity to was her. We had a good thing going so I won’t lie and when her Mom passed on due to cancer I tried my level best to be there for her. It brings me so much pain that she’s on the verge of death and there’s nothing I can do to help her. I need to go and see her. Life is really unfair as if it’s not enough that Bab Gatsheni lost his wife now he has to lose his daughter because of the same disease that took the love of his life. It’s situations like these I feel like there’s no God at all, why so much pain but so little happiness? Does he enjoys seeing his children in pain and crying?

“Im sorry my son I know you two were so close back then”

Mom snaps me out of my train of thought as she brushes my back

“I need to go see her.”

“Visitation hours start from 8am to 8pm. Dinner is ready come join us”

“Okay I’m right behind you”

She kisses my forehead and gets up and leaves. I lean back on the couch and shut my eyes closed thinking about the old great times I had with Buhle. I remember the first time we kissed I was so scared as it was my first time kissing a girl. I knew that she enjoyed it when she asked me to kiss her again. The night we both lost virginity to each other was magical. It’s safe to say Buhle is the only girl I ever truly loved. I feel the weight on my thighs and snap my eyes open and look at Omuhle as she straddles me. I have even forgotten that she’s here.

“Are you okay”

“Yes I’m fine I need to take you home Omuhle”

“Nathi please don’t make me go I’m begging you”

“I....”

She shuts me up with a kiss , our tongues duel as my hands involuntarily find their way to her butt. I pull her closer, pressing her cunt against my growing bulge. Damn this girl is tempting me I break the kiss and look at her.

“Muhle you are not ready for this”

“Fine but don’t make me go please. I just want to sleep in your arms tonight”

I sigh I don’t know if I’m going to be able to sleep with her all night. This is going to be torture I’m sexually starving and I don’t know if I will be able to control myself.

“Okay fine. Let me go get us food”

I plant a peck on her lips then she gets up from me. I get up and walk out, heading to the main house. Kwanza is alone and watching TV while eating.

“Where’s mom?”

I ask sitting next to her

“She’s in the bathroom...how did the talk go?”

“I told her I will give her man a chance”

“Really Bhuti? Why would you say that?”

“She seems happy with him Kwanza”

“Ay mina I don’t like him!”

“You and I know that he’s a great man, it's just that we never saw him as a potential step father. If he makes mom happy then we should be happy too lil sis.”

“Does she have to be happy because of a man? What about us? Don’t we make her happy? I’m trying my best Bhuti to be the best daughter ever. I get good grades I’m not dating like my peers and I respect her. All that is not enough? What do I need to do for her to be happy?”

Her voice is laced with hurt and disappointment. I take her hands into mine.

“Nana look at me”

She looks up at me with pain filled glistening eyes.

“Mom loves us so much that she wouldn't trade us for the world and we do make her happy but she’s human after all she has needs that you and I can't give her....”

She cuts me off

“You mean sexual needs?”

“Yes but it’s more than just sexual needs, it’s about having that one person who loves you and who is emotionally and soulfully available for you. That someone who can fight the world for you and go to the ends of the world to support you in every possible sense. I’d like to believe that Bab Gatsheni is that person and it doesn't mean we are not enough for her and she doesn’t acknowledge our hard work as well as our behavior. Honestly they both have been through a lot and they lost their partners they deserve a second chance at love. Let’s do it for Mom then if not for both of them please nana”

She nods her head as she shut her eyes closed and tears cascade down her face. I wipe them with my thumbs and pull her to my chest.

“Don’t cry, Bab Gatsheni is not here to replace Dad and Mom still loves us nothing is going to change”

I kiss her forehead and run my fingers through her long relaxed hair massaging her scalp she finds this comforting. I feel presence over my shoulders and look up at Mom who’s smiling.

“Thank you”

She mouths and I just nod with a grin on my face.

“Nele”

Mom says as she settles next to Kwanza who pulls back from my arms and looks at mom

“You are the best daughter a mother could ever ask for. You and your brother are the best thing that has ever happened to me. I wouldn’t trade you guys for anything in this world. I know that I don’t tell you enough but I’m proud of you my child. I love you so much and never ever think you mean anything less to me. You and your brother will always come first if you guys don’t want to accept Mphikeleli then it’s fine I will end things between us”

“No mom don’t do that it’s okay. I give you my full support as well as my blessings. If he makes you happy then I’m also happy”

Kwanza says wiping off her tears that are relentlessly flowing on her face.

“Thank you so much my child”

Mom pulls Kwanza to her bosom and embraces her. I can’t help a smile that spreads on my face. These two women right here means the world to me. When they are happy, I’m also happy, their happiness comes first to me. I can kill and lay my life for them.

“I’m having an early night today. Goodnight ladies”

“Hawu Nkosinathi I thought...”

“Mom relax I’m just tired I need to rest”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes I’m sure...Kwanza come here”

I say as I walk to the kitchen and she follows me. I take a quick peep at mom in the living room she’s watching tv.

“Look I have a visitor can you please dish up for her and bring our food to the back room”

“Who is it first?”

“It’s not Ntosh it’s Omuhle”

She doesn’t like Ntosh she says she’s too forward and between you and me, I think they are the same.

“Okay”

She stretches her hand to me. This child and money!

“I just gave you R500 Kwanza!”

“Haibo that was for something else. Khokha baba nothing is for mahala”

She taps her foot on the floor giving me that serious look of hers. I sigh in defeat and take out R10 from my pants pocket.

“I see you want your girlfriend to sleep on an empty stomach”

This is daylight robbery! I groan as I take out R100. Her lips curves as they form a sweet smile

“Nazoke!” (Awesome!)

I walk out and leave her preparing our food. Omuhle is watching tv in the lounge and I join her. A few minutes later there’s a knock at the door so I get up and attend to it. Kwanza walks in with a tray and places it on the coffee table.

“Hey Omuhle”

She says and Omuhle greet her back shyly

“We shy ain’t we? Don’t worry I will bite you just a little”

“Thanks Kwanza for bringing the food. Goodnight”

I say pushing her towards the door

“Hawu Bhuti...”

I shut the door closed after pushing her out. I know she won’t stop talking and already she’s making Omuhle uncomfortable.

“I’m sorry about that”

“It’s okay come let’s eat”

I settle next to her and we eat together over a light chat. I keep drifting away between our conversation thinking about Buhle.

“Gosh Nathi am I boring you?”

“No of course not, you just caught me at a difficult time. I’m not of good company, you see why you should have called first?”

She rolls her eyes before tossing a piece of meat in her mouth

“You can roll them until they fall off but not to me sisi I’m not your friend”

I say sternly and she doesn’t reply but continue with her food. I take a shower while she goes to bed when we finish eating. Once I’m done I wrap a towel around my waist then shuffle to the bedroom. Omuhle is already under the covers. I unwrap the towel and let it slide down to the floor. I hear a gasp coming from her, she has never seen me naked nor had she ever spent the night with me. Like I said that I didn’t want to rush her but her actions proved to me that she’s not innocent as I thought she was. I can feel her relentless gaze on me as I lotion my body.

“Tell me when you are done ogling me so that I can get into bed”

She giggles softly and hide her face with her hands. I have noticed that she has this shy side of hers that likes to appear out of the blue. I pick up the towel and hang it then jump into bed next to her.

“Are you going to sleep like that?”

She squints her eyes as she asks me

“Yes is there a problem Miss Mtshali?”

“No uhm but don’t you have pjs?”

“Who’s that?”

She gives me a “Durh” look and I look at her straight in the eyes.

“Pjs as in sleep wear?”

“Indoda ayilali igqokile mabhebeza” (A man doesn’t sleep with clothes on baby)

“Says who?”

“Me”

I pull her close to my body and envelope her in my arms. The feel of her heated body against mine sends electric sparks throughout my body.

“Nathi”

“Mhm”

“Goodnight”

“Can I have my goodnight kiss first”

She tilts her head and I capture her lips into mine my tongue dueling with hers. I feel the heat radiating through my body as the kiss deepens and her soft moans are not helping at all. I break the kiss before it progresses to fucking, I seriously don’t want to break her virginity but with this thirst within me it proves to be very difficult to resist her.

“Sleep now nana”

I kiss her forehead .

“Fuck me Dlomo please”

Heee not so Innocent now?

“Omu....”

She shuts me up with a kiss, slashing her tongue into my mouth. I feel her soft palms cradling my face as my hands settle for her booty, grabbing and squeezing it. I love how firm, roundy and big her ass is. Lengane ingifaka emalingweni Jehova! I roll over repositioning myself between her thighs without breaking the kiss. The heat of her core penetrating through the fabric of her pj short sends a twinge to my dick. I'm in a verge of breaking my vow now, I'm so horny and I feel like I'm going to burst. She gasps blissfully as my lips travel down to her neck biting and licking the savory sweetness of her flesh. I take off her pjs and pull back a bit salivating at the sight of her remarkably erotic body with toned creamy thighs and perky tits sticking out from her chest proudly.

“Damn you are so sexy!”

I can barely recognize my voice it's deep and husky. I squeeze and caress her tits in my palms before taking her hard nipple in my mouth and suck on it hard like a baby who has been deprived for days. She squirms uncontrollably squeezing the sheets as I give her other boob attention before kissing my journey down to her palace. I spread her legs apart the head of my dick tingles unbearably so at the sight of her smoothly shaved slit. Oh uNkulunkulu mkhulu! It's been a while seeing a pussy let alone eating and fucking it. I have even forgotten the smell and taste of it. Damn she's wet her folds are glistening and her clit is so swollen peeking out of its hood. I dip my head between her thighs and sniff the musky whiff of her womanhood.

“Fuck!”

I growl against her mouth and she moans softly as I gently massage her swollen clit with my tongue.

“Ahhh Nathi oh my god!”

I grab on her butt and lick her cunt like I'm possessed, probing my tongue into the depths of her pussy and her sweet moans are fueling me. I feel her muscles clenching around my tongue and her legs begin to shake.

“Ohhh Nathi aweehh mhhh I want to pee”

“Cum baby cum for me”

“Uhhmm noooo Oh my goodness!!”

She screams louder and her body goes rigid as a wave of pleasure hits her hard and she squirts her juices all over my face. I licked her, lapping up all her delicious juices I don't even want to waste a single drop. I look up at her and she gasps at the sight of my wet face with her juices

“Oh my God I'm sorry”

“Hey don't be sorry I love having your cum all over my face.”

I squeeze her pussy in my hand

“Did you enjoy me eating you?”

“Yes its was so damn good”

“Don't you want me to eat you again?”

“Yes”

It's comes out a whisper

“Tell me...tell your daddy that you want him to eat you again”

“Please eat me again Daddy”

I don't need to be told twice I slide my hands underneath her butt jerking her lower body up then dive my tongue into her , she's whimpering and jerking but I hold her in place. I eat her hard within seconds her body convulses with pleasure as she fills my mouth with her delicious juices. I don't give her time to recover I eat

her over and over until she's close to passing out then crawl on top of her locking my eyes into hers.

“Are you sure you want this”

“I have never been so sure”

“It will hurt a bit neh”

She nods her head biting her lower lip and pops her eyes out dramatically at the sight of my big rock hard dick leaking precum and throbbing furiously.

“Yhoo it's too big!”

“I will try my level best to be gentle,okay?”

I slide my cock to her wet entrance before pushing in slowly she winces and holds on to me for dear life.

“Keep your eyes on me sthandwa sami”

She looks at me I kiss away all her anxiety until her I feel her body relaxes then I glide my dick inside of her and release a growl as her cunt envelopes around my crotch. Fuck she's so tight and hot!

“Kubuhlungu Nathi” (It's hurt)

She cries out but I'm not going to pull out ngenile ngenile

“Don't cry I will be gentle yezwa?”

I wipe her tears with my thumbs and make one last push until I feel my cock deep into her cunt she screams in agony slapping my chest with her hands.

“I'm in sthandwa sami...shh don't cry”

I plant kisses all over her face trying to calm her then begin moving slowly trying my best to be as gentle as I can but the buildup of pleasure is fueling my thrusts. Oh she's so fucking tight and amazingly good! I flip her over and ram into her from behind. I can't remember the last I fucked a good pussy.

“You are so damn good baby ahhh fuck”

I wrap my hands around her armpits gripping hard on her shoulders. Her screams of agony that are gradually growing into screams of pleasure and my groans of pleasure are driving me insane. I feel my orgasm building up and pound her harder.

“Oooooohhhh shittttt!!!”

My dick spasms in her pussy and my balls tighten as I release my seed deep into her slit biting her shoulder blade. I roll over after catching my breath and look at her.

“Are you okay?”

She nods her head and hide her face with her hands

“Don't be shy now”

She giggles and buries her face in the crook of my neck. I pull her closer to my arms and kiss her nose.

“Muhlez wami”

“Mhh”

“Look at me”

She pulls up her head and looks at me shyly

“Thank you for seeing me worthy of your innocence. I will always cherish the moment we just had”

She blushes

“Thank you for being gentle with me it was less painful than I anticipated”

“Well I’m glad but I promise you it will get better with time you will enjoy it”

“I love you Nathi”

“I love you too sthandwa sami. Come let’s sleep now”

I pull her to my chest and stroke her back. I hope I won’t regret what I just got myself into but I have to admit the wait was worth it.

Chapter *Five*

It's funny how when I have to go to work it tends to be a struggle waking up but these past few days since I haven't been working I wake up without any hassle. I have been up since 02:00am, playing Subway Surf on Omuhle's phone. It's the only game I can play better than the cooking and dressing up dolls games. Time is 07:30am now and my eyes are acting up I have been glued to the screen for 4 hours. Omuhle stirs next to me I look at her only to meet her eyes wide open.

“What are you doing with my phone?”

She says defensively as she snatches it from my hand.

“And then?”

I look at her in shock. She looks at her phone and see that I was playing the game.

“You don't touch anyone's phone without their permission Nathi that's invasion of privacy”

“I was just playing a game because I was bored.”

“Still”

“You don't want me to see your Indian little boyfriend?”

She gasps. I chuckle and shake my head

“Don't worry I know about him and it's been a while”

I pull the covers away from me and roll out of bed.

“Nathi....”

I don't respond to her but head straight to my bathroom. I take a long shower while planning my day ahead. I have to go see Buhle but I will start at the panel beater and check if Rodney with his guys are done but he said he will be done today. My friends and I are going to grab some two nyana tonight I'm looking forward to it. I finish showering and wrap a towel around my waist after drying my body then walk to the bedroom. Omuhle looks up at me and bites her trembling lower lip.

"Baby..."

"Go have a bath so that I can drive you home before your granny gets worried."

"I told her I'm sleeping at my best friend we have an assignment to do so she's not expecting me to be back soon. I was thinking we will spend the whole day together"

"I have plans today Omuhle go have a bath"

I let my towel slide on the floor before applying lotion on my body.

"Nathi can we talk please?"

"Talk about what?"

"About Rajiv"

I'm sure that's her little Indian boyfriend.

"Listen Omuhle I'm not interested in your boyfriend"

Once I'm done moisturizing my body I rummage through my closet looking for something to wear.

"I want to explain sthandwa sami"

"Explain what? That you have been making a fool out of me with your little Indian boyfriend? Uzenza ubaby cool with my money!"

There's nothing I hate more than being taken for a fool.

“That's not true baby I wasn't making you a fool”

She says looking down twiddling her fingers. I chuckle in disbelief and shake my head

“Each an every cent I give you ulinika ikula lakho nithenge uroti no biryani. Angithi phela mina ngiyisilima sakho , a chicken that must be chuthedi!”

(...you give it to your Indian and go buy roti and biryani with him. I'm your fool, an idiot that must be sucked dry!)

“I'm sorry baby but I can explain”

She cries

“I don't want any explanations Omuhle! Nothing will change the fact that you made me a fool and I trusted you. I thought you were a innocent girl, I was going to wait for you until you were old enough for sex. I wasn't going to rush you. I was planning to keep you forever but it's clear that I'm a fool to you that you want to suck dry and go spend the money with your Indian boyfriend”

“Baby that not true! I love you Nathi so much. I'm sorry please forgive me”

“Awugeze tu!” (Bath please!)

I slip into a pair of boxers and take out a Lee faded blue ripped jeans and black sweatshirt with a white Lee logo print on the front. When I turn around a butt naked Omuhle is right next to me. I swallow hard at the sight of her erotic body but she doesn't even notice that I'm ogling her because she's crying

“Nathi I didn't mean to make you feel like a fool please forgive me”

She reaches out for my hands but I yanked them off.

“I thought you love me Omuhle, okay fine it’s okay if you don’t love me but you should have told me instead of making me feel stupid!”

“I love you Nathi I swear.”

I chuckle

“You have a funny way of showing it my dear”

“I was scared okay! I’m still scared! I’m scared that one day you are going to find a classy beautiful woman and leave me. The thought of it is just unbearable, I thought if I could have another boyfriend who’s my age I won’t fall hard for you. I was trying to protect my heart, should the day come where you find a woman your age and leave me but I see that was stupid of me because I keep falling deeper in love with you every single second. I love you so much it hurts and every time I think of you leaving me I sleep with a broken heart. I don’t love him, I love you that’s why I’m here with you, that’s why I gave you my innocence not him ngithanda wena Nkosinathi” (...I love you Nkosinathi)

She sobs painfully and funny enough her sobs are breaking my heart into two. I grab her hand and make her sit down on the bed then envelope her in my arms inhaling the combination of our scents pouring out of her body.

“Shhh don’t cry it’s okay”

I whisper in her ear as I stroke her back slowly trying to calm her down. She calms down after a while but we stay in silence.

“I’m sorry Nathi”

She eventually breaks the silence and snuffles her mucus away. I pull her back from my arms and look at her.

“Have I ever gave you a reason that I would leave you?”

“No but you are fifteen years older than me, soon you will meet that one person you want to marry and start a family with then you will ditch me. I’m just a little immature girl after all.”

She shrugs her shoulders and the pain reflecting in her eyes is unbelievably enough for me to see that this girl loves me and here I am thinking she was just fooling me. I don’t know how I missed this.

“I had no means of leaving you Omu. I love you and like I said I was going to wait for you until you are ready but when I discovered that you have been two timing me I was livid. I trusted you with everything in me I didn’t think you could ever do this to me”

“I’m sorry”

She whispers and tears flow down her face as she looks down. I pull her chin up with my index finger making her to look at me.

“Do you regret falling in love with me?”

“No I don’t but I always question myself, why am with you because you are going to leave me one day for a beautiful woman your age”

“I have never given you a reason that I would leave you however I understand your fears. You broke my trust Omu,how am I supposed to trust you after this? I don’t want to always wonder what are you up to when you are not with me.”

“I will do my best to earn your trust again please forgive me.”

“I hate playing games Omu and I don’t like to complicate things for myself. I want to know if you are my girlfriend, are you mine alone or am I sharing you? I can settle for anything you give me as long as you are sure of your decision”

She gasps for air as she stares at me in shock

“Wow! So you can openly share me with someone else? Is that even love? Do I even mean something to you Nkosinathi?”

The pain in her voice can't be missed.

“Of course you mean something to me Omu kodwa angifuni kube khona oba isilima phakathi kwethu ingakho ngithi cacisa ukuthi umephi.” (...but I don't want any of us to become a fool so that's why I say be clear about where you stand.)

“I love you and I want to be your only girlfriend....”

I shut her up with my finger

“Sssh take your time don't make haste decisions. I want you to think things through and be sure of your decision, okay?”

She nods her head.

“Good girl. Now go bath”

“But I...”

“Ha.ah Omuhle”

I shake my head in disapproval. She sighs heavily and gets up from the bed and take her overnight bag before walking to the bathroom. She really prepared herself for this sleepover she even brought an overnight bag. I get up from the bed and get dressed then make the bed. I'm glad there are no blood stains on the sheets that would have been a nightmare for me. Mom does all my laundry including my underwears and it's safe to say I can't do laundry. Omu walks in a while later fully clothed in blue jeans, white plain vest and cropped denim jacket. She completed the look with white all star sneakers. Her twist is tied neatly into a bun she looks so cute.

“You are so cute”

She blushes

“Thank you”

“You are finished right?”

“Yes”

“Then we should get going”

I take her overnight bag from her before grabbing my car keys and phone.

“Asambe” (let’s go)

She takes her phone from the bedside table then we walk to the garage. I bring the engine to life while Omu gets inside. I throw her bag to the back seat and open the garage then jump into the car.

“Buckle up please”

She does as she’s told then I drive out while taking a toothpick in my glove box and putting it in my mouth. We fall into comfortable silence all the way to Theku Plaza. I was careless last night, I didn’t use protection but I was trying to make it less painful for her. The last thing I want is for her to fall pregnant. She’s still young, a baby is the last thing she needs right now. I’m also not ready to have a baby now especially financially, babies are expensive. We start at the chemist and I buy morning after pills for her then we walk to Shoprite. I grab a trolley and push it as we walk through. I take a bottle of still water from the fridge and give it to her.

“Here down those pills now”

She takes the bottle of water and down the pills then tosses the half full bottle of water into the trolley.

“Ufunani” (What do you want?)

“Noma yini” (Anything)

“Idayiswa khona la inoma yini?” (Inomayini is sold here?)

She giggles and hooks her arm around mine

“No”

I let her take everything she wants.

“Where do you want to eat. I’m really starving”

“I’m craving for KFC”

“KFC it is then”

I pay for everything then we walk out. I put her goodies in the car first before going to KFC with her clinging on my arm. I make our order then we sit down and wait for our food. I see Ntosh making her way in, oh snap! I know she will cause a scene. I try to hide with Omuhle but she has seen me already and she’s making her way towards us with a broad smile on her face.

“Hey baby!”

She tries kissing me on the lips but I back away. The bitch was getting it on last night then she comes here and want to kiss me with the lips that were kissing and wrapped around some idiot’s dick. Uyangijwayela lo yaz. She reeks of alcohol and some cheap cologne.

“Ha.aah maan Ntosh! You are reeking of alcohol but it’s not even 10:00 am yet”

“I tried to call you yesterday but you weren’t answering my calls. I wanted us to grab some two nyana sishaye ne duzu. Damn I missed your big cock” (...and have sex...)

I groan inwardly and look at Omu who’s boring her eyes into me. Ntosh turns to look at Omu.

“Oh My bad I didn’t introduce myself. I’m Ntosh”

She stretches out her hand to Omu but she just looks at it and says a low cold “Hi”

“Ntosh go home have a bath and rest you don’t look appealing right now”

“I need hot wings ngifuna ukukhipha ibhabhalazi” (...I want to get rid of hangover)

“Hamba uyetshela lo’kthengele utshwala” (Go tell whoever that bought you alcohol)

“Hawu Nathi.”

I give her a dead stare and what I like about her is that she knows when I’m not playing.

“Oh okay I’m leaving. Sisiza unakekele isithandwa sethu” (take care of our love)

With that said she walks away leaving Omuhle staring at me in anticipation.

“What?”

“Who was that”

“She said her name is Ntosh”

“Is she your girlfriend”

“I don’t have to explain myself to you Omu, you cheated on me and I’m hella mad at you right now but I’m trying to keep my cool”

She blinks her tears back as our order is being called out. I get up and fetch our food then place the tray on the table. I know I was harsh but I couldn’t help myself and she has no right to interrogate me when she knows she hasn’t been faithful to me. We eat in silence and once we are done I take her home.

“Thank you for these as well as the breakfast”

“Stop sulking and it doesn’t look good on you.”

She smiles faintly

“Buka umuhle kanjani uyazimosha nje ulokhu udonsa umlomo”
(look how beautiful you are, you just spoiling your beauty with your sulking)

She giggles and hits me playfully before leaning over to peck my lips.

“I will call you”

She takes her plastic of goodies and her overnight bag at the back seat.

“Okay I will wait for your call”

She gets out of the car and closes the door. I blow her a kiss as I drive away leaving her blushing. I think I like this girl more than I thought. If only she hadn't been two timing me, maybe I would have considered committing myself to her only. The good thing about her is that she's still young and I can nurture her to be the woman that I want but now I don't trust her. I don't think I can ever trust her again but I can see that she loves me but her fears just got the better of her. I take a huge breath before making my way in. I have never been this scared in my life. I'm scared of the condition I would find my high school sweetheart in. I'm scared how would she receive me after all these years since we last saw each other. Is it even appropriate for me to be here? What if she has a boyfriend now and he would not like me being here?

“Nkosinathi!”

The familiar voice behind me says as I'm having second thoughts about being here. I swivel around and scan her from her red stilettos that accentuate her long sexy legs to her black button tube skirt that hugs her curves gloriously and black cropped long sleeved top. Finally my eyes land on her face and our eyes meet. She's more beautiful than I remember.

“Hello Nathi!”

She says

“Esethu hey!”

I say matching her chirpy voice and pull her in my arms and we share a hug, she smells lovely. We break the hug after a while and look at each other.

“You are so beautiful”

She smiles as her cheeks turn red.

“Thank you nawe usuyababa bo!” (...you are hot!)

I giggle.

“I try”

“What are you doing here?”

“I came to see Buhle”

I say with a low voice and her face fell. Esethu and Buhle were best friends from high school. I don't know if they are still friends but it can't be a coincidence that she's here.

“Eish Buhle neh. I feel so helpless Nathi seeing her vanishing out on me slowly but surely it's killing me. You know the worst part is that there's nothing I can do about it.”

She blinks her tears back but they betray her and flow down her face. I have been focused on how she has grown to be a beautiful woman that I missed her eye bags. I swallow a lump in my throat and pull her to my arms it's the least I could do as I have no words to say to her right now.

“Let’s go see her I’m sure she will be happy to see you she has been talking about you lately”

She says wiping her tears with the back of her hands

“Oh is it?”

I can’t help a faint smile that forms on my face.

“Yes come”

I follow her behind and my heart rate grows rapidly. We make our way in, my eyes involuntarily lay on top of the bed I can barely recognize her she’s bluish, dry and flaky. Her dry lips curve as they form a faint smile when she looks at Esethu but her smile disappears instantly when our eyes meet.

“Hey Bubu look at who I brought you today?”

Buhle shakes her head slowly as tears filled her eyes.

“Hey Buhle”

I say reaching out for her hand but she yanks it away from me which causes her to wince in pain.

“I..I...I don’t ..want ..him ..here”

Buhle whispers and my heart breaks at those words

“Bubu this is Nathi you have been talking about him lately. He’s here to see you baby”

“No! I...I...don’t want him to see me like this! How can..can you bring him Se..thu?”

“Buhle ...”

“Go!”

She turns away from me and cries. I look at Esethu with pleading eyes.

“I’m sorry Nathi I don’t want to upset her just go”

I momentarily close my eyes and groan frustratedly then walk out leaving my heart behind. I bury my head on my steering wheel and process what just happened. The picture of her frail self flashes across my mind and I feel tears stinging in my eyes .

“Why? Why? Why? Fuck!!”

I lay back on my seat and close my eyes as different emotions attack me. Seeing her like that breaks my heart into tiny pieces and what makes me angry is that there’s nothing I can do to take the pain away from her. I feel so helpless and useless I wish she allowed me to spend just a little time with her. I finally recollect myself and drive to the panel beater to check my taxi but they are still not done. I call Senzo as I drive home.

“Bafo” (Bro)

“You good”

“Yeah wena”

“I will be okay I guess...are we still on tonight I need to get sloshed bra.”

“Sure ntwana what’s going on”

“I will tell you tonight”

“Okay Sabelo and Khaya are still joining us?”

“The last time I talked to them they were joining us but let me call them now to be sure”

“Okay ntwana”

“Shap”

I call Sabelo and Khaya and they confirm that they are joining us. I had bought a pack of 20 Stuyvesant cigarettes at the garage before driving home so I lit my cigarette and smoke. I’m trying so hard to block the memory of Buhle in my mind but it proves to be a mission. This is definitely not the way I want to remember her. I throw the cigarette butt outside the window and close it.

“Dinangwe”

Mom says as soon as I enter the kitchen. I’m surprised to see her I thought she’s at section 3 at checkers. She has a spot there where she sells her fast food.

“Hey mom”

She looks at me as if she’s observing me.

“Are you okay?”

I sigh as I take out the bottle of milk from the fridge

“I’m coming from the hospital to see Buhle”

“Oh baby how is she?”

She gives me the glass and I chuckle as I take it.

“Yhoo mama she’s...that's not how I want to remember her. It’s heartbreaking”

I say pouring the milk into the glass

“Eish kunzima boy but I’m happy you went to see her I’m sure she was happy to see you. She has been asking about you yaz”

I put the bottle of milk back to the fridge and reach for my glass then gulp it down

“She chased me out, she doesn’t want me to see her in that condition. I’m so sad mom”

This Buhle situation is affecting me more then it should does this mean I still love her?

“I’m sorry, I understand her though. Put yourself in her shoes how would you feel seeing your first sweetheart in that condition?”

I look at her and she chuckles

“I know you were dating come on”

“I understand mom but it’s not her fault she shouldn’t be ashamed of seeing me. All I want is to spend her last days with her, is that too much to ask?”

“Oh boy I’m sorry I will try to talk to her okay”

She pinches my cheeks like I’m a baby. This woman likes babying me sometimes.

“Kwanza is at attending?”

“No it’s her friend birthday she said something about movies and mall”

“Oh yes. Why didn't you go to Checkers today?”

“I have run out of stock, when will you take me to town?”

“Whenever you want”

“Tomorrow, but we have to be early as we can since the stores close early”

“Okay no problem.”

I sit on the chair chatting with my mom while watching her cook. I can’t remember the last time I spent time with my mother and just

talk about anything. Spending quality time with my family is a challenge for me due to my 16 hours job. I feel so bad about it, hopefully though when I have my own taxis I will work less hours and make time for family. It's always refreshing to spend time with my two favorite women in my life as it strengthens our bond even more. The memories we make we will always cherish them even when one of us is no longer around someday.

Life is so unpredictable, we should make each day count because we ain't certain about tomorrow. Death can turn our lives upside down within a split second and what's sad about it is that there's nothing we can do except to make the means of moving on. Thinking about this makes me miss my father, that man was my hero. I'm proud to say that my relationship with my father was good, it lacked nothing. There was nothing such as "father-son" bad blood or issues like we usually see out there.

What I loved about him is that when mom fell pregnant at the age of 15 years with me he took responsibility and never ran away from us as young he was. His father was very strict and he made it clear that dad should take care of mom and me since he's a man. Dad had to drop out from school and went to Johannesburg to find work so that he can provide for us. He worked in one of the gold mines in Gauteng which I'm not sure about it's name. I don't know why he stopped working there and joined the taxi industry. I'm so grateful for the years I spent with him and I will dedicate myself to carry on where he left off with these women and make him proud.

"I love you mom"

She tilts her head and looks at me with a broad smile.

"I love you too my son"

My phone rings I slide it out of my pocket and answer it.

"Kwanza"

"Hey bro, are you good?"

“Yes I’m fine thumbu wakithi, unjani wena? ” (...last born and you?)

“I’m also fine. Uhm Sweetness’s parents are hosting a birthday party for her this evening, can I please sleepover at her place?”

“Hayi Kwanza”

“Hawu Bhuti I’m begging you”

“Why are you only telling us now?”

“I also didn’t know but her mom just called us it’s a surprise actually and they would really appreciate if their daughter’s besties made it to the party”

“There’s nothing as such, they knew they would host a party for their daughter, why they didn’t tell you guys early?”

“I also don’t know please Bhuti”

“Talk to mom”

I give mom the phone and she talks to Kwanza , she also doesn’t like that it’s only now Kwanza is telling us but she agrees anyway then give back my phone.

“I also need your blessings big bro if I don’t get them I’m coming back home”

“Just be careful and take care of yourself Kwanza. I know that you girls would be drinking alcohol cela ungalahli tu”

She giggles

“I won’t Bhuti, thank you thank you thank you so much!”

“Don’t hesitate to call me if you want me to fetch you”

“I won't, I love you”

“I love you too nana”

I hang up and find mom looking at me with a smile on her face.

“What?”

“Thanks”

“For what?”

“For being the son and brother that you are. You are too good to us and we really appreciate it my son.”

I never thought men blush but believe you me right now I'm blushing. We continue and talk until 19:00 pm then she dishes up for the both of us we eat while watching TV. Once we are done I wash the dishes, it's the least I could do after that heartwarming meal. One of these days this woman is going to own her restaurant and I'm going to make sure of that, just watch the space. After washing the dishes I go to my room and freshen up. 15 minutes later I'm done I look at myself in the mirror once more time and I have to admit, I look smashing in a faded fabiani slim fit jeans, white simple tee, white fabiani sneakers and navy bomber jacket leaving it open. I rough up my mohawk and spritz some cologne then I'm good to go.

“Mom I'm leaving see you tomorrow”

“Okay my boy please greet Khaya, Senzo and Sabelo for me”

“Will do”

I kiss her cheek and head out. I call Senzo as I drive to the Mbhele residence asking where I will meet them because I have to attend the drivers first then join them.

“You will find us at Khazins bra”

“Okay sure”

I hang up as I pull over and step out of the car. Mrs Mbhele opens the door for me.

“Nathi hi”

She says with a hoarse voice her eyes are puffy and swollen. Her face is red and it doesn't help that she's light in complexion.

“Greetings Mrs Mbhele”

“You know which way to go”

With that said she walks away leaving me wondering what's wrong with her because I can see that she was crying. I sigh and make my way to Bra Mos's office and wait for the drivers just then they make their way in. They greet and leave the money then walk out. I'm glad that I put Thiza in his place, he made R1500 just like how I requested of him. Once I'm done with my job I make my way to the lounge to Mrs Mbhele but I don't find her there. I search for her and find her in the kitchen drinking water. Her hands are shaking terribly.

“Are you okay?”

I say walking towards her and she just nods her head. I take the glass from her tremulous hands and put it on the counter table then turn to look at her.

“You were crying I can see”

I say and rest my hands on her shoulders.

“Talk to me I'm here for you”

“I don't want to talk about it”

“Okay I understand can I at least hug you.”

She smiles faintly and nods with her head. I envelope her in my arms and she clings on me breathing heavily.

“Whatever it is it’s going to be okay yezwa?”

She shakes her head no and burst into a loud sob. Women’s tears are my weakness and ngivele ngingazi ngenzeni. I feel her body giving in and scoop her up then place her on the counter. I stand between her thighs not breaking my embrace. She cries heavily against my neck that I feel her warm tears on my neck.

“Sshhh, don't cry kuzophola sshhh”

I stroke her back trying to keep her calm as I listen to her loud sobs quieting down. She pulls back and our eyes lock. I wipe her tears with my palms then rest my hands on her hips.

“Thank you”

“You don’t have to thank me just tell me what’s going on?”

“It’s nothing I can’t handle”

I sigh I can see that she’s not willing to share so I won’t probe any further.

“I’m going out with my friends but I can’t leave you like this. My friends will wait let me call them”

“No don’t Nathi it’s fine go I’m fine”

“I won’t leave you like this Cebi”

I try to take out my phone but she holds my hand.

“Nathi I don’t want you to cancel your plans because of me. What will your friends say? Go have fun with your friends. I’m sure they are looking forward to seeing you but now you want to cancel on them on last minute. That’s not cool at all man”

“Okay let’s go together what do say”

“Where are you guys going?”

“We will start at Khazanis”

“I have never been there before in fact I have never went to a club , tavern or pub and grill before”

“Really?”

“Yes”

“Kanti how do you have fun with your friends?”

“My friends don’t drink they are Christians. So most of the time I drink alone or with my husband”

“Mmh I see, you know what? Let me show you my kind of fun. Go wear something decent”

She’s wearing a gown by the way.

“Yes Sir”

I put her down and watch her ass as she walks away. Damn that ass! my hands are itching to grab onto it. Nathi focus! I make myself comfortable on the high chair as I wait for her. The wait feels like forever. Women! Finally she emerges through the passage looking excitingly exotic and erotically enticing in a black turtleneck tucked in a maroon short high waist skirt and black suede high knee boot. Her weave cascading on her shoulders and her blood red lips compliments her light glowing skin. Damn she’s hella hot, I can feel her gaze on me as I’m gawking at her.

“Damn sexy mami ay uyalimaza!!” (...you are hot!!)

Sexy mami? WTF Nkosinathi! I clear my throat and look at her sheepishly

“Umm I mean you look beautiful”

She bites her lip nervously

“Am I not overdressed?”

“You are perfect!”

“Thank you”

She smiles widely

“Shall we go?”

“Yes”

“After you madam”

She shoots me a look and I chuckle as she leads the way out and my eyes stare on her behind and the back of her creamy thighs. On the way we chat in general and laugh there and there. Upon arrival it's become a hassle to find a parking space. Khazins is always packed and the vibe here is always lit. I squeeze my car between the two cars and pull over.

“We are here Mrs Mbhele”

“Can you do me just a little favor?”

“I'm listening”

“Call me Cebi even if it's just for tonight only”

“Okay deal.”

I step out of the car and open the door for her. She carefully steps out and look around as I close the door. I hear her releasing a shaky breath.

“Don't be scared I got you”

I take her hand into mine then we head to the entrance. The security searches me then we walk through. The music is loud as always and it's packed.

“Relax okay”

I whisper in her ear and she nods as she squeezed my hand. I spot my gents by the corner and we make our way to them.

“Cela ukundlula mfethu” (can I pass man please)

The guy just looks at me from my feet up to my face.

“I said I want to pass”

“Go pass over there”

What the hell is his problem? I chuckle and push him that he staggers backward.

“Ungangifaki umunwe ezinqeni ndoda ngoba ngizominca bese uyanqamuka” (Don't stick your finger in my asshole man because I will squeeze my butt and it will break)

I walk to the corner with Cebi by my side. Khaya sees us first and beams.

“Hola Hola Hola magents!”

They all gets up and we share brotherly hugs and exchange pleasantries.

“Who's this hot mommy next to you?”

Khaya says ogling Cebi. motherfucker!

“Oh Cebi these are my friends Khaya, Senzo and Sabelo. Gents this is Cebi”

Khaya is the first to extend his hand to shake hands with Cebi.

“Nice to meet you Cebi”

He kisses the back of her hand and I clench my jaw.

“Nice to meet you too Khaya”

Senzo and Sabelo shakes her hand then we sit down. There’s a dish of ice cubes on the table with Senzo and Sabelo dumpies of heineken and Khaya’s cans of flying fish.

I lean over Cebi and talk to in her ear since the music is loud.

“Do you want to eat first or should I buy you a drink”

“I ate get me drink”

She also replies in my ear and her voice is tickling against my neck.

“What do you want to drink?”

“Pine Twist”

“Okay I’m coming”

I get up and go buy her 12 of pine twist and my 12 of flying fish. I pay and make my way back to our table and sat down. I tear off one six pack and grab her can then give it to her after opening for her.

“Thank you”

“So Cebi tell us how do you know Nathi?”

Sabelo asks and swigs on his beer.

“Umm he drives one of my husband’s taxis”

“Oh you are actually his boss?”

Asks Khaya with a smirk on his face. I shoot him a look but he pretends like he didn't see it.

“Well if you wanna put it that way then yes”

I take my first dumpie and gulp it one go. Damn I didn't realize I'm that thirsty.

“This is interesting!”

That's Khaya again.

“Your husband doesn't mind that you are here with his employee?”

Sabelo asks. The judgement in his voice can't be missed. Trust him to ask that! Sabelo is married and he loves his wife dearly. He is against cheating and all.

“Guys come on! We are not here to interrogate Cebi. She's with me now and respect her.”

They nod and we continue chatting and they ask some ladies next to us to join us. They introduce themselves but I can't remember their names. I'm on my 6th beer and I'm a bit tipsy now.

“You still good?”

I ask Cebi and she nods

“Yes! Thank you so much for coming with me here. I'm so enjoying myself!”

She screams and her words are slurring she's drunk now. The night is going well with drinks flowing and music blasting except that Khaya flirting is with Cebi and I'm starting to get pissed now. Why can't he concentrate on the girl next to him who looks like she won't even think twice to open her legs for him. Khaya is your typical whore man and ladies throw themselves at him like nobody's business but he has no means of settling down.

“I will be back yezwa”

I say to Cebi and kiss her cheek. I don't know why I did that maybe it's alcohol. I can feel their stares but I ignore them.

“Okay”

She says and continues to chat with the ladies. They seem to get along well and I'm glad she's enjoying herself.

“Gents I need some smoke”

“Me too”

Senzo and Sabelo says in unison. We get up hoping Khaya would get up too but he doesn't.

“Awuzi” (You are not coming)

I ask looking at him

“No hambani majita ngisaxoxa nama ladies” (Y'all can go guys I'm still talking to the ladies)

He says with his gaze on Cebi. I groan and walk out. The gents follow me. We go to my car and I take out the 20 I bought and give each one of them a cigarette.

“Eh boy usuhamba ngomshini onje!” (...You are riding a machine!)

Sabelo says whistling as he walks around Bra Mos's car.

“Oh I wish boy it's my boss's car”

We light cigarettes and start smoking.

“So you are running his business and riding his car as well as his wife?”

Senzo says.

“I’m not riding his wife man”

They both look at me and laugh

“I’m serious”

“Oh so you planning to ride her?”

Sabza asks.

“How can you ask me that bra?”

I retort

“Oh come on Mnesh even a blind person can see the sexual tension between the two of you. I hope you are not planning to play your boss like that bra. That man trusts you enough to leave you running his business and he gave you his car.”

Sabza says and he’s right.

“I will never do that to my boss”

Senzo looks at me

“What?”

I ask

“I can see in your eyes bra that you want to fuck that woman so bad and the feeling is mutual, my worry is are you going to be able to fight the temptation?”

“I don’t want to fuck her I don’t see her that way she’s just my boss”

“The kiss on the cheek? The bedroom stares and giggles? The jealousy in your eyes when Khaya is flirting with her. We see you man”

“And as your friends we are going to tell you the truth, stay far away from her before you get burnt bra!”

Sabza adds on emphatically. I hate that what they are saying is true and I'm worried if am I going to be able to control myself. I take a drag on my cigarette and exhaled the smoke through my nose.

“Buhle is in a hospital”

I change the topic and tell them more about what happened today and they sympathize with me.

“You still love that girl neh?”

“She was my first through everything and some moments will always be cherished”

“Yeah hade be strong”

Senzo pats my shoulder. When we finish our cigarettes we go inside and join the ladies and Khaya.

“Are you still okay?”

“Yes but I missed you”

She says against my ear rubbing her body into mine and squeezes my dick under the table. I bite my lip hard stifling a moan as I feel my body heating up to a thousand degrees. I slide my hand between her thighs and gasped as my hand feel her naked pussy. Damn! she's not wearing panties and that just turns me on . I think of bending her over on this hot outfit of hers. Khaya is looking at us with green-eyed. Motherfucker not this time! He's used that ladies throw themselves at him but so far Cebi is not falling for his charms.

Khaya is the kind of guy that is always picked first by girls and we end up getting nothing. I don't know what they see in him, not that I'm bad mouthing my friend but I'm just being real. He has zero respect for women and he's not handsome nor is he ugly he's okay with his big flying ears. Then Gugulethu starts playing and the

ladies screams including Cebi. We get up and dance. Ziyawa ka mzala! I'm so amazed that Cebi can dance and right now everyone is looking at her dancing as if the boot she's wearing is not even a high heel. I can see guys ogling her, nizogcina ngokughala zinja ngeke nimnuke! Jesus I need to get a grip on myself and stop acting like a jealous boyfriend. The trick about dancing is that the more you dance is the more drunk you become. I can tell Cebi is starting to lose her balance now so I go to her and hold her.

“Khawula manje” (Stop it now)

“I...I..I.. want to puke..” I quickly take her outside and before we even get to the ladies she pukes luckily where we are it's dark and there are no people. I fiddle on her weave and hold it as she throws up. Once she's done I scoop her up since she's struggling to walk and head to my car. I strap her in on the passenger seat and go to my side then call Senzo

“Cebi is way too drunk right now and she just vomited. I'm taking her home”

“Okay I will tell the gents.”

“Okay sure”

“Behave yourself boy!”

“Always”

We both laugh then he hangs up. I'm drunk but I know I can still drive. She passed out on the way and when we arrive I scoop her up and take her to the first bedroom I see. I gently put her on the bed as I get up she pulls me to herself and I fell on top of her.

“Don't leave me please”

She smashes her lips on my lips. I break the kiss and look at her

“You are drunk Cebi sleep”

“I know I’m drunk but my kuku is sober and she wants your pipi”

She grabs the back of my head and kisses me again and this time I respond with the same passion and hunger. I feel her tongue against my teeth and let her in as I crawl on top of her repositioning myself between her creamy thighs that are all out on display as her skirt has ridden up. I want to stop but my body is enjoying each and every sensation of this. It has been yearning and has been too thirsty for this, it wouldn’t be unfair to deny it now? My hand finds its way to her cunt. She’s wet like really wet, I squeeze her cunt feeling it in my palm as I bite her nipples over the fabric of her turtleneck causing her to squirm. I break the kiss and go down on her, her legs involuntarily spread as they expose her bald gleaming pussy, winking at me.

“Hey you!”

I dip my head between her thighs and sniff her nun taking all her musky womanhood scent in my nostrils.

“You smell so lovely!”

I growl against her mound and her body shudder as she moans. I begin to trail wet kisses along her inner thighs teasingly.

“Eat me Nathi please!!!”

She grunts and I indulge her gently sucking on her clit before running my tongue across her vermilion folds and occasionally slipping my tongue in and out.

“Ohhh my Goodness it’s soooo good. Don’t stop yesss!”

She dips my head deeper into her cunt almost suffocating me. I replace my mouth with my fingers slowly and gently rubbing in a circular motion, pumping my fingers in and out as fast as I can. I feel her body tensing up I quickly lick and suck eagerly, lapping up her delicious juices. Her whole body convulses like she’s being exorcised as she explode in my mouth. I almost choke on the

amount of cum flowing from her. Just as I'm about to unbuckle my belt my phone rings I slide it out of my pocket and answer it.

“Kwanza” I say with a strained voice

“Bhuti”

I literally jump up from the bed when I hear that she's crying.

“Kwanza what's going on?”

She replies through her muffled sobs but I can't hear her.

“Where are you?”

“Sweetness's home”

I hang up and fix myself quickly.

“I have to go my little sister is in trouble”

I can see that she's disappointed but she understands. Once I'm done I don't waste time but speed off to eSkopasini. There are people in the yard it seems like the party just got started as I can see men by the braai stand with their beers in their hands. Music is playing loud and some ladies are dancing. I spot Sweetness's little brother and call him.

“Sure ntwana”

“Sure uncle”

“Please call my sister for me”

The boy walks away and comes back seconds later.

“Mom says come in”

I walk inside the kitchen and greet everyone.

“Hello Nkosinathi have a seat”

Sweetness’s mom says as she hands me a chair. I take it and sit down.

“I’m sorry Ma to come unannounced. Kwanza called me crying I came as fast as I could”

“Oh I’m sorry my son these kids are drunk. I told them to limit their alcohol intake but they didn’t listen. Kwanza was crying because she puked on my husband.”

I gasp in disbelief so I left a pussy for a puke? umhlanzo bafethu!

“Where’s she now?”

“I will go call her”

She gets up and disappears through the passage. I could be fucking Cebi , but no miss drama queen had to do what she does the best which is causing drama. Sweetness’s mom walks in with Kwanza who can barely walk so she’s supporting her with her arms.

“Kwanza ugrand?”

She looks up at me lazily then look down in shame.

“I’m sorry Mama for everything this one did. Please apologize for me to your husband as well”

“Ah don’t worry my son. They are just kids and they were having fun. Thank you and thank your mom as well for me for allowing her to come and enjoy with Sweetness”

“Eh Ma....Nisalenikahle” I scoop my little sister up she wraps her arms around my neck and I walk out.

“Thank you for coming Bhuti”

“Really Kwanzaa?I thought something horrible happened to you! Kanti ungibizela ukuthi uhlanzile eyani idrama ebsuku?” (You called me because you puked you are dramatic)

“I love you bhuti wami yabo wena you my ride or die. Thank you so much for being the brother that you are. I know your job is not an easy job and you don’t make much but mom and I lack nothing. Siyabonga Dinangwe yezwa?”

How do you stay mad at someone who just said that? mxm. She cups my face and plants a peck on my lips.

“Mmmh Bhuti noma kungathiwani unuka indunu” (Mmmh no matter what they can say you reek of pussy)

She says and bursts into a fit of laughter. It takes everything in me to not throw her on this grass so that she can sober up. Bloody cockblocker!!

Chapter Six

How ironic that I'm so flipping mad at my little sister that I left a pussy that was offered to me on a silver platter because she puked, but in actual fact she saved me from succumbing to temptation. She saved me from betraying my boss who has been so kind to me.

By the time we arrive at home she already passed out. I don't want to wake my mom up so I take her straight to my bedroom. I take off her sneakers and jacket then tuck her into my bed. I decide to take a cold shower to calm my throbbing dick. When I finish I wear a boxer and a vest then get into bed next to my snoring little sister.

It's the next morning and I'm just lying on my bed skyward lost in thought. The thoughts of what happened and what almost happened last night between Cebi and I gives me an adrenaline rush throughout my body. I need Jesus, this is my boss's wife ! This man wouldn't hesitate to eliminate me if he were to find out that I'm lusting on his wife and I almost choked last night by the amount of cum his wife produced.

Kwanza stirs next to me and blinks her eyes open. I see that she's relieved to see me next to her I'm sure she can barely remember the events from last night.

“Hey Miss Puker”

She looks at me and groans as she buries her head under the blankets.

“Tell me how did you end up puking on your friend's father?”

She ignores me and say nothing so I pull the blanket from her head and she groans.

“Bhuti stop it please I feel horrible as it is”

I burst into laughter

“Uzihlazile mtaka mah” (You embarrassed yourself little sis)

“Shut up please!!”

I laugh harder

“How am I going to face him? Tjooo I’m such a mess! Why did I even drink? Oh God”

She cries I stop laughing and pull her to my chest.

“Hey don’t cry you are worrying yourself for nothing. He knows you were drunk and you didn’t mean to puke on him stop stressing”

“I was so embarrassed Bhuti I wanted to cry”

“You did actually cry”

“Whatever!”

I chuckle and stroke her back

“Askies yezwa?” (I’m sorry)

“Thank you”

I wipe her tears and kiss her forehead.

“Sithini istlamatlama?” (How's the hangover?)

“Yhoo I feel like shit!”

“You need cold stoney. Let me go buy it for you at the shop while you make the bed and clean in here”

“Haaa kanti lezintombi zakho zilala kuphela nje aziclean ngani?”
(Your girlfriends come here to sleep only, why don’t they clean?)

I laugh

“You talk too much Kwanza. Can’t you just clean your bro’s room without complaining?”

She groans and gets up from me

“Fine!”

“Thank you”

I kiss her cheek and roll out of bed then walk to the bathroom to wash my face and brush my teeth. Once I’m done I get dressed and take my wallet then head out. The walk to the tuck shop it’s about 5 minutes. It’s not even 8 o’clock in the morning but the boys are already sitting by the shop. I don’t know what does this Pakistan gives to our boys, you will always find them there just chilling.

You can’t even buy ugijima mfana (small pack of sugar) because they would be there staring at you. In African tribes it’s considered embarrassing to buy small amount of essentials like mealie meal, sugar , cooking oil etc. Black people don’t want to be seen as poor. Most of the time we buy the smallest size of these things because we don’t have money for the big ones unlike white people to them it depends on the amount they will use of that certain necessity. The pressure we put ourselves in as black people is unnecessary sometimes.

“Boys”

“Sure sure Grootman”

They all reply looking at me.

“Why are y’all here early in the morning. Did you have some breakfast?”

They look down mumbling

“Hambani niyemakhaya niyodla nincedise nabazali noma ngabe yini” (Y’all go home and eat then help your parents with anything)

They get up and walk away. I shake my head and take out money from my wallet then buy a 2 litres of stoney and two loaves of white bread. I walk back home after receiving my change. Mom is making breakfast in the kitchen.

“Morning mom”

I kiss her forehead and put the bread and cold drink on the counter.

“Morning boy. Breakfast would be ready in a second sit down”

“Kwanza slept in my room make plenty of breakfast she’s going to need it”

“Hawu I thought she slept at Sweetness’s home”

“No she called me and told me to fetch her we didn’t want to wake you up so she slept in my bedroom”

Speak of the devil. She walks in and kisses mom cheek

“Morning mommy”

“You reek of alcohol Kwanele!”

“It was a birthday party mom I had two glasses”

“Two glasses that made you puke on Sweetness father and cry”

“Wenzi?” (What?)

Kwanza gives me a “really” look and I laugh at her.

“Bhuti is exaggerating mom. Don’t listen to him”

“Hayi uma utshwala bukwenza uhlanzele abantu abadala ngathi kuzomele ubuyeke!” (If alcohol makes you to puke on adults then you should stop drinking!)

“I’m sorry mom it will never happen again”

“So what did her father say after you puked on him?”

“Nothing I apologized to him”

“Shuu mina bengizokuwula ngempama” (I would have slapped you hard)

I laugh much more to Kwanza’s annoyance. That’s my mother for you. I pour a glass of stoney and give it to Kwanza

“Here gulp it all down it will help you with hangover”

She takes the glass and gulps down the drink. When mom finishes cooking breakfast we gather at the dining room and eat over light chat. After breakfast I take a shower as mom does so too and when we finish we leave for town. Doing groceries with my mom is exhausting she never buys everything in one store. She always compare prices and the quality of things first before choosing where to buy which is not wrong but I really think it’s too much work to buy braai pack at Shoprite and salt at Pick n Pay just because the price difference is R1.00 ay she’s too much. By the time we at the 4th shop I want to go home angisafuni lutho.

“Mom come on, are we going to go buy from all these stores in this town?”

I can’t mask the annoyance in my voice. I’m tired and hungry and when I’m hungry, I’m easily irritable. Indlala ibanga ulaka.(hunger causes anger)

“I’m almost done my son.”

I push the trolley to the till and she pays for everything then we take our shopping bags and leave. I load them in the boot then we drive to Newcastle Corners. I'm craving for McDonald's burger. Mom and I eat over a light conversation after receiving our food. My phone rings it's Sabelo.

"Sbaza"

"Hey man how are you?"

"Ngi grand you?"

"I'm also okay I was checking if you arrived safe last night"

I laugh I know that's not the truth he wants to know if I fucked Cebi or not

"Relax bra I heard your advice. I'm not about to do my boss like that"

"You better be telling the truth Mnesh"

"Why you don't believe me?"

"You know how you are like when you think with your dick."

"Do you always have to remind me that?"

"I'm sorry bra I was...."

I hang up before he says any more words. Sabelo can be annoying with his judgmental self at times. He always reminds me of my past mistakes as if he's perfect. I have made mistakes in my life, mistakes that I wish I could erase unfortunately that's not possible. I don't need him to remind me every second he gets. He calls again but I ignore his call.

"You are not going to answer him?"

Mom asks as she looks at my phone on the table ringing

“No”

“Is everything okay?”

“Yes”

We leave after we finish eating. I decide to go check on Cebi, I would have called her but I don't have her contact details. Time reads 15:00 pm I'm sure if she went to church with her friends she should be back by now. I don't know why she's surprised to see me or she really wasn't expecting me.

“Hello”

“Hey come in”

She makes a space for me I get in and close the door.

“I came to check on you, how are you?”

“I woke up feeling like I have been hit by a truck but I feel so much better now. Do you want anything to drink?”

“Juice please”

She nods and I look at her butt cheeks as she stands with her toes taking a glass from the cupboard. She's wearing an oversized cream sweater only I'm sure it's her husband's.

“When is your husband coming back home?”

“There's a lot that needs his attention that side so I'm not sure.”

She takes the jug of juice in the fridge and pours it in the glass then hands it to me.

“Thank you”

“Come I'm watching a movie in the lounge”

I follow her behind with my eyes glued to her behind. The sweater hikes up to her yellow thighs as she sits down next to me.

“What’s the name of the movie?”

“What men want.. ”

“Mmmh it sounds interesting”

I sip on my juice

“It is interesting...how’s your sister?”

“She’s fine”

I explain to her what transpired she burst into laughter and I join her

“Wow your sister is a character yaz. She just reminds me of my little sister”

“You never talk about your family”

“That’s because I’m not in touch with them”

Pain in her voice can’t be missed.

“Oh I’m sorry. If you don’t mind me asking why?”

She heaves a sigh

“My mom’s husband and I didn’t get along and the fact that I’m in a relationship with Moses his rivalry didn’t help. Mom was always on her husband’s side. There came a time where I had to choose between them and Moses and I chose Moses.”

“I’m really sorry you had to go through that. Where’s your Dad?”

“My Dad passed on a long time ago. I miss him so much he was my King”

I see a glint of sadness in her eyes

“I’m sorry Im sure he misses you too. You never went back home ever since then?”

“Yes they didn't even come to my wedding I was so hurt even though I knew they wouldn't come.”

“I can imagine how you felt. I’m really sorry Cebi”

“It’s fine”

“Don’t you miss them?”

“I do miss them, especially my little sister and brother”

“How old are they?”

“My brother is 28 years old and my little sister is 24 years old”

“They are old enough to make their own decisions which means they also don’t want to be in their elder sister’s life”

“I don’t blame them though, that man is poisonous I’m sure he poisoned them against me.”

I feel sorry for her because family is everything. I can't even begin to imagine how life would be without my mom and sister in my life.

“They are both the husband’s kids?”

“Yes”

“Mxm they don’t want you in their lives it’s fine, it's actually their loss. Abahambe bayofa!” (they can go and die)

She giggles and wipes her tears that had escaped.

“Ungakhali yezwa I know I can never replace your mom and siblings but know that I’m here for you anytime.” (Don’t cry...)

She looks at me intently

“You really mean that?”

I nod without even thinking twice

“Thank you so much”

We stare each other deep in the eyes as a moment of silence passed between us. She runs her slender fingers on my beard and brushes her thumb on my lips. I open my mouth allowing the tip of her thumb to slide over my bottom lip and suck it. The air is thick with sexual tension and it’s overwhelming. She closed the distance between us and kisses me. Our mouths fuse together with passion. I can taste chocolate in her mouth.

Breaking away from the kiss she takes the glass from my hand and places it on the coffee table then sits on my thighs straddling me. I caress her cheek staring deep into her lust filled eyes before pulling her with the back of her neck and kiss her deeply and lustfully. My entire insides ignite into a flame as she grinds herself on my growing bulge. I push her sweater up and take it off damn her boobs are so perfect just the way I imagined.

“You have beautiful nunas!”

I say squeezing and caressing them in my palms before taking her hard long nipple in my mouth and suck on it while pinching the other one

“Ohhhh ahhh”

She moans softly running her nails through my hair somehow that sends a tingling sensation down south. I flick my tongue across her other nipple and suckle on it hard. She arches her back and trembles as she surrenders herself to every touch, every stroke,

every lick and every sensation. There's nothing I want more than ravishing her cunt right now. Fuck the consequences! I squeeze her cunt in my palm as words flow from my mouth like I'm possessed.

“I want your married little pussy”

That seems to drive her to the edge as she squirms against my neck. I swirl my finger around her cunt spreading moisture from her depths, she moans loudly eyes rolling into the back of her head.

“Ohhh my fucking God!”

The fact that she's not wearing panties nor a bra fuels my desire. I slide my fingers between her wet folds torturously and a deep muffled squeal slips out of her mouth. She rocks her hips desperate for more friction but I withdraw my fingers and suck them. My dick is rock hard pushing painfully against the zip of my pants begging to be released.

In that moment she begins unbuckling my belt and fumbling with the zipper as I squeeze her tits in my hands. Her eyes glint with lust as she pulls out my hard rod popping with veins. I wince with pleasure at the feel of her cold hand stroking my cock slowly and gently. All I want right now is to be buried deep inside of her. I have never craved a woman like this in my entire life, it's like she read my mind as she repositions herself and slides my crotch all the way deep into her cunt. I release a throaty groan as her pussy muscles wraps around my cock.

“Ooh shit!”

“Damn you are so huge!”

She says adjusting herself first before rolling her hips. Oh boy! I can't believe it's finally happening! I hold on to her butt squeezing it tightly as she increases her speed. The sight of her boobs bouncing drives me insane.

“Oh fuck! That's it! Just like that...ohh shittt!”

I can't control my groans she's inexplicably good. I get up with her in my arms still inside of her and walk to the wall then pinned her against it. I kiss her lips first then thrust into her deep and hard.

“Do you feel that bitch?”

“Ohh yess it's sooo good! Fuck me hard I'm your little bitch!”

Her moans drives me wild I pump her hard savoring the feeling of her slick walls enveloping my dick. I can feel that she's close, her screams has grown into cries

“Ohhhh I'm going to...ahhh...yess...I-'m cumming!”

“Cum sexy little bitch I want to feel your cum all over my dick”

Her body shakes violently as an orgasm ripples through her and leaves her panting. She opens her eyes lazily after catching her breath and smiles warmly. I devour her lips and she replies with the same fervor before putting her down.

“Bend over for me sexy little whore”

She bends over and her ass pops out. Damn it's feels like a dream! Lord knows how long I have been yearning to tap this ass. I spank her butt over and over again until her skin turns red.

“Shit!”

I rub my dick on to her wet tight opening and ram into her. The pleasure within my body coils tighter as I increase the speed and depth of my thrusts. My balls are slapping against her slick pussy as I hump furiously. I can feel that she's approaching her climax as her walls are clenching harder around my dick.

“Would you cum with me sexy mami?”

“Ohh yesss! Oh my naughty beast! Awhhhh!”

“Fuck Cebi!!!”

My dick spasms and pulses deep inside of her as a wave of pleasure ripples through our bodies. I slid out of her and turn her around then kiss her deeply.

“Oh wow that..that was amazing..the best sex and orgasm I have ever had in years”

She says breathlessly.

“And I plan to give you more and more of those orgasm sexy mami”

She moans and we share another kiss.

“Let’s take round two to the bedroom”

I mumble against her lips and she does not need to be told twice...

Chapter Seven

I hear my phone ringing and the caller is persistent making it hard for me to ignore it. I blink my eyes open and for a brief moment I'm confused by my surroundings until I laid my eyes on this beautiful woman sleeping on my chest peacefully. I feel heat spread throughout my whole body when I think of the dozen steamy sessions I just had a few hours ago with this sexy mami until she passed out.

Damn the way our bodies became one and writhed with passion, our lips fused together and our tongues danced in delight, our screams of pleasure joined together and formed a beautiful melody. The way her pussy wrapped around my cock and how she surrendered herself to me was pure bliss! My none stop ringing phone brings me back from my trance. I stretch over and take it making sure that I don't wake Cebi up. It's Omuhle I look at Cebi first before answering.

"Omu"

"Hey baby how are you"

"I'm okay and yourself?"

"I'm also okay I have been thinking about what you said"

"That was so fast"

"Actually there wasn't anything that I needed to think about because it's you that I want, I dumped him today."

"Are you really sure about that Omu?"

"I have never been so sure I love you Dinangwe and I want to be your only girl"

"Oh okay we will talk"

“You don’t sound happy I thought this is what you want”

I chuckle in disbelief

“You don’t expect me to just get over what you did Omu. I’m not letting you off the hook that easily, you need to prove to me that I can trust you”

“Of course babe I’m sorry once again please forgive me it was never my intention to hurt you. I will do whatever it takes to prove how sorry I am”

Cebi stirs but she doesn’t open her eyes

“Okay look I have to go we will talk”

“I love you”

“Sharp”

I hang up and checked the time it reads 19:20pm. It’s really late now there’s no need for me to go back home so I might as well wait for the drivers first then go back home. Cebi blinks her eyes open and looks up at me with a smile on her face

“Hey what time is it now?”

“It’s going for half past 7”

I place my phone on the bedside table and look at her smiling at me.

“What?”

“Uyanyobana yhoo!” (Your game sex is out of this world!)

She exclaims and I laugh

“Bewucabanga ukuthi ngizoshaya udaka yini?” (You thought I will flop?)

She giggles drawing patterns on my chest causing a tingling sensation.

“No you just exceeded my expectations.”

She’s definitely not the first woman who has ever said this and obviously not the last but somehow hearing it coming from her has me smiling like an idiot.

“That was just nothing babe. I’m still going to fuck you hard I will be all you think about day and night. You will even add my name in your will and policies”

She laughs and I join her.

“Let’s go take a shower before the drivers arrive. I want to whip something for you before you go”

I roll out of bed and scoop her up then walk with her to the bathroom. I step into the shower with her and put her down. She opens the shower spray and adjust the temperature as I reach for the shower gel. Once she’s done I begin to lather up her boobs and caress them, she bites her lip to stifle a moan.

“You have beautiful tits”

“Thank you”

It comes out as a whisper. Her smooth skin shines and glistens as I continue lathering up her body with shower gel. My dick is growing hard and pressing against her stomach.

“You know I have never seen such a huge dick like this in my life let alone fucking it.”

“It’s that big?”

I ask well I have never measured it.

“Oh yes it’s huge probably 8 inches if not 9 inches”

She wraps her fingers around my cock and begins stroking it, gliding her slender fingers up and down my shaft. I groan softly and lean forward to capture her hard long nipple with my mouth and suck on it hard. She purrs softly and arches her back as she squeezes her hand on my dick tightly. I feel the tip of my dick swell even more. I push her boobs up and squeeze them together as I switch the nipples, sucking on it hard like my life depends on it.

She squirms and takes the shower gel and pours it on my rod before going down to her knees. A throaty groan slips out of my mouth as she slides my dick between her boobs and squeeze them together tightly. I bucked my hips, tittyfucking her like a mad man. Fuck! It’s an incredible feeling I have ever felt in my life. I’m a groaning mess and I can feel my orgasm building up but I don’t want to cum now.

I pull her up and kiss her she responds with the same fervor as she wraps her arms around my neck. I lift her left leg up and place my hand beneath her thigh as she wraps her leg around my waist firmly then I slide into her with one push. We moan and groan in each other’s mouths as I pump into her silky slit deeply but slowly. Damn I can’t get enough of her. Heee udla kamnandi uBra Mos no wonder he’s fat with a big belly. Her walls are clenching around my dick over and over as I plunge deep into her cunt stroking her g- spot.

“Ohhhh fuck Nathhi!!”

She cries out as she reaches her orgasm. I follow her after a few deep thrusts.

“Damn I swear you will be my addiction!”

She says breathlessly

“And I will be always right here to feed your addiction”

We share a passionate kiss after that we step out of the shower and dry ourselves then we walk to the bedroom to get dressed.

“Ain’t you scared”

I say slipping into my boxer

“Scared of what?”

She says wrapping a robe around her body.

“That we didn’t use protection”

I wear my jogger pants and my t-shirt

“Are you trying to tell me something?”

I laugh

“Ah phela taxi drivers are considered as men who has a whole soccer team of girlfriends”

She looks at me intently

“Do you have many girlfriends?”

“They don’t even make the half of of the team and I wouldn’t call them girlfriends just the girls I fuck with”

“Shuuu do you sleep with them all? Gosh what am I asking of course you do but do you use protection with them right?”

The tremor in her voice is noticeable. I walk to her and stroke her shoulders

“Hey relax I use protection all the time with you it was just impossible I craved for you badly. You have nothing to worry about I’m clean. I tested two months back but if you want us to go for testing it’s absolutely fine”

I won’t lie and say I’m a regular tester I just got tested two months back after that gonorrhoea infection saga. I’m a protection guy always but lately I have been irresponsible I need to get my head

straight and focus. I hear her releasing a sigh of relief then she looks up at me. She's very short and it's so cute.

"Say something stega sami" (my cigarette butt)

I say mocking her, she punches me playfully on my chest causing me to laugh

"You are calling me a cigarette butt really Nathi!"

I laugh and she joins me

"You are too short njena like a cigarette butt"

"Mxm how unromantic of you!"

"But at least there's "my" babe"

I say wiggling my eyebrows

"Hayi suka uyabheda I don't like the connotation of that word!"
(Don't be silly...)

"Mmm you mind to share that?"

"When you smoke a cigarette until it's finished you throw the cigarette butt because you no longer going to use it anymore. I know that you and I are just fucking but calling me a cigarette butt makes me feel like I'm just a thing that you going to use until it lost it's value or importance and throw it on the ground then stomped on it with your foot"

Wow she's too deep. I have never thought of it that way I was just referring to her height. I feel intellectually challenged right now.

"I enjoy spending time with you and fucking you Cebi. I'm realistic enough to know that this will backfire very badly should your husband find out that we are fucking. Not only my job will be at stake here but my life as well and here I am still willing to continue giving you tons of orgasms. I understand that we are just fucking

but I wouldn't risk my job and my life for a thing nje. Let me tell you one thing about cigarette ave umnandi uma usuphela kuze kuthi ungasilahli is'shompzi kodwa ngenxa yokuthi uzogcine ususha umlomo uyasilahla" (...a cigarette butt is very nice that you wish you don't have to throw it away but due to the fact that you might burn your mouth you end up throwing it away)

"Oh wow I didn't know about that"

I can see that she's quite taken aback about my response

"I'm sorry if I offended you though it wasn't my intention at all"

"No it's cool...well I'm also clean. I check my status after every 3 months I guess we have nothing to worry about except the pregnancy because I'm not on any contraceptives"

Why is she the only one that gets tested every 3 months? Aint they supposed to go together? Why after every 3 months I mean they are married or maybe Bra Mos is also cheating?

"Shit we were very irresponsible the last thing we need is for you to fall pregnant. Don't you have morning afters?"

"No I don't but I will buy them tomorrow, so don't worry"

Once we finish getting dressed, I watch her cook in the kitchen as I wait for the drivers. It's so cute how she can't reach for most of the things from the top cupboard because of her height.

"Awuceli ngani vele ngik'thathele" (why don't you ask so that I can get it for you?)

I stand behind her and run my fingers on her arm while pressing my bulge on her big butt.

"Ufunani?" (What do you want?)

I whisper in her ear and she releases a soft moan

“I want you”

I chuckle in her ear causing her body to jerk up a bit. I love the reaction I get every time I touch her.

“I mean from the top of the cupboard sexy mami”

She giggles and pushes me with her butt causing me to stagger backwards. I laugh

“The electric frying pan”

I take the frying pan from the top of the cupboard and give it to her.

“I know I’m irresistible but a man gotta be fed in both ways sexy mami”

“Arg just get out of here you such a distraction!”

I giggle

“A perfect distraction though”

“Just go!”

She pushes me out and I giggle as I walk to the Bra Mos's office. I try to do my work but my mind is plastered with Cebi. My dick grows hard as I think of how naughty we have been today. Damn that was epic! I smile like an idiot that I am for sleeping with my Boss’s wife. There’s a picture of Bra Mos on the desk staring back at me. I feel a hint of guilt and fear engulf me. Nkosinathi do you want to die? I’m brought back to earth by a knock on the door.

“Come in!”

I shout and the door swings open. The drivers walk in one by one and greet me.

“Sure gentlemen. Ni grand”

They all agree with their heads bowed down. I have noticed that ever since I put Thiza on his place they respect me. Good!

“We work hard to provide for our families. Our job is a very demanding job ever, we hardly get time to spend with our families. We wake up in the wee hours of the morning and come back late at night when we are tired as fuck and want nothing but our beds. Everyone needs time to rest and do their personal things that has nothing to do with work. I have a proposal for you gents, how about we add R500 on that R1000 from Monday to Saturday then on Sunday it’s a day off??”

They are all talking at the same time. I scan my eyes and I can see that some of them are keen but some are complaining.

“It’s already difficult to make R1000 Mneshe per day, how are we going to make R1500?”

Qaphela says

“I understand you man but I know if we can work harder, we can do it . Think about that Sunday off, we really need it. When was the last you chilled with your family or friends and had some drinks? When was the last time you visited your son and spent time with him? When was the last time you enjoyed the money you are making? When was the last time you slept and felt that you slept enough? Some of you don’t even get time to fuck, I don’t want to think what would a horny angry woman do to get rid of the itch. There’s nothing dangerous as an impulsive sexually deprived woman. Thiza ugcine nini nje ukubhebha?” (When was the last you had sex?)

“Yesterday ndoda”

He says with a goofy smile and we burst into laughter. He’s lying I don’t think there are girls who take him serious to the point of opening their legs for him. They just pretend to love him so that they can take his money and run away. uThiza akazithandi he’s just the driver that conforms to all of these stereotypes about taxi drivers.

“You are lying Thiza who will sleep with you?”

Musa asks laughingly

“You don’t know her Musa!”

Thiza retorts

“He’s not lying guys he fucked Mapentshisi”

Qaphela says and the room erupt with laughter. Mapentshisi is a famous lunatic.

“Fuseg Qhaphela nxa ngizoku khahlela unye!” (Fuck you Qaphela I will kick you hard!)

“Ngiyadlala boy” (I’m kidding boy)

Qaphela says still laughing.

“Okay gents let’s sleep on it if we all agree then we will start next week”

“It’s Monday tomorrow Mnesh I’m already looking forward to spending time ne ncosi yami on Sunday so I’m down for this proposal and I’m starting tomorrow” (...with my son...)

Sthembiso says

“Nami on Sunday ngifuna ukuhambisa isigriza sami esontweni. So I’m with you Sthe mfethu” (I also want to take My granny to church on Sunday..)

Nkululeko adds and other drivers nods their heads.

“Okay so we all agree?”

“Yes”

They chorus

“Well then fine. Let’s get back to business”

They give me the money they made and leave me doing my work as usual. Once I’m done I join Cebi who has already set the table in the dining room.

“Sit down”

I sit down and she fetches the basin to wash my hands and a dry dish cloth to dry my them. When I’m done she takes it back and comes back to join me. We are sitting opposite to each other. She has even changed her robe and wore a skimpy dress that sits well on her body. I don’t know how she expects me to eat when she’s dressed like this. All I want at this moment is to tear that dress apart and fuck her hard. She had prepared fried pork chops, mashed potatoes and steamed veggies. The food looks mouth watering but I will have to eat again when I get home. I love my pap and I can have it everyday not these veggies, spaghetti and what what they just disappear in my stomach. We dine over a chat this feels like a date, I hope I’m reading too much into it.

“I didn’t know you can dance like that”

She laughs and sips on her juice.

“I try.”

“You should teach me”

“How much?”

“10 orgasms per day”

Her cheeks flushes as she giggles

“Okay I can take that”

I help her with the dishes after we finish eating and we end up fucking hard in the kitchen. Her screams and my moans filled the whole house. I'm sure the neighbors think Bra Mos is back.

“Don't go sleep here”

She says wrapping her arms around my waist

“I can't, people will be suspicious if I woke up here”

“They won't know you will wake up early in the morning moss”

“No we can't risk like that babe. What if Bra Mos surprises you and comes back in the middle of the night”

“My husband is not a man of surprises and he's not going to come back anytime soon”

“Ha.a Cebi if you want to spend a night with me you will have to come to my house okay. Let me go now”

I kiss her lips and swivel around to walk away just as I'm a few steps away from her, she grabs my arm and pulls me close to her then grabs the back of my head and kisses me passionately.

“Don't miss me too much I will see you tomorrow”

“Okay”

I walk out and drive home feeling like a different man...

Chapter Eight

I lean against the door after closing it behind him and smiled like an idiot. My bean throbs at the thought of the things that man did to me. Damn that guy knows his business. I feel like climbing on the roof and scream to everyone that I have been thoroughly fucked and reached a lot of orgasms. I have been deprived my orgasms that I was stupefied when I reach a lot of orgasms in just one round.

The things he did to me evoked intense feelings that I'm not even sure I have ever experienced in my life. I almost forgot how real good sex feels like. Sigh. I hear my phone ringing in the dining room and make my way there. I feel a hint of guilt and regret engulfing me when I see my screen flashing 'Hubby' I clear my throat and answer him.

"Mphemba"

"Hello dali wami, how are you?"

"I'm good honey and yourself?"

I say making my way to the living room and settle down on the couch.

"I'm also okay sthandwa sami I just miss you so much"

"I also miss you, when are you coming back home?"

I cross my fingers that he doesn't say soon. I'm not ready for him now I'm still looking forward to fuck Nathi and reach dozens of O since he fails to take me there.

“I don’t know dali I’m still trying to fix this mess, the police want to shut down our company.”

“Oh honey! I’m really sorry I hope you will talk them out of this. Why don’t you give them an offer they can't refuse?.”

“It’s hard there’s this detective who’s adamant to bring us down so even a bribe won’t help in this situation. I don’t know what to do now”

“They don’t call you Bra Mos for nothing my love. Don’t give up yet , you and your brothers worked so hard for that company to get where it is now to be just shut down.”

My husband and his 3 brothers own a trucking company in Cape Town. Their company transport most types of chemicals, paint products, medical goods, freight goods, small machinery, spices, textiles and most other general goods. They are also smuggling drugs and illicit weapons, they believe someone from the inside tipped off the police so he went there to sort this mess out. They have been smuggling drugs and illicit weapons for years now it's quite questionable that they got caught now.

“I hear you my dali I will see what we can do, vele I’m expected to clean up this mess since I’m the older one. Is everything going well that side?”

“Yes everything is fine baby”

“How are the drivers treating Nathi”

“They were not happy that you chose Nathi and you know how Thiza is but Nathi put him in his place and that earned him respect as well from the other drivers”

I was right at the door when he put Thiza in his place and I have to say I was so turned on.

“Well I’m glad it’s sorted now because I don’t see anyone fit to run the business other than Nathi. That boy is a gem. Any father would be blessed to have a son like him”

Oh lord!

“I have papers to mark my love. Thanks for calling, I love you”

I hang up before he says anything and sigh heavily. I don’t know how much longer I can take this. The fact that I’m the one who is subjected to derogatory remarks from his family while I’m trying to protect his dignity and manhood it’s killing me inside. I switch off the lights and retire to sleep. The next morning I wake up and do my daily morning routine. Once I’m done I get dressed in a red belted long sleeves knee length dress and black ankle strap heels. I opt for a curly Mongolian wig today and put on some make up. I spritz my perfume and take my hand bag and car keys then off I go.

It’s assembly day today since it’s Monday. I head straight to the staff room and find my colleagues already there laughing at only God knows what. I greet them and walk to assembly area without waiting for their cold response. I’m not their favorite person because when I started teaching here I was filling in for a Mrs Phiri who was on maternity leave. I was fresh from the university and scared how would teachers as well as learners receive me. Fortunately for me, everyone didn’t seem to have a problem with me and even the learners loved me and gave me the respect I deserved as young as I was. The problem started after the learners started sharing how they didn’t understand Mrs Phiri teaching skills and what’s not. I could see that they were clueless in almost everything and it was quite shocking for grade 12 learners mind you June exams were nearing.

I devoted myself and we had extra classes after school and on weekends. That’s when their marks started picking up even the principal was impressed. For the first time in years grade 12 got highest marks in mathematics we even had 30 distinctions. Mrs Phiri returned months later and it was time for me to go but the learners didn’t want me to go to the point of striking it was such a mess. Then it was decided that they going to keep me, Mrs Phiri and

I were going to work together. She didn't like me, not that I blamed her but it was not my fault that the learners didn't understand her. A week later she got shot and rumors circulated that I'm the one who sent my husband to shoot her since he's a taxi owner. My husband didn't shoot her it's all lies, the shooting happened at the wrong time with all the chaos that was happening. I was even afraid to go to the funeral as these were serious allegations but my husband accompanied me and promised that nothing would hurt me. I knew I can always count on him but I was not comfortable. It's been 8 years now but these people still hate me. I guess they won't stop until someone gets arrested for the murderer of Mrs Phiri.

Its midday and I'm in the classroom doing revisions with my grade 12 learners just then a learner from another class comes in and tells me that someone is looking for me. I wonder who that might be because I don't actually have someone who can come look for me at my workplace except for my husband and he's in Cape Town. I give the classroom RCL the memorandum and tell the learners to continue with the revision, I will be back. I walk to the reception room to talk to the receptionist

“Maphili who's looking for me?”

“That hot guy sitting over there”

I turned around to look at him and my heart skips a beat when our eyes meet. What is he doing here?

“Oh okay thank you”

“Ask him to leave his numbers phela yoooh I'm already imagining the things I'd do to him yeses!”

“He's married Maphili”

I lie of course uwathanda kabi amadoda uMaphili.. (she likes men too much)

“Mrs Mbhele. I'm sorry to come unannounced...”

I cut him short

“It’s okay follow me”

I walk to the staff and I’m glad that we find the staff room empty. The moment we get in he presses me against the door and kisses me. His hands are gripping hard on my waist. Our tongues dance in tune and I moan in his mouth. He pulls back and looks at me his eyelids which are heavy with desire. I allow him to caress my cheek with his thumb as I breathe in his masculine scent.

“Hello”

His deep voice is sending chills down my spine.

“Hi”

It comes out as a whisper as I’m still dizzy from the breathtaking kiss.

“What are you doing here Nathi?”

I eventually say after catching my breath.

“I came to see you”

“Ain’t you the one who didn’t want to sleep in my house because you didn't want to make people suspicious.”

“Relax I brought you this. I figured that by the time you knock off more hours would have passed. The soon you take them the more they are effective. Here take”

He says handing me a small pharmacy paper bag. I take it and peep through. It’s the morning after pills

“Thanks”

I say taking the small paper bag. I have even forgotten about them.

“Ithi mba ke before ngihambe” (kiss me before I go)

He purses his lips and I stand with my toes to peck his lips.

“Haibo I’m not a baby”

“Someone might walk in on us Nathi please go”

“Then kiss me properly”

He drops his head slanting his mouth across mine. The kiss is laced with desire and thirst. I feel a flutter within me as my muscles clenched with need at the feel of his hard on pressing against my tummy. I want him inside of me now but the place nor the time is not right.

“Nathi you should go”

I mumble against his lips but he’s hearing none of what I’m saying. He kisses me hard and I feel his hand between my thighs caressing me.

“Nathi...”

I moan as he slides his hand into my panties and play with my clit. He breaks the kiss and the greed in his eyes sends flames through my entire body. He slides his fingers in and out of my pussy I dig my nails on his muscled arms. I can’t control my moans and people are going to hear us. Kodwa uNathi ungenzani bakithi! My knees are wobbly and my muscles are locked in ecstasy, I’m a whimpering mess. There’s a knock on the door I snap my eyes open and look at Nathi and that seems to urge him on, he thrust his fingers in and out of my dripping wet pussy furiously. I try to stifle a scream but it slips right out of my mouth as my body shakes vigorously welcoming my earth shattering orgasm. The knock is persistent and I don’t know what to do. He withdraws his drenched fingers with my cum and suck them. I fix myself as he does the same and I bet my face is flushed.

“Is there a way you can hide that?”

I whisper pointing at his visible bulge on his track pants. He slides his hands on his pockets at least that hides his boner but if you looked closely you could see it.

“Ready?”

“Sure”

I open the door and Mrs Ngubeni walks in. My heart skips a beat this woman loathes me and I have just given her something bad to say about me she was Mrs Phiri’s best friend.

“Why is the door closed? This is not your office Cebisile! I have been knocking for hours on the door! This is unacceptable!”

Hours? Ihaba logogo bakithi.

“I...I...”

I stutter not knowing what to say

“I apologize that you had to wait outside ma’am I brought sad news to my sister that our mother passed on so I was trying to calm her down”

Nathi says trying to cover up I can’t help but think this will backfire. Mrs Ngubeni looks at me and nods lightly. I’m sure my demeanor is a confirmation to her as I see a glint of sadness in her eyes.

“Oh I’m sorry I can see her eyes are red so is her face. My condolences sis”

See the perks of being a light skin girl? I look down and sniff.

“I will go get water for you sis”

She says as she makes her way out and steps on the small paper bag on the floor. I don’t remember when I drop it. She picks it up and I cross my fingers that she doesn’t peep through.

“Those are her meds for migraines.”

Nathi says taking the small paper bag from her hands and give it to me while she walks out. I breathe out loudly.

“Tjo that was close”

Nathi says

“Our mother passed on really Nkosinathi??”

“It’s the only thing that came into my mind at least I came with something”

“You do realize that as my colleagues they will have to come to the funeral? The teachers as well as the children will have to pay imali yesililo for me!”

“Shit!”

He says realizing his stupidity for what he said. I pace up and down I’m afraid if I sit down I will stain my dress since my panties is soaked with my cum.

“Hey calm down”

He walks towards me and I signal him to stop because I know how weak I become when he is close to me but does he listen no! He places his hands on my shoulders and runs them up and down my arms

“Don’t tell me to calm down Nkosinathi! Ngizo wuthathaphi umngcwabo Mina?? ” (Where the fuck will I find a funeral?)

“You will tell them that our mother wanted to be cremated and she wanted a family funeral”

“And the money?”

“You will take the money”

“How will I spend that money knowing that I lied”

“Then you will give it to me I don't have a problem of spending it shame”

He says laughing

“Kodwa Nkosinathi ungiqambisa amanga” (But Nkosinathi you are making me to lie now)

“Stop complaining I had to come up with something. What's done is done now wena stick to our story bese uletha lemali ngiyidle mina.”
(And give me that money I will chow it)

Mrs Ngubeni comes back with water and gives it to me. I take the glass and gulp it all down.

“Kuzondlula sis” (It shall pass)

She says rubbing my back. I'm surprised to see that there's a nice side to this woman.

“I have informed the principal about your situation and I told him I don't think you will be able to continue with work. He agreed to let you go but you will have to start at his office first before you go”

“Thank you Mrs Ngubeni”

I say and she nods lightly

“Let me go. God is with you both of you”

With that said she walks out. I sigh heavily

“This will backfire Nkosinathi maybe we should say they made a mistake at the hospital or something”

“Yaz sengibalile manje ngalemali yeslilo”

“Nathi!”

I punch him on his chest playfully and he laughs

“Uyatatazela nawe but it’s fine. You will have to tell them tomorrow now go to your principal”

I start at the ladies first to take off my panties and wipe my pussy then put it in my handbag before making my way to the principal office. He sympathizes with me and gives me some scriptures from the Bible, unfortunately I have no clue what he’s talking about. All I’m all doing is faking tears and snuffles, he finally lets me go. The moment we arrive in my house Nathi is all over me like chicken pox on the skin. He tears my dress and I gasp! This was one of my favorite dresses.

He turns me around our bodies crush together as his hands find its way on my butt and rubs my clit. Electric sparks spreads within and my whole body writhes against his body as the desperate need builds up. He gently kicks my left foot spreading my legs apart to give him full access to my pussy. There’s nothing, nothing at all this man can’t use. He knows how to use his fingers, hands, lips, body, dick, everything! He’s on top of his game! I hate how my body surrenders to him but I also love it, if that even makes sense. Tightness grow in my tummy as I feel his hand fiddling with his pants. He thrusts his hard cock deep into my cunt and I gulp the air.

“Fuck so tight!”

He growls against my ear and start bucking his hips. I arched my back a bit allowing him easy access to pound me harder. Oh my goodness he’s so incredibly good with each thrust I can feel myself floating into the world of sheer ecstasy. The world that my husband fails to take me to. I don’t know what went wrong with our sex life because it used to be so good. It’s been years now hoping it would change but it’s getting worse each passing day. He knows the part I enjoy more in sex is reaching my orgasm but he is failing to fulfill that need. I’m a young married woman who’s not satisfied in bed and I know it doesn’t justifies my cheating but I have to admit it

feels incredible for a change to have a man who's in control of my body like it's his, who worships my body like it's the most important thing in the world, who knows how to ravish it like there's no tomorrow. I'm screaming at the top of my voice as his thrusts grows wild and fast, shame my poor pussy. The sounds of our flesh hitting against each other is driving me insane. He turns me around and makes me kneel down. I don't need to be told, I grab his 8 if not 9 inches in my palm and fellate him.

“Ooohhh shit!”

He throws his head to the back groaning like an animal urging me on. I sucked him hard my head bobbing, he rolls his hips pushing his dick in and out of my mouth. He's so damn huge I can feel him deep in my throat. He increases the depth and speed of his thrusts, oh my goodness I can't keep up with him he's too big. I feel my tears running down my face as I gag profusely. He withdraws his dick from my mouth and pulls me up then wipes my tears with thumbs before smashing his lips into mine, his tongue plunging into my mouth and taking my breath away. He lifts me up and gently places me on the kitchen counter and I balance my hands on top of it as he rubs his tip of the dick between my wet folds.

“Demedi Cebi why your is pussy so good? wenza ngani vele?”

Before I can even reply he pushes his cock into me and I scream. He places his hand on my neck as he starts thrusting in and out of me. This man is going to kill me with sheer ecstasy. His grip on my neck is tightening with each thrust and that drives me to the edge. I feel a wave of pleasure gushing down my lower body as he chokes me while pumping into me hard. Oh my! it feels so unbelievably good. Tears are prickling out the corners of my eyes I squeeze my eyelids closed and they run down my face.

He roars like a lion as our bodies quiver in delight and welcome our climax. I lazily open my eyes after catching my breath and find him staring at me with gratification. He grabs the back of my neck and kisses me. God his kisses are spark electrifying kisses that debilitate each and every inch of my being. We hear the sound of a car outside and jump up into a frenzy. I look at my dress that is torn up and run

to the bedroom to change into another dress. I fix my wig properly and wipe my pussy with a towel then make my way to the kitchen. He's done fixing himself but the kitchen reeks of sex Oh lord!

“Go open the door”

He says trying to act cool but I can see that he's nervous. I take a huge breath and open the door.

“Koti”

Oh God what the fuck is she doing here?

Chapter *Nine*

I don't think whoever is at the door is Bra Mos I mean if it's him I'm sure he wouldn't have knocked, this is his house but that doesn't mean I'm not nervous and the smell of sex reeking in here is not helping at all. I tell Cebi to go open the door as I can see that whoever that is knocking doesn't want to give up. She shuffles her feet towards the door and open it.

“Koti”

A chirpy voice of a woman says from the other side of the door. Relief surges through me that it's really not Bra Mos

“Mama, what are you doing here?”

Cebi says trying to mask annoyance in her voice

“Aw makoti umbuzo onjani lo'ngibuza wona?” (Aw my daughter in law what kind of a question is that?)

The woman says and pushes her way in causing Cebi to huff.

“Umeleni emnyango hamba uyolanda imali uzokhokhela umshayeli” (What are you waiting for at door go and fetch money for the driver)

The old woman says to Cebi who rolls her eyes and walks away.

“Heee wena ke umeleni? Ngabe uyolanda izikhwama zami emotweni. Yehhheni bo wathithiza umfana!”

(And you what are you waiting for? You should be fetching my bags from the car.)

I chuckle and shake my head as I walk out to fetch her bags. I greet the driver of the cab who's already offloading magriza's bags from the boot. Cebi comes to us and greets the driver

“How much should I pay you?”

“R200”

“Haibo that's a lot!”

Cebi says dramatically

“You got her from town right?”

I ask the driver

“Yebo bafo” (Yes bro)

“It's the cab's cost Cebi give the man his money”

I say

“Tjo this is daylight robbery! Here's your money”

She says giving the driver the money

“Thanks”

He gets in his car and drive off.

“Gosh, I don't know what this woman is doing here! Moses didn't tell me his mom was coming!”

Cebi says and the tone of her voice shows that she doesn't like her mother in law.

“She seems funny though”

“Funny? Oh please Nkosingathi that woman is vile! The words that comes out of her mouth can drive you straight to suicide!”

“Haibo nimeleni manje wozani phela!” (What are you two waiting for now come!)

The old woman says sticking out her head from the door. I laugh I really find her character funny.

“We are coming mama”

Cebi says with annoyance in her voice. I give Cebi the Tupperware and take the bags then we walk inside the house.

“Makoti show him where’s my room”

Says the old woman and Cebi shows me the same bedroom we had sex in yesterday.

“Put her bags over there”

She says and I do as I’m told then look at her. She can’t even hide how annoyed she is by the presence of her mother in law.

“Will you be okay?”

I ask while rubbing her arms with my palms.

“No I won’t”

“Is she really that bad?”

I ask concerned

“You have no idea and there’s nothing I can do except steeling myself for the name callings”

“Nibangani?” (What are you guys fighting for)

“She doesn’t like me ngimnukela njenge qaqa” (I smell like a skunk to her)

“She’s a typical mother in law who doesn’t like her son’s wife”

“You can say that but she used to love me before”

“What changed?”

She heaves a sigh and frees herself from my arms

“We should go before she comes here and see us in this cosy position”

I follow her as we walk to the lounge where we find magriza sitting on the couch and watching TV.

“Kanti itiyе liphuzwa nini layikhaya?” (When do we drink tea in this house?)

“I will go prepare it for you mama”

Cebi says and walks away.

“Nisale kahle gogo” (Goodbye granny)

I say to the old woman

“Uwubani konje wena?” (Who are you?)

“Nkosinathi Dlomo. I’m one of your son’s drivers”

“Manje ufunani pho la?” (What are you doing here?)

“I was here to collect the money to pay the mechanic who’s fixing my taxi”

Lies are coming out freely out of my mouth now.

“Oh kulungile ke mfana wami. Awusho unaye umuntu ozwana naye?” “Oh alright my boy. Tell me do you have a girlfriend?)

I’m taken aback by her question but I answer her anyway

“Yes”

I don’t see myself as someone who has a girlfriend they are just girls I fuck with. I’m good as single but I have to be smart here because elders are smarter and observant. If I tell her that I’m single she will have a problem with seeing me with her daughter in law.

“Oh kwaze kwakubi ke lokho uyibhungu elihle bengikuthandela untombazana wami. Ave emuhle naye ningafanelana ngalebala lenu elihlaza” (Oh that's bad, you are a good looking guy I like you for my daughter. She’s beautiful and you two would look good together with your dark complexion)

Hehe thata Nkosinathi! I giggle softly

“Ahhh usindwe izinyawo ntombi endala sengimtholile umaqondama wami. Ngizovela nje kubo kulenyanga ezoqala” (You are late old lady I have found the love of my life. I’m sending my uncles to her home next month)

“Ay akusenani mfana wami nginifisela okuhle kodwa nomakoti wakho” (Nevertheless my boy I wish all the best with your partner)

“Thank you gogo have a good day”

“You too my boy”

I walk to the kitchen and find Cebi preparing tea for her mother in law.

“I’m leaving I will see you tonight”

She doesn’t say anything but she continues with what she’s doing

“Did you hear what I just said?”

“Yes I heard you! Go Nkosinathi!!”

She yells at me and I chuckle shaking my head. I want to give her a piece of my mind for shouting at me but I decide against it and walk out. I jump into my car I mean you know what I mean. WTF was that? What did I do to her and the audacity to raise her voice at me nx! There's only one woman in the world that has a right to yell at me and that woman carried me for 9 months in her womb. I bring the engine to life and drive off.

* * *

I sigh heavily as I see him driving away through the window. I wasn't supposed to shout at him but he also didn't have to lie to me and say he doesn't have a girlfriend but just girls he fuck with when he knows he's sending his uncles next month to one of those girls home, clearly that's not just a fuck buddy. I have a right to know who am I messing with by fucking him so that I can play my cards well.

He knows my husband it's only fair I also know that there's a serious somebody out there who he's going to pay lobola for in a month's time and without a doubt she would fight tooth and nail should this little affair come out. I have to prepare myself and watch out, women are cruel out there! There's nothing dangerous than a woman who's on a mission to show the other woman that she's the “main woman” and never ever again think of fucking what belongs to her.

I know for a fact that I'd kill a bitch who can try to come between my husband and I. Call me a hypocrite but it's the naked truth. I won't allow another woman to just waltz into my marriage and take away the sacrifices, the ups and downs, the sweat and tears, the soulless and joyful moments of my marriage just like that. There

only time I'd be defeated is when Moses doesn't want me no more then I would vanish like I never existed in his life.

Giving up without a fight is never the best option honestly in everything. I know one would say I don't have to fight for him if he wanted me in his life he would make sure that I stay forever and my stay is comfortable. True but the thing is that he's not the one who's fighting for your place in his life but the other woman. Do you let him help this woman take over your place in his life or you put your foot down and draw the line. Men are silly creatures and behind every silly creature there's woman who's influential to his decisions.

The way I don't like my mother in law, I'm even tempted to spit on her tea that I'm making right now. I know there's no reason for her being here except reminding me of how much of a failure I am that I can't give her son children. I never thought I'd be subjected to her vile behavior the way she was so sweet before I turned out to be the failure of a woman by not giving my husband an heir. Once I'm done I take the tray and make my way to the living room where she's relaxing and watching tv.

"Here you go"

"Yuuu you took forever!"

I roll my eyes inwardly. Lord why didn't Moses tell me that his mom is coming today? I would have prepared myself. I settle on the other couch and look at her as she pours milk into her tea.

"Moses is not here mama he's in Cape Town to sort out some issues regarding their company"

"Good! Which give us enough time, by the time he comes back everything will be alright"

I look at her in confusion.

"Enough time for what?"

"To fix your marriage"

“My marriage doesn’t need any fixing mom it’s okay”

“Oh really?”

She looks around the living room

“Baphi pho abazukulu huh?” (Where are my grandchildren huh?)

I knew it! Lord help me!

“We don’t have children but that doesn’t mean our marriage needs fixing, we are fine”

I say sternly

“Are you that ignorant or naive? There’s nothing Moses wants more than having children makoti. All his younger brothers have children but he doesn’t. How do you think that makes him feel? He wants an heir who will take over his legacy one day. Why are you denying him that?”

How dare she accuse me of such?

“I’m not denying him anything mama we have been trying for 2 years now with no luck”

“Then admit that you have a problem and I’m going to help you”

“Why do you think the problem is with me? Why don’t you ask yourself how is it possible that a 52 year old man never had a child his whole life? I know there are plenty of women out there he has been with before me.”

I don’t wait for her to say anything but walk to my bedroom and head straight to the bathroom. I need a cold shower to calm myself down. Being a woman is hard because you are always being shamed even for things you have no control over. There’s nothing I want more in this world than to be a mom but I shut that thought the day I discovered that my husband can’t conceive. You know

what kills me the most is that he doesn't know and I can't bring myself to tell him the truth. We have been trying for a child for two years now with no luck. I thought the problem was with me and I went to my doctor only to find out I'm perfect.

The only option to find the underlying issue was to get my husband tested but I know my husband, he wouldn't have agreed. He's a traditional man who doesn't believe in western medical attention so I took it upon myself to do the test without his knowledge. There's this time where he was sick and I took him to the doctor. It was even a mission for me to convince him to take him to the doctor. That's when I asked my doctor to perform the tests and the results came back and killed each and every thought I ever had of being a mother.

How I can tell him that he can't conceive? How can I tell him that he will never be a father? Something he wants so dearly more than anything in this world? How do I break those dreams of having a mini him who would take over his legacy? I can't bring myself to hurt him like that and I know hiding it from him is not helping either but I rather take these insults for him and make everyone believe that I'm the barren one, the failure of a woman who can't give her husband children.

Once I'm done showering I lotion my body and put on the dress I was wearing though I want to wear my oversized sweater and indulge myself with a glass of wine but that's a big no with my mother in law here agh! Her being here is not only going to spoil my days but it will also disturb my fuck with Nathi. Lord when are you calling this old woman? She's not needed in the land of the living anymore.

I find her napping on the couch and she knows that I don't want people to nap on my couches, the bedrooms and beds are there for a reason but my mother-in-law never listens to me. I make my way to the kitchen anyway and get down with supper. The only thing I like though when she's here is that she always brings me inkukhu yesizulu(home slaughtered chicken) oh I love that chicken imnandi kakhulu mayilalile (it's more delicious the next day). I prepare pap and tomato gravy, as I am busy with my pots I receive a call from a

number I don't recognize. I wipe my hands with a dry dish cloth and answer my phone.

"Hello"

"Hello Cebi it's Mrs Ngubeni"

Where the hell did she get my tens?

"Umm Mrs Ngubeni hey"

"How are you holding up sisi"

"Oh uhm I'm fine the hospital made a mistake. It turns out that my mom had the same name and surname as another patient, she's the one that passed away so they contacted the wrong family"

"So your mom is still alive?"

"Yes"

"Oh thanks God. Hospitals with their negligence! I'm glad your mom is alive let me call the other teachers and inform them"

"I'm sorry for the inconvenience Mrs Ngubeni"

"It's not your fault my dear be happy that God is sparing her life. I'm going to keep her in my prayers for a speedy recovery."

"Eh thank you once again for your concern"

"Don't mention it sis. Goodbye"

"Bye"

She hangs up. I'm bewildered by the sudden change of attitude towards me from this woman. How is it possible that someone can hate you for 8 years then suddenly she's nice and all its quite questionable but ndimjongile (I'm watching her) by 16:00 pm I'm done cooking and my mother in law is still sleeping on my couch

she's even snoring slightly. I wonder how does she do it , like how do you sleep so peacefully in someone's couches, the same someone who you treat like trash? I'd strangle her on her sleep right now and send her straight to her husband I'm sure he missed her but hey I'm not that cruel.

I decided to settle on the couch and indulge on my recent read *The Unspoken Truth* by Pumza Shabangu. I don't know what I would have done if I was Thando. God this woman went through the most painful thing a woman ever had to go through. I'd probably lose my sanity and never regain it after catching my husband in an intimate act with another man.

“Why are you crying makoti?”

My mother in law asks and I wipe my tears I didn't realize they were falling. This book is making me emotional, I need a glass of wine.

“It's this book mama. There's this woman who found her husband cheating with another man.”

“Aw sungaze ukhale nje impela ngento ebhalwe encwadini uyatetema bo” (You are crying for something that is written in the book you are such a cry baby)

I roll my eyes wazini vele wena salukazi ndini? (what do you really know old woman?) I don't even know why I explained myself to you. I get up and walk to the kitchen. I usually keep a bottle of wine in the fridge so I take it out and pour myself a glass then gulp it all down. Thando's pain is so real that you can't help but find yourself fitting in her stilettos. Is Nathi's dick worth my marriage? Are these orgasms worth my marriage? I pour myself another glass of wine and gulp it all down.

At 19:00pm I dish up for myself as well as for my mother in law and we eat over a light conversation although my mind keeps drifting away. Nathi arrives at 8:15pm when my mother in law and I are watching *Generations the legacy*. She loves the soapie but now I'm starting to think she loves Jack Mabaso more. You could hear how she's swearing at Zitha right now for what she's doing to him. The

insults feels personal I tell you, I think she has a crush on Jack as old as she is lol. I don't blame her though Jack Mabaso is good looking, he has that thing maan and his voice thethelela smakade! (Lord have mercy) I hear ladies going crazy about Kwesta's voice and I'm still trying to figure out what's making ladies go crazy about his suddenly changed voice? It's weed people he smokes weed hence his voice changed. Lil Wayne also has the same voice because he smokes weed. A guy who smokes weed is a big turn off for me, maybe that's the reason why I don't find Kwesta's voice sexy.

“The drivers haven't arrived so you can join us we are watching Generations”

“No I will be in the office”

He says rather coldly and walks to my husband's voice. Damn even his coldness is turning me on what's wrong with me? I decided to let him be but I will talk to him after the drivers have left. The drivers arrive minutes later. I prepare my mother-in-law law's bedroom while Nathi is busy with the drivers. Once I'm done I call my mother in law.

“You can go sleep mama your bed is ready”

“Can you give me a glass of water I want to take my pills”

I nod and go get her a glass of water then give it to her. She gets up from the couch and takes the glass then walks away after saying her goodnight. I'm still wondering what did she mean when she said she's here to fix my marriage because she didn't say anything about my marriage after that. Not unless if she read between the lines when I told her how is it possible that his son has never had a child ever and there's still nothing at the age of 52 years. Lord if that's the case then I'm doomed! She's going to tell him and I...Cebi with your big mouth! I need to make sure she doesn't tell him. Moses can't find out about this it will break him apart.

When the drivers leave I make my way to my husband's office and knock. He shouts “come in” on the other side I walk in and close the door. He doesn't look up at me but continues counting money. Gosh

did I tell you what a turn on a mad Nathi is? I stride towards him and sit on the desk looking at him.

“I’m sorry about earlier on I didn’t mean to shout at you”

“Okay”

He says coldly continuing with his task at hand. If he knows how much he’s turning me on right now I’m sure he wouldn’t give me the cold shoulder. It must be a crime to look this hot. I’m tempted to straighten his thick bushy eyebrows but he’s still a chili sauce as ruffled as they are right now.

“Mrs Mbhele do you mind?”

Oh back to formality now no more sexy mami mmh I see. I get up and walk to the door with a tail between my legs. When I get to the door he calls me and my heart leaps with joy as I turn around.

“Have you taken the morning after pills?”

He asks with his cold tone and my heart sinks.

“No”

“What are waiting for? Go take those pills now!”

He commands and I nod my head and walk out. I pour a glass of water in the kitchen and walk to my bedroom. I place it on the pedestal and take the pills from my handbag. I stared at them for a moment thinking this could be my only chance to be a mother. I touch my tummy with the other hand as I imagine myself pregnant but that's just a wishful imagination. It’s bad enough that I’m cheating on my husband, pregnancy would be a catastrophe. I down the pills with water and sigh heavily as my heart sinks to the pit of my stomach. I feel like I’m murdering my baby, that’s insane I know, I can’t help myself but feel that way though. I hear a knock on my door and attend to it.

“I’m done come and lock the door”

“Okay”

“Have you taken the pills?”

“Yes just now”

He nods and I follow behind him as we walk to the main exit.

“Goodnight”

“Night”

He opens the door and walks out. I close it and switch off the lights in all the rooms then retire to sleep. I thought I have made peace with the fact that I will never be a mother but now it feels like I'm back to square one. I allow my tears to fall effortlessly on the pillow until my sleep overpowers me.

“Koti wake up”

Instead of being woken up by my alarm I'm woken up by mother in law. I fiddle for my phone without opening my eyes under my pillow and find it. I open my one eye to check the time but it doesn't want to open. Dammit the battery died! No wonder white people use clocks to set their alarms not phones.

“What time is it now?”

I ask her

“It's 7:30am”

She replies. Lord I'm running late! I jump up from the bed but she stops me

“You are not going to work today call your principal and let him know”

Haibo lesalukazi! (huuuh! This old woman)

“Why am I not going to work?”

I ask confused by her statement.

“We are fixing your marriage. Here drink this”

She says so casually as if what she’s saying is not madness

“Mom with all due respect my marriage doesn’t need fixing and I’m going to work”

I say sternly and hope she heard me.

“Oh okay drink this first”

She hands me the cup I take it and look inside

“What is this?”

“Just drink you will thank me later”

Hell no woman you want to poison me. It's like she read my mind. She takes the cup from me and sips on whatever the liquid is.

“You see there’s no poison”

I look at her

“You are running late just take this and gulp it all down”

I reluctantly took the cup and drank the bitter liquid.

“What is this?”

I ask grimacing

“Phuza” (Drink)

She pushes the cup up so that I finish up whatever this is.

“Good Girl”

“I hope you are not trying to kill me mother because I will haunt you until you confess”

She giggles as I roll out of bed and head to my bathroom. The plan is to take a quick shower but I’m unable to do so as I feel dizzy and a burning sensation in my abdomen. I lean on the wall for balance, I’m a quivering mess. Something is not right then it hit me that witch! She poisoned me gosh how can I be so stupid? I shouldn’t have drank that thing but I thought it’s not poison since she drank it too. I manage to switch off the shower spray and crawl my dripping wet naked self to the bedroom.

“Maaa!”

I scream, I don’t know why I am screaming for the same person who’s trying to kill me. She walks in and looks at me whimpering on the floor.

“What did you do to me? I’m dying!”

I cry but she doesn’t look bothered “die bitch!” I’m sure that's what she’s saying in her mind.

“Is this what you meant when you said you want to fix my marriage? You want to kill me and find a new wife for my husband? Well it’s wont work!”

I grunt through my gritted teeth. The pain in my abdomen is unbearable. I feel like my womb is splitting into two.

She tries to help me up and manage to get me into bed.

“Do you hate me that much that you will kill me? That’s a stupid move old lady my death will destroy your precious son! He loves me so much!”

“I’m doing this for you my child you will thank me later”

“How will I thank you when I’m dead?”

“Stop being dramatic you won’t die the sangoma said you will feel intense pains vele so the muti is working”

“The sangoma...what?”

“This muti will clean every dirt in your womb and you will be able to conceive.”

I won’t lie, I’m a bit relieved to learn that this is not her way of eliminating me permanently. No matter how the Bible and the pastors sugarcoat death by saying if you die you are God’s chosen angel, like it’s special to die hey don’t be fooled ukufa ukufa , death is death. There’s nothing special and pleasant about dying. If death is special then why do we do everything to protect ourselves from death? Why do we cry every time we lose our loved ones, we should be congratulating them phela angithi dying is special? No one wants to die unfortunately there’s nothing we can change about that.

“I don’t have a problem mama I’m super fine”

I say lazily feeling so weak and I’m sweating profusely.

“You are going to be fine, don’t worry. I’m not the enemy here I’m trying to help you my child”

I’m not the one with the problem here, it’s her son but I will let her believe what she wants to believe. She keeps brushing my hair as I grunt in pain holding my tummy. I don’t know how but I eventually fall asleep.

Chapter Ten

Rodney said I must fetch my taxi this afternoon which means tomorrow it's back to work. I have to admit though that the past few days were a blessing in disguise because I was able to spend time with my ladies which is something I haven't done in months or years? I don't know but it surely feels like years. Yesterday I received my salary as per norm since it was Monday but there was R2k extra. I wasn't expecting any salary since I haven't been working but Bra Mos said running his business is working hence the extra 2k.

I didn't know sitting on his comfy chair, make all the necessary recordings and count money will earn me 2sgodo (2 grand) extra. Kumnandi moss ukuba i-boss ushukela wodwa (it's really nice being a boss, sweetness all the way). Oh boy I felt awful though that I shagged his wife in fact I still do but I'm not sure I feel awful enough to stop fucking his wife. Motherfucking Isaiah umnandi umfazi ka Bra Mos! (Bra Moss's wife tastes great) I don't know if being someone's wife is what makes her that goood. Fuck I'm in trouble I need isiguqo (serious Prayer), Z.C.C badge, Shembe Vaseline, Rosary necklace to cast away demons, I'm possessed.

“I Spoke to Buhle and she agreed to see you”

Mom says. I'm driving her to Checkers at Madadeni section 3. I'm sure I mentioned that she has a spot there where she sells her heartwarming meals.

“Thank you mom I will go today because tomorrow I'm going to work”

“Your taxi is fixed?”

“Yes”

“Oh”

I sense disappointment in her voice. I don't know when will she make peace with my job.

“Mom don't be like that”

“You know I don't like your job Nkosinathi and I enjoyed spending time with you the past few days. This job of yours is not only dangerous it steals our family time”

She complains

“I know mom and I'm very sorry but don't worry about that from now on my Sundays are dedicated to my beautiful ladies in the whole world”

“You are not working on Sundays? Since when?”

I explain to her about my suggestion and how happy the drivers are about it. They all made the agreed amount of which is adding R500 on top of the R1000 including Thiza. I was skeptical about that one. It seems like every driver is looking forward to rest on Sundays. I should have informed Bra Mos first about this let's hope he will approve though.

“Mmmh”

Is that all she can say? I really need her support right now.

“You know I thought you will support me mom as this is helping me gain a little experience for running a taxi business.”

“How much you have saved?”

“Almost half a million”

“Haaa that's a lot of money Nkosinathi!”

“I have been saving for five years mom and it's still not enough. I need more”

I don't think I would have managed to save half a million in five years if I depended on my salary only. The special loads and the school kids money goes straight to the bank I never use even a cent.

“Half a million is enough my boy you can start a good profitable business”

“Taxi business is a good profitable business”

“It needs a lot of money Nkosinathi. It will take you another five years to raise more money”

“I will start with 3 or 2 taxis kancane kancane mama I'm not in a race”

She doesn't say anything and I know that support is the last thing I will receive from her but that won't stop me from achieving my goals. I drop her at her spot and help her unload her pots and everything in the boot.

“I love you”

I kiss her forehead and walk out. I hop into my car and drive home because I want to take a proper bath. Once I'm done I wear a black jogger pants, white simple long-sleeved t-shirt and white sneakers. I take my wallet and phone then head out. I'm not going to use the car because I will come back with my taxi. I hail a taxi and jump in at the front seat.

“Awe awe”

“Hola boy ugrand”

Says Mthulex. He's one of the gents that we chill with inside Senzo's taxi while we wait for 4am to start work.

“Ah kuzophola. Wena u-right?”

“Yeah man I’m fine. Ngizwile bathi sekuwuwe umakhonya la kwesika Bra Mos” (I heard you are the the boss now)

“Ah ntwana into yesikhashana nakhona” (It's a temporary thing)

“Wuwe umuntu moss” (You are the man)

We continue and chat until we arrive in town. I want to see Senzo first so I call him and he tells me that he’s at the rank queuing up. I find him in Sis Mazet kitchen eating pap and inhloko

“Aw ngafika kahle indoda isabamba amaphalishi” (I came at the right time when a man is eating)

“Ungab’sapholisa amaseko ndoda ” (Don’t waste time man let’s eat)

I sit next to him on the bench and dig in. I’m not biased my mom is the best cook but Sis Mazet’s nhloko is the best.

“You good?”

“Yeah I’m fine my man and you?”

“I’m still breathing boy”

“Where’s Sis Mazet I need some green chilies”

I ask him as I take a bite of the piece of my meat.

“She said she’s going to Boxer but you know women they can say they are going to one store and end up going to five stores”

“Why don’t you marry her man she’s a great cook”

He laughs. See when there’s one thing that Senzo and I are similar with is not having plans of having serious relationships not that we don’t want to get married someday but we have come to realize there’s no true love these days. It’s either you go with the flow or you suck your thumbs until Jesus comes back.

“Don't tell me you are serious”

“Of course I'm serious”

“How would I parade with an ugly wife like that?”

We both laugh. That's the thing about girls like Mazet they have curves in the right places, big booty and amazing pussy but when it comes to the face it's patshutshu from uZalo (not so good looking).

“Okusalayo uyayidla inkomo yakhe!” (You eat her pussy!)

We burst into laughter

“And she gotta a killer pussy man”

He says whistling

“Be careful my friend I know rural girls you might end up popping the question”

He laughs shaking his head in disapproval

“Never understatement them, their pussies are muthified”

He laughs so hard that he chokes on his food. I pour him a glass of juice and give it to him

“Thanks”

He coughs as he takes the glass and drinks the juice

“God! man you want to kill me with laughter”

He says wiping his tears

“I'm telling you the truth though”

“Ah well no voodooified pussy formed against me shall prosper”

Now it's my turn to laugh hard. Mazet makes her way in

“Hello Nkosinathi”

“Hey Sis Mazet, are you good?”

“I'm good and yourself?”

“I'm also okay.”

“Senzo didn't tell me you are coming I would have dished up for you. The food is all finished now the only thing that's left is the soup”

“No problem my sister abantwana bandawonye basherelana ngisho ikhanda lentethe” (...siblings share even a locust's head)

Senzo's phone rings, he answers and tells whoever on the other side that he's coming then hangs up.

“I have to go now my taxi is full. Mabhebeza thank you for the meal”

Senzo says as he's getting up. Mazet blushes

“It's okay Dube”

“Well I'm still eating but let me have a word with you for a sec”

We walk outside I take out my wallet and take out R1.5k (R1 500) and give it to him

“And then?”

“Just to thank you man for transporting my kids to school these past few days. Rodney is finished with my taxi so tomorrow I'm coming back to work. Ta ntwana yami (Thanks Boy)”

“Ah Mnesh we are brothers you don't have to pay me”

“I know ntwana and I’m not paying you I’m showing my appreciation”

He counts the money and looks at me

“It’s too much it was just a few days but ta ntwana” (...thanks boy)

He says and pushes the hundred notes into his pants pocket. We bump fists then he walks away as I get inside Mazet’s kitchen. I eat while engaging in a light chat with Mazet. She’s a shy for someone who’s working with people or maybe I make her shy.

“Can you please pour me some soup in the cup. I just want to drink it”

She nods and does as I say then gives me the cup. Just then her phone rings. Talking about perfect timing! While she’s busy on her phone call I take out my ntazinga from my wallet and pour it in the soup then gulp down the soup. Don’t ask me what that is, it’s my secret and I’m not going to share. Every man has his secret how he keeps his magic stick hard for a long period of time and nice during sex but we never share unlike women. They share the stuff they use to keep their pussies tight and nice. A man never shares his deep information because people might use it against him.

“Thanks Sis Mazet the meal was nice as always”

I give her the tray and R50 note just to show appreciation for her everyday free meals. Ya phela intwana yami iyashaya la so sidla mahhala. (... My boy services her very well so we get free food)

“Kubonga mina” (I’m the one who’s thankful)

I walk out and start at the panel beaters. I’m glad when I find my taxi already waiting to be collected. I make the payment and sign some documents then I drive to Mediclinic. I’m always nervous when I come here I don’t know if it comes with the fact that I don’t like hospitals or it’s because I’m scared of the situation I might find Buhle in. I enquire they tell me to go ahead. I still remember her

ward so I make my way there. I take a huge breathe before walking in. Bab Gatsheni and Thula his young daughter look at me.

“Greetings”

I say with a rather shaky voice.

“Nathi come closer”

He says and I walk closer to them.

“How are you my son?”

“I’m still breathing baba unjani wena?” (...how are you)

I’m not sure if I should’ve asked that I mean it’s obvious he’s broken. His daughter is lying on a hospital bed dying and there’s nothing he can do about it. You can’t miss the wrinkles of stress on his face. He looks like he has aged 10 years more. I wouldn’t have noticed that morning because I was fuming with anger.

“What can I say it’s God’s will”

It comes out as a whisper and I don’t know how to comfort him. See my mom attends church every Sunday and she has faith in God but she never forced us to attend church. Kwanza go to church because she likes to as for me I have never attended a church. I don’t even see myself going to church not that I’m against it, I just don’t believe you have to go to church to worship God in fact I’m not even sure there’s a God. There are things that do not make sense to me so I don’t think I’m the right person to support his statement. I greet Buhle’s little sister who seems beyond shattered by her sister’s situation.

“Hey Bubu”

Finally I greet my high school sweetheart. I can’t believe it’s only been a few days since I last saw her but she’s worse than that day.

“Hey Nkosee”

She whispers not audible enough for me to hear. I take her hand into mine and squeeze it. Her cracked pale lips curve into a sweet smile and that's confirmation to me that she doesn't have a problem with me being here.

"Thanks for allowing me to come here"

I say smiling at her and she just nods her head as her tears filled her eyes.

"Buhle mtanami we will see you later" (Buhle my child...)

Bab Gatsheni says as he gets up from the chair. They both kiss her forehead and she tells them that she loves them so much then they both walk out. I sit down on the chair and look at her.

"You are still the most beautiful woman my eyes have ever laid on"

She chuckles weakly

"I see you are still a charmer...how have you been?"

"Ah nothing much sweetheart. I'm just a taxi driver trying to make a living"

"Any girlfriend?"

I laugh and shake my head no.

"You don't have to lie to me you know that"

"Wena what do you think you left me and forgot about me remember?"

I say rather coldly then I intended to.

"I'm sorry Nkosee you know I never meant to hurt you"

“No it’s fine let’s not talk about that. Your boyfriend won’t kill me if he finds me here?”

“That bastard left me he couldn’t handle my sickness. I guess it serves me right for what I did to you”

She smiles sadly

“Don’t say that Bubu he never deserved you in the first place.”

“I’m sorry Nkosee....”

I cut her short

“Shhh it’s okay Bubu really”

We fall into a comfortable silence for a moment until she eventually breaks it.

“Can you do me a favor?”

“Of course shoot”

“My little sister needs someone to be there for her please avail yourself for her I’m begging you Nkosee. I know that your mom will always be there for my father but I’m worried about my little sister. I have always seen how your relationship is with your little sister and I know that you are the right person my little sister needs right now. Things are going to get harder than they are now I need you to be there for her Nkosee. She’s antisocial and introverted, she dies inside bottling up her feelings. If there’s one person I trust with her it’s you Mkhabela”

She says with tears dropping on the sides of her face. I’m stunned to speak this is deep.

“Wow uhm...I hear you but...your sister doesn’t know me Buhle. We never say anything to each other except exchanging greetings.”

“I know but don’t worry about that, you guys will get to know each other just promise me that you will be there for her”

“Nobuhle...”

“Please Nkosinathi...”

She cuts me off and the desperate tone in her voice is loud enough for me to not miss it. I sighed in defeat and nod my head even though I’m not sure how this will work out. Thula and I are no different to two strangers. I know that the relationship I have with my little sister is extraordinary but that doesn’t mean I will have the same relationship with any other 18 year old girl out there.

“Thank you...can you please hold me”

I’m taken aback by that but I get up and sit on the little space on her bed and cuddle her in my arms. She smells like the hospital and the smell doesn’t hit well in my nostrils but I don’t let her go instead I hold her tightly. I feel her body relaxing in my arms as I stroke her back gently. How I miss the old days, we would lie on my bed in each other’s arms without saying a word to each other yet it felt like I was having the best conversation ever.

“You remember the old times we use to cuddle like this and say nothing to each other but to me it felt like I had the best conversation ever”

I chuckle in awe . How mysterious! I thought I was the only one who felt like that.

“Wow I also felt like that Bubu”

“Really?”

“Yeah!”

“Wow I’m amazed”

“We had a beautiful thing going on right there”

“Neh...I still remember the first day we kissed and you were so nervous”

I laugh

“You are lying I was not nervous”

“You were Nkosee! You almost peed yourself”

She says laughing and I join her

“Suka I was nervous so what? Awungiyeke!” (...leave me alone!)

She giggles, her giggles are still the sweetest. We talk about the good old times laughing here and there. Somehow we both fall asleep. I feel someone shaking me and I snap my eyes open. There’s a doctor standing in front of me.

“You need to get up Mr?”

“Dlomo...I’m sorry I fell asleep”

I look at Buhle who’s fast asleep and gently put her down on the bed.

“I have never seen you here before. Who are you?”

The doctor asks and I explain to her she looks at everything but me.

“Doc is everything okay? Am I breaking any rules for being here I thought visiting ends at 8pm”

“Please exit the room and wait for me outside”

“Why? I don’t want to go. I want to be here when she wakes up”

“I’m sorry Mr Dlomo but she will never wake up”

I freeze digesting what the doctor just said. Then it hit me hard.

“Buhle!”

I say shaking her but the doctor pulls me away

“I’m so sorry she’s gone I guess she wanted to die in your arms”

“No! Bubu wake up!”

I try to free myself from the doctor’s grip but it was in vain. She pushes me out as I scream like a mad man.

“What’s going on?”

Thula’s voice says and I tilt my head to the side and look at her with Bab Gatsheni. I don’t have the strength to do this, it’s not my place to tell them. I will let the doctors do their job.

“Le..lets sit down and wait for the doctor.”

Bab Gatsheni looks at me as if he’s observing my face. I shift my gaze on him and take Thula’s hand in mine as we make our way to the couch. I know they can sense something is going on but I’m not about to be the one to break their hearts. I don’t think I’m brave enough to do so. I involuntarily pull Thula on my chest and stroke her back. I don’t know where am I getting all this courage to do this but I’m glad that she’s not protesting. The doctor comes out and tells them the heartbreaking news. Thula burst into a loud sob I hold her tightly in my arms and comfort her. Bab Gatsheni buries his head in his hands and we stay like that for a while as I try to calm down a hysterically crying Thula.

Bab Gatsheni finally collects him and calls his brother. I don’t want to leave them here alone and he’s no state of driving. When his brother arrives I excuse myself after giving Thula a hug. I try to play music as loud as I can, trying to block all these emotions engulfing me but it proves to be a mission impossible. Is this what she meant when she said things about to get harder? I should have known, she knew that she’s dying. Oh Isiah I feel like my heart is going to shut down I can’t breathe. Am I having a heart attack? The loud hoot

snaps me as my taxi is moving straight to the car coming in front of me. I sway my steering wheel to the other side and sigh in relief. Fuck I almost caused an accident!

I pull aside and take a huge breath. Pull yourself together you are a man and uwuDinangwe, uMkhabela, uBhelesi you don't break down easily. I pull myself together and drive home. No one is back yet, Kwanza is having extra classes I'm sure then as for my mom she usually comes back at 17:00pm. I still can't believe that Buhle is gone. I feel my heart breaking into little pieces as it hit me that she took her last breath in my arms. That she spent her last few hours with me. I feel a huge lump clogging in my throat as tears threaten my eyes but I'm not going to cry. My phone rings I take it and look at the screen.

“Omu”

“Hey baby how are you?”

“I'm fine”

“I'm also fine I just missed you”

“Are you back from school?”

“Yes”

“Awushaye ijika layindlini mawuzokhona” (come to my house if it's possible)

“Okay I'm coming”

“Sharp”

I need a distraction I can't bear these emotions they are too much for me to handle. Ten minutes later Omu arrives and the moment she gets in I devour her lips as I lift her up allowing her to wrap her legs around my waist.

“Nathi...”

She mumbles in my mouth

“I miss you babe don’t talk too much, I just want to devour you right now”

I walk to my bedroom and throw her on the bed I look for my tie in the chest drawer and tie her wrists together. I push her dress up and tear her panties off. She screams, I jerk down my pants and pull her over the edge of the bed and ram into her semi dry pussy. I adjust myself in her tight cunt as it wraps around my dick and bucked my hips. Buhle keep flashing in my mind infuriating my thrusts. I show her little pussy no mercy I’m pulling, grabbing, squeezing, spanking and choking her hard. The possessed beast has taken over my whole being and I’m unfazed by her cries. I roar like a lion as I spurt my seed deep into her. I withdraw my drenched ditch and look at her. My heart skips a beat when I see her crying I try to touch her but she flinches

“Don’t touch me!”

She hisses. Guilt washes over me as she roll out of bed and limps towards the door barefooted

“Baby I’m sorry I...”

She walks out. I fix myself and try to run after her. I can’t let her go like this but she’s hearing none of it and I can see that she’s scared of me now which breaks my heart. I watch her walking away. fuck! what I have done?

Chapter Eleven

I don't know how long I have been sleeping but it surely feels like the whole day. I take my phone to check what the time is now but I remember that my battery died. I feel better but I still feel weak. I roll out of bed and head out with my phone in my hand. I find my mother-in-law knitting in the lounge while humming a song. Wherever she goes, you will always find her knitting plastic mats. I have to say though that she's very talented and her plastic mats are very beautiful but I doubt people still use plastic mats now or maybe in Nquthu they still do.

“Oh you are awake?.”

She says without looking at me. Isn't that obvious?

“Yes”

I say while connecting my phone to the charger.

“How are you feeling?”

“I feel so weak”

“You will feel better when you have eaten something. Your food is on top of the counter”

I shuffle to the kitchen and my stomach grumbles at the sight of my food. She has prepared dumplings, beef stew and spinach. I don't remember the last I ate dumplings. I hardly ever cook it because I'm a lazy bastard. I put my food in the microwave and pour myself a glass of coke while my food warms up in the microwave. I want to enjoy my meal without this woman's presence suffocating me so I sit down on the high chair and eat. This old hag can cook jealous down.

“Ngibase umlilo wezunkuni ngaphandle umuthi wakho wokuchatha usulungile” (I have prepared fire outside the muti to do anema is ready)

What? This woman gotta be kidding me! I look up at her and unable to talk as I have food in my mouth. I chew vigorously and swallow

“What did you say?”

“You heard me makoti”

“I’m not doing such thing it’s not enough that you almost killed me today!”

“Aw come on makoti you are not dead are you?”

The annoyance in her voice is loud.

“Angeke ngichathe in fact I shouldn’t have drank that muti of yours to begin with! June exams are approaching I can’t afford to just not go to school because of you!” (I won’t do an anema...)

“Hey don’t raise your voice at me! I’m trying to help you here why don’t you see that huh?”

“I don’t have a problem mother!”

“You are in denial and that’s normal. Finish up your food and get ready isipeti sikulindile!”

I groan in frustration this woman will be the death of me strue nasi (I swear). I can’t believe she came all the way from eNquthu to perform her witchcraft on me! Okay fine witchcraft is a bad word to use. I’m a Zulu woman who grew up aware of sangomas and my nyangas (traditional healer) and what they do however I have never been on the receiving end of what they do. Never mind the fact that I have always been scared do an enema since I was a kid.

I remember the last time my mom gave me an enema my anus was painful for 3 days because I was wiggling and screaming my lungs

out somehow she hurt me. I couldn't release human waste without feeling any pain. I was ten years old but I still remember that day like it was just yesterday. I'm an adventurous person and I love sex but the way I'm scared of anus penetration I'd never ever give anyone the chocolate box not even my husband.

I lost my appetite in an instant logogo uyangilinga emzini wami (this old woman is taking me for a ride in my own house). She already tricked me and I ended up not going to work because of her tricks! I'm relieved though that she still thinks I'm the one who has a problem which means she didn't read between the lines yesterday. I know I said I will play along and take all this blame but I will never do an anema sizokhotha indololwane lesalukazi!

I wash my beef stew and dumplings down with a glass of coke and put the leftover food into the fridge. The mother in law walks in.

“Good you are done. I will go fetch the muthi outside”

“I said I'm not going to do it”

She doesn't say anything but walks out. This woman is getting on my last nerve now. I walk to the lounge and take my phone from the charger then call my husband.

“Why didn't you tell me your mother is coming here?”

“Hello to you too dali wami”

I huff as I roll my eyes

“Hi Mphemba how are you?”

“I'm okay and yourself?”

Is he asking me ? God he knows how his mother treats me obviously I'm not fine!

“I’m not good your mom is forcing muti down my throat . I didn’t even go to work today because she gave me some muti that almost killed me”

“Unehaba sthandwa sami that muti was never going to kill you she’s trying to help us with our situation” (You are exaggerating my love...)

Oh...

“You know about this?”

“I’m the one who asked her to go to a sangoma and get you something”

Oh wow so he also thinks I’m the one who has a problem? He has never shown that to me or was I that ignorant or stupid to see?

“You think I’m the one who has a problem?”

“Dali wami we can’t discuss this over the phone”

“No answer me Mphemba”

“It’s obvious Cebisile it’s been two years but you are not falling pregnant!”

Even if you were not the one who’s infertile I doubt I would have fallen pregnant with your mediocre sex. Of course I don’t voice that out to him.

“Don’t give my mom problems. Do everything she tells you okay?”

I nod with my head as tears rolled down my face then I remember that he doesn’t see me

“Yes”

“I love you dali wami”

“I love you too”

I hang up. It hurts more to hear it coming from him that he also thinks that I'm the one who's infertile. I don't know what I was anticipating of course his ego doesn't allow him to think the problem could be with him. I wipe my tears with the back of my hands.

“Was that Moses?”

My mom in law asks

“Yes...kodwa mama asikho isipeti” (...but mom I don't have clyster)

“Aw khululeka ngiphethe esami” (Don't worry I brought mine)

She says pumping it with her hand. I'm not going to dodge this am I? She hands me a basin that has some brownish liquid inside and tells me to go ahead. I thought I'm going to discard this muti in the toilet and pretend I did it but guess what she's right here next to me making sure that I don't do that. Once I'm done with everything I head to my bedroom and crawl on my bed. My heart is sore I miss my mom right now. No matter how angry I am at her for choosing a man over me but she will always be my mom and right now I need her. I absentmindedly tap call and it rings.

“Hello”

My heart skips a beat at the sound of her voice.

“Is anyone there?”

I can't seem to find my voice, words are stuck in my throat and my heart is thumping hard against my chest.

“Hello yehheni webantu how can a person calls you and say nothing?.”

Mom says with her slurry voice and I hear her husband in the background asking who is it. I hang up. She will never leave her

husband for me. I feel so lonely right now I try to call Nathi but his phone rings unanswered. I do have friends but I don't trust them enough to let them in my world. They are too judgmental. I decide to stalk my siblings on social networks and end up DMing my little sis.

I don't know how did I fall asleep but I'm woken up by the urgent need to go to the toilet. I run to the toilet and the moment my butt comes in contact with the toilet seat I release. My stomach is making funny noises and I'm sweating profusely. Once I'm done I flush and wash my hands and wipe beads of sweat on my face then head to my bedroom. Time reads 20:16pm on my phone. It's way passed dinner time and I was supposed to wake up and cook supper around 4pm. Sigh. Now she thinks I'm the worst makoti than I already I am in her eyes but I don't give a damn what she thinks about me. I drag my drained body to the living room.

"I hope some sleep helped you to relax yourself"

The monster in law says.

"Yeah"

"Your food is on the counter."

It must be nice to be me moss. I slept the whole day and wake up to food waiting for me. How nice! I make my way to the kitchen and take my food. I can hear voices coming from my husband's office. Nathi and the drivers are here already. I hope he's done sulking because I really miss him. I join my mother in law in the lounge and eat. It's amusing how worked up she gets about what Zitha is doing to Jack. I find myself laughing. She shoots me a look and that makes me laugh even more.

"It's just a soapie mama you don't need to get worked up"

"Leskebereshe esiwu Zitha nokonda kuthi angingene ku TV ngimvavabule ngenduku!" (Zitha the skinny harlot I wish I can get into TV and moer her hard)

I laugh

“I hope now you realize why I was crying yesterday because of that book I was reading.”

“It’s not the same”

Yeah right

“Mom do you have a crush on Jack”

“Crush what is that?”

I explain to her what is a crush

“Musa ukungibhedela wena! Ngingaba ne crush ngimdala kangaka futhi uJack ingane ehlaza cwee!” (Don’t be silly! I’m too old to have a crush and Jack is a child!)

I giggle because she’s lying. My God I can’t believe a 64 year old woman has a celebrity crush no scratch that she has a celebrity Ben 10 crush. I’m not sure how old Jack is but I don’t think he has reached his sixties. My mother in law should be crushing on abo bra Neo kanje even though I don’t know his age but he’s the right person she should crush on. I finish my food and go to my husband’s office. I knock once and get in. He looks up at me

“I didn’t say come in Mrs Mbhele”

Okay his coldness towards me is not turning me on anymore

“Hello Nathi”

I walk towards him and kiss his cheek then sit on the desk.

“I understand that this is your husband’s office but for the time being I’m using it and I deserve respect. You can’t just barge in”

He says coldly

“And I understand that you are mad at me for shouting at you I’m very sorry. I shouldn’t have done that. I was just annoyed that you lied to me and said you don’t have a girlfriend just girls you fuck yet you are sending your uncles to one of those girls house”

He looked at me and chuckles

“Oh that don’t tell me you are jealous...”

“I’m not jealous Nathi but I need to know who am I messing with by fucking you. You know my husband and you know what you are getting yourself into it’s only fair I also know don’t you think?”

“Okay it makes sense but I never lied to you. I have no reason to lie to you Cebisile. You think If I told your mother in law that I’m single she wouldn’t be suspicious of us together?”

Oh now I look stupid

“Of course she would you such a smart ass. Now I see why my husband is so fond of you. He actually see a son he never had in you”

He swallows hard and guilt glint in his eyes. God why did I say that?

“Uhm I’m done here. I have to go”

He says getting up.

“When am I going to see you again?”

“Tomorrow obvious I’m always here njena not unless if you are going somewhere”

“I’m not going anywhere. You will be here for your work not for me. I want you to come for me I miss you”

I stroke his his bulge through his pants.

“Your mother in law is here Cebi we can’t risk her seeing us”

“That’s what makes it more exciting”

I pull him for a kiss but he backs away.

“No Cebi we can’t be that reckless I have to go”

He walks to the door and my heart sinks.

“If I knew better I’d say now that you got what you wanted you are shunning me”

He turns around and looks at me

“You talk as if I’m the only one who wanted it?”

“If you think you are the only one who wanted it then what was I saying just few seconds ago?”

He sighs and walks straight to me. He kisses me hard and lifts me off the ground. I lock my legs around his waist. He presses me against the wall deepening the kiss. I feel his bulge grinding on my panties and moan in his mouth. He breaks the kiss and looks at me deep in the eyes and it’s only now I noticed his eyes are bloodshot red.

“Oh sexy mami you would be the one begging me to leave you alone because ngisazokubhebha hard” (...I will fuck you...)

I don’t know if It’s his deep husky voice that is making me wet or it’s actually the way he said he will fuck me in Zulu dzammmmm! He puts me down and walks out.

* * *

Lord knows how much I want to be buried deep inside of her right now but I’m scared. I’m in a war of emotions and the last thing I want is to hurt her like I did with Omu. I feel so horrible and It’s

frustrating that she's not answering my calls. I want to tell her I'm sorry and it was never my intention to violate her. I try to call her as I'm driving home but her phone is ringing answered. I never believe in voice messages but I leave her one

“Hey baby I'm sorry from the deepest of my heart. I didn't mean to hurt you please answer your phone. I just want to apologize”

I call her again but her phone is off now. Fuck I messed up big time. I arrive at home and find my little sister writing while watching TV.

“Ayikho lento oyibhalayo ube ubuka i-TV enza into yodwa” (You are writing nonsense you can't be writing while watching TV do one thing)

She doesn't say anything but continues with her two tasks. I take the remote and switch off the TV.

“Buti!”

She whines

“I gave you a choice but you pretend like you can't hear me, so now I'm making a choice for yourself. Write your homework first you will watch TV when you are done”

She rolls her eyes

“We will see what will you roll the day I decide to remove your owl eyes with a big clap”

She looks at me and huffs then continues with her writing. I walk to the kitchen to go get my food and go back to the lounge to eat.

“Mom called and said don't pick her up”

Mom went to Bab Gatsheni's house to help out since there's no female figure in that family except Bab Gatshen's two aunts who lives in Durban. I'm sure they will avail themselves during the week.

“Okay”

I can feel her gaze on me as I eat my food

“I don’t have money Kwanza”

She doesn’t say anything but come to sit next to me.

“Come here”

She opens her arms wild

“What for?”

She pulls me in her arms and I sink in her embrace inhaling her sweet scent. I didn’t realize how much I needed that hug. She always knows what I need.

“I’m sorry about Buhle and I know that it’s hurting you more than you are letting on.”

“Thank you baby girl ”

I pull back and give her a faint smile.

“Ngiyakncwnya nana” (I love you baby girl)

“I love you too bro”

She rests her head on my shoulder and we end up eating together while chatting and laughing. Kwanza always has crazy hilarious things to say. If it’s not about her schoolmates/teachers it’s about her social network people. She always knows how to take my mind away from my reeling thoughts without trying hard.

I couldn’t sleep the whole night I kept turning tossing. The only few minutes I’d dozed off I would be woken up by a dream about Buhle. I fail to understand why this is happening, it’s not like she was my girlfriend or at least a girl I fuck with, our thing ended years back. Once I’m done applying lotion on my body I slip into my boxers and

Nike tracksuits and Nike sneakers. I know I won't have breakfast this morning since mom is not here but I'm surprised to see the lights are on in the main house. I'm welcomed by aroma of sausages as I enter the kitchen.

"Kwanza?"

It comes out as a question I'm surprised to find her making breakfast at this time of the morning.

"Hello bhuti sit down your breakfast will be ready in a sec"

"But baby girl you should be sleeping"

"And let you go to work on an empty stomach? never Bhuti wami"

She says dishing up sausages in my plate. My heart melts.

"You really don't have to Nana but thank you so much"

I grab a chair and sit down before my breakfast.

"You are welcome...coffee or juice"

"Make coffee"

She nods and makes two cup of coffee. Once she's done she joins me with our cups of coffee. I take a sip of my coffee and my lips involuntarily curve to form a smile. I don't know how she does it but she has a special way of making coffee. No, she's not pouring something else except coffee, milk and sugar I guess it's just the way she mix everything together that makes her coffee the best and she knows it.

"You like?"

"It's perfect as always"

She smiles sweetly. I have breakfast while she sips on her coffee over a light chatter. When I finish eating I give her pocket money

and leave for work after kissing her forehead. It feels great to be back and my taxi feels fresh. Arriving at the rank I jump into Senzo's taxi and we exchange greetings

“Buhle is dead bra”

“Yhooo ntwana askies”

“Arg it's life hey”

“Ngiyakubona ukuthi awukho mnandi” (I can see you are not okay)

“I'm fine boy”

“You don't have to pretend with me man I'm your bro and if you need anything I'm here for you”

I heave a sigh

“The only thing I wanted was to see her you know? Just spend a few hours with her and have something to remember her with not like this though. She died in my fucking in arms!”

“Eish hade ntwana yami”(I'm so sorry bro)

He squeezes my shoulder

“I believe when a person share their last moments with you to the point of dying in your presence you mean a lot to them.”

“Well she should have asked me first if it's okay for her to die in my presence, especially in my arms!”

“Askies ntwana yami”

“This is not how I planned to remember her bra”

“You know you can choose for yourself how you want to remember her. I'm sure those last few hours you spent with her weren't bad”

“No they were not, in fact they were good. We reminisced and had good moments.”

“See that’s the way she wanted you to remember her so stick to that last memory”

“I feel like she betrayed me man she should have warned me at least. I was still looking forward to spending more time with her. Yaz I was even considering of rekindling our relationship as soon as she recovers and funny enough I believed that she would recover. I guess I was in denial that she already had a little time in this world”

I swallow a lump of pain in my throat.

“I’m so sorry mpintshi yami I know for now it doesn't make sense maybe it never will but what I know is that it will get better.”

“Thank you man”

At 4am the work begin as usual I start with my first load then take my kids to school. Omuhle is not on her stop. I call her but her phone doesn’t go through. I’m tempted to go to her house but I will be late. I call Kwanza on my way to town to make sure that she didn’t oversleep . The whole day is just a drag nje and I’m not feeling myself. When I knock off I drive to the Mbhele Residence. The mother in law says Cebi is sleeping because she’s not feeling well. I wonder what’s wrong with her and I hope it’s nothing serious. Once I’m done doing my everyday work I drive home. I need to see Omu it’s killing me not knowing how she is. Maybe I can use Kwanza for her to come out. Upon arrival at home I’m welcomed by a huge slap in the face.

“Maa what the fuck!”

I look at her while rubbing my burning cheek.

“The Mtshali’s were here with their bruised daughter and she said you are the one who hurt her!”

“Mom I didn’t mean to hurt...”

She gives me another hot clap and I groan in pain.

“You didn’t mean to hurt her? She’s a fucking child Nkosinathi!
How could you date a child you never learn!!”

“According to law she’s an adult mom”

“Yeah mama and Omu said it herself that Bhuti didn’t force himself
on her.”

“You shut the hell up I’m not talking to you! Wena you gonna go to
the Mtshali’s and apologize for what you did to their child”

“Do I have to go and apologize to her family? This is between me
and her”

“You bruised the poor child Nkosinathi and as much as you didn’t
force yourself on her but you sexually abused her!
Uyanginyanyisa!” (You disgust me!)

Mom spits and walks away leaving me feeling awful.
This is a mess I’m sure mom and Kwanza think I’m a sex monster.

Chapter Twelve

It's the next day and I have decided to cut my day short so that I can go to the Mtshali residence and apologize. I'm not even sure what will I say but if it will stop this chaos that is happening right now I will have to find the right words to say to Omu's family. Omuhle didn't go to school again today and I'm worried because it means she's badly bruised. The dog barks as I park my car in their yard. I see a head sticking out of the door to see who's the dog barking at then it disappears. I take a huge breath and step out of the car then make my way to the door. I knock and her grandmother opens the door for me.

“Greetings gogo”

“Come in”

She makes a way for me to get in and I do just that.

“Have a seat”

Gogo says. I settle on the couch just as she does so. Omu's Aunt is sitting on that single couch and throwing daggers at me. I greet once again and the grandmother is the only one that greets back.

“What are you doing here?”

The Aunt asks

“Firstly I'd like to apologize that yesterday you couldn't find me I was at work”

Omu's Aunt chuckles and looks at me

“Work? You call driving a taxi work?”

I clenched my jaw trying hard to keep my cool. I know that I messed up but that doesn't give this woman a right to undermine me.

"Gogo I..."

Omu says as she appears but stops mid sentence when she sees me. I study her and notice the bruises on her neck and wrists

"Oh um sorry I didn't know we have a visitor. I will be in my bedroom"

She says and swivel around to walk away but her grandmother stops her

"Sit down he's here because of you after all"

"But gogo I..."

Omu tries to make an excuse but her grandmother doesn't want to hear it.

"Sit down Omuhle!!"

Omuhle settles down on the couch and keep her eyes down. I'm not sure if she's ashamed or my presence makes her uncomfortable. I clear my throat and swallow spit.

"I also apologize for the way I hurt Omu. It was never my intention but I swear to God I didn't force myself on her"

"Omu didn't you stop him?"

Asks the Aunt

"Uhm I did"

"And what did he do?"

"He didn't stop"

Omu replies with her head bowed down

“I don’t understand why you say you didn’t mean to hurt my niece yet when she said stop you didn’t stop. That’s rape!”

“Aunty no he didn’t rape me!”

Omu says defensively

“Ey wena kanti what does these expensive schools teach you. No is no! If it was for me we he would be locked up in jail right now!”

I swallow hard

“I’m sorry...”

“Sorry won’t change the fact that you forced yourself on my niece!”

“I didn’t force myself on her”

I defend myself

“Did you stop when she said stop? No you didn’t so you forced yourself on her! Bloody taxi driver luring school kids and taking advantage of them.”

“That’s not...”

“How old are you?”

The grandmother asks

“I’m turning 33 this year”

“Sies! You are 15 years older than her!! Yini ontanga bayakuhlula ubona ukuthi uzotsatsela ingane stay the hell away from my niece you bloody rapist!” (..is it that you can't handle your age mates then you prey on little girls..)

“I know that she’s younger than me but I love her”

That takes Omu by surprise she looks up at me. What was I supposed to say?

“Oh please boy we both know that you just want to use her and once you are done with her you will ditch her like a used condom! Ngithi hlukana no Omuhle uhambe uyoshela ontanga uyangizwa?” (Stay the hell away from Omuhle and go to women your age do you hear me?)

The Aunts screams at the top of her voice. Cha akangizwile shame and I don't blame her but she's being extra now. The insults are not necessary. This discussion is supposed to be between me and Omu.

“Since you claim to love my granddaughter what are your intentions with her?”

I swallow hard and clear my throat. Intentions huh?

“I'm serious about her I want her to finish school first and study her desired course and get a job then I will make an honest woman out her”

Lies! Lies! Lies! But that were once my intentions about her until she cheated on me. I can't trust her anymore.

“Make an honest woman out of her with what! Uwumageza empompini uzoyithaphi imali yokushada umzukulu wami?” (You are the one that baths in a communal tap (taxi driver) where will you get money to marry my granddaughter?)

The grandmother says

I chuckle and shake my head. I have had it now.

“With all due respect gogo don't you dare call me Uimageza Empompini! Ukuthi where will I get the money to marry your granddaughter doesn't matter anymore because I change my mind. Nisaleni kahle!” (Goodbye!)

I get up and make my way to the door.

“Habe waze weyisa umfana!” (This boy is rude!)

Omu’s grandma says clapping her hands dramatically. I walk out and jump into my car and then drive off. I’m fuming with anger. They didn’t have to be that rude and I hate it when people degrade and undermine me because I’m a taxi driver. Yes fine I don’t make millions but that doesn’t mean I’m a nobody that doesn’t deserve respect. I receive a call from Omu as I’m driving home.

“Hello”

“Please wait up for me I need to talk to you”

“Okay I will park at our usual spot”

“Okay”

She hangs up. I drive to our spot and park there. A few minutes later she arrives and gets into the car.

“Hey”

“Hi”

We stay in silence for a while. I’m expecting her to go ahead first she said she needs to talk to me. I see that she’s not going to start so I break the silence

“Look Omu I’m sorry for hurting you it was never my intention at all to hurt you like that.”

“I know...”

“Did you have to involve your Aunt and Grams? This was between you and me baby”

“I’m sorry I wasn’t thinking straight and I didn’t think they would come to your house and cause this chaos. I’m sorry for the way they treated you”

“ I wish you gave me a chance to talk to you. The last thing I want is people knowing what’s happening between you and me, especially your Aunt and Gogo.”

“I’m sorry..you really scared me Nathi”

She says with a shaky voice and her tears flow down her gorgeous face. I step out of the car and go to her side and open the door then carry her to the back seat. I want to hold her in my arms and assure her that I will never hurt her like that. I jump inside after putting her in the back seat and pull her to my arms

“I know I hurt you and I apologize sthandwa sami. I was taking out all my frustrations to you and I promise it will never happen again please forgive me”

“It’s okay”

I kiss her forehead and stroke her back

“They want me to break up with you but I love you Nathi and I don’t want to lose you”

“You won’t lose me as long as you promise to keep our business to yourself. If I did something to you don’t go around and tell your Gogo and Aunt.”

I need to make it clear to her what happened is really something I can’t stand. Now my mother and little sister knows about my sex life. Then there’s her Aunt and Gogo who insulted me, I won’t stand for that shit.

“Nathi I will never do that again ngiyaxolisa” (I’m sorry)

“It’s okay sthandwa”

I pull her up and kiss her lips slowly and deeply

“Lalela ke you going to tell your Grams and Aunty that you broke up with me. We have to make them believe that you and I over so we can be together without any distractions”

“Okay I can do that. Can I ask you something?”

“Yes anything”

“You really meant what you said in there when you said you love me and you will marry me”

“Uhm ...yes baby girl”

She smiles sweetly and smashes her lips on mine, giving me a breath taking kiss.

“Did you take the morning after pills?”

“No oh my God! I don't want to be preg...”

“Relax the 72 hours period is not over. Let's go buy it now. I need to stop hitting it raw or how about on Saturday we go to the doctor and get you on some contraceptive”

“They say condoms burst I rather be safe than sorry so Saturday we will go to the doctor.”

“The bursting of the condom is a rare occurrence my love”

“Oh with that big cock of yours one can never be so sure”

I chuckle and plant a peck on her lips then we jump into the front seat. I bring the engine to life and drive to Theku Plaza since it's nearer and buy her the morning after pills. I make sure she takes them and call Kwanza to not cook. I buy pizza for us as well as for Omu then family treat bucket at KFC. Omu opts for a streetwise two. While we wait for our order we go to Shoprite where she chooses anything she wants and I also take Kwanza's goodies. I pay

for everything then we head out I notice her staring at some crop top at Mr Price as we pass by.

“You like it?”

“Huh?”

“That crop top do you like it?”

“Yeah”

She says shyly.

“Asingene siyithenge” (Let’s get inside and buy it)

“Really?”

She beams

“Yeah..come”

I take her hand and walk into Mr Price store. She takes the crop and fit it in the fitting room while I wait for her in the queue. She comes back minutes later and give it to me with a wide smile on her face. When I’m done paying we get our orders then drive back.

“Ngiyabonga sthandwa sami for everything especially that crop top. You have no idea how long I have been wanting it. Thank you!”
(Thank you my love...)

“Don’t mention it babes”

I drop her off after kissing her and drive home. Mom is also here I thought she’s at Bab Gatsheni’s house. Kwanza helps me with the boxes of pizza and the Shoprite plastic bags and go through them.

“Oh my Bhuti you bought all my favorite!”

She screams and squeezes me tightly in her arms

“Thank you so much, you are such a sweet brother yaz”

“Okay can I breath now”

She giggles and lets go

“What did you bring for me?”

Mom asks sulking

“I didn’t think you’d be here mom”

“Oh it’s like that now it’s fine yezwa”

“I’m sorry next time neh”

“Mxm”

“Stop sulking it doesn’t look cute on you mom”

Kwanza says mocking mom

“Wena angazi ngangikusaphi emhlabeni uyangibangisa manje. I’m the one who should be receiving all this love all alone” (I don’t know why did I bring you in this world...)

Kwanza and I laugh

“Mommy dearest wants his son’s love all to herself I feel sorry for your future wife Bhuti”

“Future wife kuphi la when he’s fucking school kids?”

Here we go again!

“How did it go with the Mtshali’s?”

Mom asks

“Those people are full of shit mama. I told them to go to hell”

“Nkosinathi! How can you do such a thing! You hurt their daughter and disrespected them, who does that? This is not the way your father and I raised you to be!”

“They called me names mama. That Grandma said where will I get money to marry her granddaughter ngiwu mageza e pompini. I wasn’t going to let her insult me and say nothing”

“You did great Bhuti by telling them your piece of mind. They are also not rich we know that they are eating Omu’s money and poor Omu is not aware of that. She thinks they are keeping it safe for her to go to university next year”

“Haibo Kwanele where are you getting such big news?”

Mom exclaims. I also need to know where does she get this.

“Mary the Aunt’s daughter and I go to the same school. Yheyi she's a Slay Queen, when it’s not uniform day at school sibuka yena. Her friends no longer use their pockets money she buys them lunch everyday. I thought she has a blesser phela I know her mom can’t afford all those expensive clothes the firm salary is not even enough for grocery. I was curious so I told her to hook me up with a blesser that when she told me everything.”

“Oh you want a blesser Kwanele? You want to prostitute yourself for a glamorous life? We give you everything you want you lack nothing! You are such an ungrateful child!”

Mom shouts.

“No mom you’re taking this the wrong way I just wanted her to tell me where she’s getting all the money”

“By saying she should hook up with a blesser really! If she hooked you up what were you going to do huh?”

Kwanza looks at me. No kiddo get yourself out of this on your own I’m not involving myself in this one. I understand what she’s saying

and mom is being the parent. My worry now is Omu this Aunt acts like she cares about Omu while she knows that she's squandering her money to her kids behind her back. I thought when you reach 18 years your money goes straight to you and no one has access to it. I'm not sure how am I going to let her know about this at the end of the day this is her Aunt. Sigh.

"Mom I was joking I didn't mean it"

"Joke about wanting a blesser? What kind of a joke is that huh?"

They keep going back and forth. I decide to leave them I will only avail myself when mom resort to beating her up to stop her.

Today it's a Saturday, Buhle's burial day. I feel so awful that I have been consumed with my own emotions that I forgot about the promise I made to her. I haven't seen Thula since that day Buhle died. I wonder how is she holding up. Time is 7:30am and the funeral starts at 8:30am. I'm not sure if I'm ready for today. My emotions are all over the place I hate feeling like this. I transfer money to Omu and call her.

"Baby"

"Hello sthandwa sami unjani?" (...my love how are you)

"I'm good and yourself?"

"I'm also fine...I have just transferred you money for the doctor. I won't be able to go with you remember I told you about my cousin that passed away? Today it's her funeral and I have to transport my mom and my sister there"

"Oh okay sthandwa sami I understand. I'm sorry once again about your cousin."

"Thank you baby girl. Let me take a bath"

"I love you"

“I love you too”

I hang up and sigh heavily. I hate funerals but I feel like I have to go to this one to make peace with her death. I slide out of covers and make the bed then open the curtains and windows for fresh air. The somber whistle made by wind is exacerbating the melancholy atmosphere. I take a cold shower to calm my morning wood. Im done in 45 minutes and I’m wearing a black pants, black and white striped shirt, black blazer and black loafers. Instead of roughing up my mohawk cut I comb it neatly. I spritz my cologne and take my shades, car keys and wallet and head out. I find my ladies already ready which is the first because they rarely finish in time. We exchange greetings and get into the car and then drive off in silence.

Upon arrival I pull over next to one of the cars. I have to say that it’s packed and there’s barely a space for parking. I wear my shades as we make our way into the church. I know our schoolmates are here and their eyes would be on me as they know that Buhle and I dated way back. I won’t be able to take their stares rather I hide my eyes with shades. Kwanza and I sit at the back seat while mom makes her way to the front I’m sure to sit with her man.

“Why is she going there? Its not like they are married moss”

Kwanza says and I can’t miss the annoyance in her voice.

“She want to hold his hand throughout the service”

“Haisuka uthanda ukubukwa umamakho” (Your mom is an attention seeker)

She says and I chuckle. The pastor asks us to stand and he leads a chorus then says an opening prayer. The service begins , her family, friends, university mates and colleagues share their stories about Buhle and said their last goodbyes. Thula even wrote a poem for her sister but Esethu read it aloud for her in front. It’s such a touching poem that makes almost everyone cry. Even Kwanza next to me is shedding a tear. I wipe her tears and comfort her. After the reading of the obituary we drive to the cemetery. I’m driving with Kwanza

only and mom is driving with Bab Gatsheni much to Kwanza's annoyance.

"This is not right Bhuti, they are old they can't be flaunting their relationship like they are teenagers"

"But they are not flaunting it nana, Mom just wants to be there for him"

"Haisuka Bab Gatsheni has a brother umama uyaphapha nje!"
(mom is forward!)

I don't think Kwanza has accepted this relationship. I pull over at the cemetery as other cars does so.

"Look at her semnkonkoshele uBab Gatsheni you'd swear he would run away" (...she's clinging on Bab Gatsheni...)

I look where she's pointing at and laugh. Mom is really marking her territory.

"You are laughing while your mom is embarrassing herself!"

"She's marking her territory"

I say giggling

"This is not the right time to mark her territory argh she bores me!"

We step out of the car and join others. The pastor leads a chorus as the men are preparing for Buhle's casket to descend into the ground. Seeing her casket descending into the ground evoke intense pain in my heart. I couldn't watch it anymore I excused myself and go to my car. I bury my head on my steering wheel and groan. Why did it have to be her? She was such an angel she didn't deserve to die, especially not so early! I feel a hand stroking my back and look up it's Thula. Her face is red so are her eyes, she looks horrible like she hasn't seen sleeping for days.

"I'm sorry"

“No I’m sorry”

“You also lost her just like I lost her”

“How are you holding up?”

“I feel like a part of me died with her. It hurts so bad Mr Dlomo from the depth of my heart. I don’t want this pain no more I’m tired of it! I’m tired of crying I want it all to stop!”

She burst into tears. I pull her in my arms and comfort her as she sobs painfully.

“Shhh don’t cry baby girl. I know it hurts but it will get better with time, trust me I know.”

“Why do I keep losing the people I love? First it was mama now it’s sisi , is my dad going to leave me too?”

“No sweetheart he won’t leave you at least not now. I know it’s unfair on you to keep losing your loved ones like this and I wish I had answers why all of this is happening to you but I don’t. I want you to know that you are not alone. We are all here for you, whenever you need me don’t hesitate to tell me I will come by even if it’s in the wee hours of the morning. Just shout kiddo do you hear me?”

She nods her head. I wipe her tears and hold her tightly in my arms. A while later she calms down and pulls back. She looks at my wet shirt and her eyes glints with embarrassment.

“I’m sorry for wetting your shirt with my tears and snorts”

“Argh don’t mind it baby girl”

“Are you sure your mom is your mom?”

I laugh what a question. Ever since uZalo showed us there's a possibility of switching up the babies at hospital one can't help but take such questions seriously.

“What do you mean?”

“You are so sweet and welcoming but your mom is fucking scary”

I laugh I know what she means.

“She's the typical angispetuli sgrhama (doesn't take nonsense) mother but once you get used to her she's sweet”

“Uyayidla insimbi lomama yerrr” (She never smiles)

I laugh

“Don't worry you will get use to her”

We fall into comfortable silence until she eventually breaks it.

“What was it like to date my sister?”

I look at her with a raised brow just then Kwanza jumps into the car. She looks at Thula then me and frowns.

“Hey boo I'm Kwanele my friends call me Kwa, my mom calls me Nele and this handsome brother of mine calls me Kwanza. I like his way because it's kinda unique and special I don't want anyone to call me Kwanza except him so you can choose between Nele or Kwa”

What a long introduction!

“I think I will settle for Kwanele I think it's already short. I'm Thula”

“Just Thula?”

“Yep”

“Your parents are lazy bastards girl just Thula nje”

They laugh okay I think they are going to get along and that's awesome. Mom comes to us and tells us that it's time to go to the Ndlovu residence for ukuyangasethunjin i(food). I wish I can say after we ate we left but no mommy dearest is fussing over her man.

“Gosh, what is she doing now? I have an assignment to write!”

“Usajola myeke”

Thula says giggling

“This is not the right time bathong!”

Thula and I laugh. At long last mom comes to us. She hugs Thula and gets in the car then I drive home.

“Awusaqedi nawe ukujola mama kunini sikhamisile la”

“Tell her Bhuti!”

Mom laughs

“I was just making sure he has eaten and taken his meds.”

“Meds? Is he HIV positive?”

Trust Kwanza to ask that

“No he has diabetes”

“You enjoy losing men in your life why would you date a sick man? What if he dies like daddy?”

“Kwanza!!”

“It's true Bhuti....”

“Shut the fuck up!”

I scream at the top of my voice, that was way out of line. I understand that she doesn't feel this relationship but she's being insensitive now. I thought mom would give her daughter her piece of mind but she doesn't say anything. I look at her on rear view mirror and my eyes meet her pain filled eyes glistening with tears. The silence in the car now is very loud and at that moment miss drama queen doesn't even care that she hurt mom with what she said. She's glued to her phone smiling like a retard. The moment we arrive at home mom steps out of the car and rushes inside the house.

“Did you have to say that though? That was so insensitive of you”

“But....”

“There's no but Kwanza you hurt mom's feelings with your words! You know how hard it took her to be herself again and Bab Gatsheni is one of the reasons mom is happy again.”

“ I don't want her to be the same person she was when Dad passed Bhuti. It's like she didn't care about us or anything in this world for that matter. If Bab Gatsheni dies she will crawl back to that place she was before I don't want that.”

“Who said Bab Gatsheni will die now? Kwanele diabetes is manageable. We can't deny mom happiness just because we are scared that her man will die like Daddy and she will go back to that dark world again. Baby girl people die every single day it's a fact and there's nothing we can do about it. Dad's passing should tell you that death is unpredictable, he wasn't sick but gunned down to death. Anything could happen and cause death not sickness only.”

“I'm sorry”

She says with a low voice

“You are apologizing to a wrong person young lady.”

She steps out of the car. I lower my window and tell her that I'm taking a drive she nods and walks inside as I drive off. I drive

aimlessly for hours until I find myself parked at the Mbhele residence. Time is 18:00 pm and since it's winter, it's already dark. The mother in law is the one that opens the door for me. I'm also starting to get annoyed by her visit uhamba nini kanti.

“My boy come in”

I make my way in and greet her she also greets back.

“The drivers haven't arrived yet. It's still early”

“I know gogo I came to see your daughter in law”

“What for?”

“Her husband is trying to call her on her phone but she can't reach her so he sent me here”

I hope she buys it. Just then Cebi appears looking gorgeous as always in a red tight hugging dress that compliments her light glowing skin. She's barefooted, her feet are beautiful I could eat her toes.

“Where's your phone? Moses is calling you but he can't reach you”

The mother in law says and Cebi looks at me. I give her a sign

“Oh yes uhm it's flat”

The magogo nods and gives us a space. My hands are itching to touch her right now but this woman could walk in anytime. Cebi is gawking at me biting her lips seductively.

“Tell me to change the pose when you are done ogling me”

She giggles and strides towards me.

“Gosh you look smashing Mr D”

I smile trying hard not to blush

“Thank you, can I steal a kiss?”

I whisper as I pull her to my arms

“No that witch is all over my house, she can walk in right now. Why are you here it’s still early?”

She whispers back

“I miss you”

She grins

“I miss you too.”

She holds the edges of my blazer fisting on it.

“Cook up a plan and let’s get out of here we will come back at 20:00pm”

“What would I say?”

“Uhm let me see....tell her that one of the taxi drivers is arrested for drinking and driving and the taxi is towed to the police station so we are fetching it and you will come with my car while I drive the taxi”

“Genius!”

She stands on her toes to plant a kiss on my lips and walks away. I wait for her for a few minutes then she comes back with her phone in her hand and she’s wearing sandals now.

“ she bought it?”

“Yeah lets go”

“Shall we”

I open the door for her and she walks out. I punch the air before following behind her. I open the door for her and she gets in then I jog to my side. In a second I'm driving out.

“Where are we going?”

She asks

“My crib”

“I thought you stay with your mom and sister”

“Yeah so?”

“Nah nothing”

I chuckle and turn on the music. Nomayini start playing.

“Oh no not Kwesta please”

“What's wrong with Kwesta?”

“The guy bores me”

“Wow that's a first, women are going crazy about him”

“Well I'm different and his voice makes me wanna puke”

I laugh

“Wow you are really different. This one is the best song he has ever released ”

I say and sing along

“Ngithi Jaiva ufudumale nana
Thina sobushaya kuphume ilanga ntanga
Asizanga ukuzodlala sophanta izaka
Siphusha iskhanda ngale number number

Ay lana ziyawa biza aboghata
Eish nale number biza aboghata

Ahh ziyamporoma imali iningi aii ziyamporoma
Tshela ubarman nomayini”

Isn't she the one that said Kwesta bores her? The way she's looking at me right now says the opposite.

“Patient sexy mami we will get to my house in a few minutes and you will get a chance to undress me with your hands, not with your eyes”

She gulps the air and crosses her legs together. I love the effect I have on her, I have never met a woman who desires me as much as she does. it's such a turn on! I pull off before my veranda and go open the door for her. I take her hand into mine and close the door then leads her inside. The good thing is that my house is always clean, thanks to mommy dearest and my little sister. She roams her eyes around my lounge but I cut her inspection short and devour her lips. The taste of wine in her tongue makes the kiss erotic. I scoop her up and she clamps her legs on my waist as I make my way to my bedroom.

“Hey you sexy....Oh my God Nathi!”

I hear a familiar voice and break the kiss. Omu is lying on the bed and has red roses scattered on the bed. She's wearing a red lingerie. Oh fuck not this again what is she doing here?

Chapter Thirteen

I don't know which part "don't come to my house unannounced" don't this girl understand. I thought I made it clear to her that she mustn't come here without telling me but No Miss Omuhle Mtshali chose to drag her curvy ass to my house looking all sexy in a red number but this is not the right time to ogle her with Cebi in my arms. I look both of them and my dick spasms at the thought of having threesome. I have never had sex with more than one girl at the same time it has always been my fantasy. I can imagine the yellow curvaceous sexy mami vs the chocolate little mama damn that would be epic!

"Who is this?"

Cebi snaps me out of my fantasy as she wiggles herself down to the floor.

"Nathi how could you do this to me?"

Omu says with a breaking voice as tears filled her eyes.

"What are you doing here Omuhle?"

"I wanted to surprise you but clearly you had other plans"

Omu says as tears cascade down her face.

"Didn't I tell you to not come in my house unannounced?"

"You know what I don't have time for this I'm leaving."

Cebi says and walks away but I follow her.

"Cebi don't go please"

“I knew coming with you was a mistake the moment you mentioned that we are coming to your home while you live with your sister and mom but this Nathi? I didn’t expect this I’m out of here!”

People need to understand that not all of us want to move out of our parents house and that doesn’t make us sissies or less of human beings. It doesn’t mean we are scared of independency and we lack backbone. Independence starts within your mind set. I’m 32 years old and I stay in my parents house and I have no plans of moving out any time soon. The pressure people put themselves in is really unnecessary. Why move out of home and go rent a 8k apartment per month in the name of trying to prove that you are independent and what’s not. I grab her hand as she walks away

“Nathi leave me alone!”

“Come on Cebi just stay please”

“Stay and do what Nathi huh join your little fuck girl?”

“It’s not a bad idea is it?”

I smirk her eyes glints with anger, she slaps me so hard on my face. I freeze as I take in that this woman just slapped me. By the time I snap out of it she’s already on the door with my car keys in her hand. I can’t believe that she just laid her hand on me. Who the fuck does she think she is? nx! I make my way back to the bedroom and find Omu getting dressed.

“Baby don’t go”

I hold her but she yanks me away.

“Get the fuck away from me Nkosinathi! Now you want me because your woman refused to have threesome really Nkosinathi is that what you see in me?”

“Don’t raise your voice at me!”

“Is that all you care about right now me raising your voice at you? I caught you cheating on me Nathi! You promised that you would never leave me”

“I’m sorry you saw that baby you weren’t supposed to see it. I’m not leaving you”

“How old is she?”

“Baby”

I caress her boobs that are tucked lusciously in her red number

“How old is she Nathi?”

“Let’s forget about her sthandwa sami. I don’t love her I love you.”

I kiss her neck and she pushes me away

“You were going to fuck her Nathi if you didn’t find me here. Do you know how does that make me feel?”

Tears are falling down her face I wipe them with my thumbs

“I’m sorry my baby I won’t lie I was going to fuck her but it was just going to be sex. I just wanted to take out my frustration on her the funeral made me miss my dad. I didn’t want to hurt you again baby please forgive me”

“Are you guys dating?”

“No I met her today at Village. I went there to have some drinks. I’m sorry sweetheart”

“You are lying Nathi she left with your car! I heard it driving away after she walked out”

“No baby it was her car we came with her car here. Mina I was driving with one of my cousins, I left them at the Village and came back with Cebi here with her car. Please believe me sthandwa sami”

She looks at me in the eyes and she seems to be believing my lies.

“But it doesn’t hurt any less that you wanted to fuck her Nathi”

She sits on the bed and covers her face with her hands. I kneel in front of her and rest my hands on her hips

“I know sweetheart and I’m sorry. I just wanted to take out my frustration on her, I was going to tore her pussy apart and let her go. I couldn’t allow that to be you again hence I took her instead. I don’t care about her I care about you”

She removes her hands on her face and looks at me with glistening eyes.

“Why?”

“Huh?”

“Why do you become like that when you are frustrated?”

“Why do you cry when you are hurt?”

“It’s not the same Nathi”

“I know baby what I’m trying to say is I don’t know okay. It’s just happens”

“There’s no other way you can release your anger and pain except brutal sex”

“Why are we talking about this ve? I said I’m sorry and I will never hurt you. That what’s important”

“But you go outside and look for a woman to release your pain and anger that is still hurting me Nathi”

“Ufuna ngenzeni ke wuwe moss ovele watheleka la ubungeke uyibone yonke lento!” (What do you want me to do you are the one who came here unannounced you wouldn't have seen all of that!)

I sigh heavily

“I'm sorry I didn't mean to snap. I'm sorry okay”

“It's okay”

“You forgive me?”

“Yes”

I smile and kiss her nose

“This red number looks good on you little mama. I'm sorry the surprise turned out to be a disaster”

I don't wait for her to reply but press my lips on her. I squeeze her boobs causing her to moan in my mouth. The kiss is getting heated I don't know how but I find myself on top of her and my waist locked between her legs. I broke the kiss and look at her in the eyes.

“Don't stop Nathi I know that you are scared you will hurt me it's okay. I love you with all your flaws and imperfections. Take all your frustrations on me I'm here for you”

I feel my heart shattering into pieces as it hit me hard that what I feel for her would never amount to the love she has for me. Oh Isiah ngizosithola lesono ezulwini (My sins will catch up with me in heaven)

“You know what let's just cuddle today”

“But...”

“Shhh it's okay baby girl”

I plant a peck on her lips and get up from her then undress. Once I'm left with my boxer I slide into bed next to her. She has a bowl of snacks and two glasses of champagne.

"This is sweet"

"I know"

I poke her nose and she giggles. I take my glass of champagne and dig on the snacks. I have to admit this could have been beautiful only if things didn't turn out the way they did. I have never had someone do this for me, well after all they were just fuck girls who pretended to be girlfriends.

"Baby?"

"Yes my love"

"How is your relationship with your Aunt"

"It's good she's like my second mom why?"

She shoves a handful of snacks in her mouth and chews. This is going to be hard.

"Ah nothing...where are you going to study next year?"

"University Of Johannesburg"

"I'm going to miss you"

"I'm going to miss you too sthandwa sami but I will visit"

"When are the applications of NSFAS and UJ starts?"

"Uj starts in August. I don't know about NSFAS I won't be using it I'm going to pay for my studies"

"Wow you are monied mos little mama."

“Not really it’s my inheritance. It’s a lot of money though that will cover up my whole degree and I think of getting myself a second hand car nyana. Yes you will teach me how to drive then I will get my driver’s license what do you say sthandwa sami?”

“How much do you have kanti?”

“The RAF paid 600k and Pension fund is 150k”

An 18 year old is 750k rich almost 1 million moss! To think at the age of 18 the highest amount I ever had was 5k and that was when I was buying clothes nakhona in December. Yes my folks used to buy us clothes once a year and that was in December. You can call them Christmas clothes. The pressure was too much though because Khaya and Sabelo were born with silver spoons in their mouths. To them shopping day was everyday as long as they wanted new jeans or sneakers their parents bought them while I on the other hand, had to wait till December. By that time some other clothes and sneakers I wanted would be already old fashion.

I’m a sucker for clothes especially labels I would rather own 2 Fabiano jeans instead of 5 Exact label jeans. This is one thing My Dad and I used to fight about he used to complain every time I came back home with just one label jean, two label t-shirts and sneakers. He believed in covering yourself just to hide your body. Yes there’s a difference between covering your body to hide your nakedness and wearing clothes. See this motivates me to work hard for my children and build a legacy for them so that when I close my eyes forever I’d know that their future is secured like Omu’s.

“Wow baby that’s a lot of money yes I can teach you how to drive.”

“Thank you baby! I have to talk to my Aunt and let her know”

“Haibo baby your Aunt is not supposed to know about us”

“Relax will you”

She plants a peck on my lips

“Yaz baby I have something to tell you but I’m not sure if I should”

She looks at me and worry flashes through her eyes

“Uhm eish”

“Talk to me please”

“Where’s your money?”

“In my bank but the card is with my Aunt she’s keeping it safe for me”

“Does she ever give you some for things you need like data, stationery, hair, toiletries?”

“She doesn’t give me money but every month we do go to town and she buys me everything I need and pays for my hair”

“What about pocket money?”

“No I carry lunch box nje”

“Lunch box only?”

“Yes”

Now it’s explains why she has gold diggers tendencies, her Aunt never gives her money not even pocket money. What kind of nonsense is this?

“Haibo what are you? A five year old? Why doesn't she give you pocket money?”

“She says I have to save I can’t spend it on useless things”

“Oh while her daughter is buying lunch for the whole school”

“What are you on about Nathi?”

“Nothing”

“Baby come on”

“Look Omuhle she’s your Aunt I don’t want to feel like I’m bad mouthing her but take your card that’s your money and you are old enough to keep it safe otherwise by the time you go to school you will be left with nothing”

“But she said they said as my guardian she must keep it safe for me”

“You are 18 which means you are an adult and you can make your own decisions and take care of your finances. The law doesn’t regard you as a minor”

“Okay baby I hear you”

We continue and talk about anything while having our snacks and champagne. By 8pm Omu has fallen asleep and I have to go to Mbhele residence. I’m so not looking forward to seeing Cebi but work is work. I gently place her on the bed and cover her with blankets then slide out of bed. I slip into jogger pants and a sweater then put on my sneakers. Since Cebi took the car I use the taxi.

I pass her like I don’t see her after she opens the door for me. Ungijwayela kabi uCebisile, how could she slap me she has zero respect! It’s funny that if I was the one who slapped her I would be locked up now. The drivers get in just after I have I have sat down. We exchange greetings, they seem happy that tomorrow they are not working. Yes tomorrow is Sunday and it’s their first day off. Shit I forgot to tell bra Mos about this my mind have been very occupied this week.

“So vele kusasa asispani Mnesh” (So tomorrow we are not working)

Thiza asks

“Yebo kunjalo nododa” (Yes man that correct)

They scream cheerfully and whistle.

“Ta Mnesh for giving us a day off. It shows that you care about us. You are a good boss!”

“Sisonke gents”

They give me the money then bid farewell. I do my usual work and call Bra Mos.

“Hello”

“Hi Bra Mos”

“how are you?”

“I’m good Sir and yourself”

“I’m also fine my boy...everything is alright?”

“Yes everything is okay. I have something that I want to run pass you..”

“Okay I’m listening”

I take a breath and cross my fingers.

“The drivers are working 16 hours everyday. They hardly have time to spend with their families. Life is too short Bra Mos we have to ensure that we spend as much time as we can with our families. There are also personal things that they want to do but hardly get time because they are always on the road and the pressure is too much. How about we give them a day off on Sundays because they are not busy days as other days? Most people are relaxing in the comfort of their homes on Sundays”

“That will cost me Nkosinathi. If they get a day off my income will decrease”

“Not when we add R500 on the R1000 they make per day. Which means each driver in 6 days will make R9000. You will gain R2000 more from each driver.”

“What about the salary increase?”

“You can give them 10% increase of their salary”

“And that is?”

“R200”

“Per week?”

“No per month, per week it’s R50”

“When are we starting it?”

“Does that mean you agree?”

“Yes this is a brilliant plan my boy! I knew when I chose you I’m doing the right thing.”

Yess! I punch the air

“Thank you bra mos for believing in me. Tomorrow is their first day off.”

“You are a genius my boy you are going far and I’m sure your father is proud of you wherever he is”

Guilt slices my heart into two pieces. This man is so nice to me why am I betraying him like this?

“Thank you so much sir. I have to go now have a peaceful sleep”

“You too my boy”

I hang up and sigh.

“Was that my husband?”

I don't respond to her but finish up with my job. She makes her way in and sits on my desk as usual.

“Nathi...”

“What Cebisile huh? Can't you see I'm working here?”

“Don't you dare shout at me!”

“Oh and you can slap me?”

“You were disrespecting me!”

I get up from the chair and walk around. This woman is making me angry.

“That gives you a right to slap me? If it was the other way around you would have ran to the police station and reported me isn't it?”

“Look I'm sorry for slapping you I wasn't supposed to do so”

“Damn right you weren't! I'm not your fucking child you have no right to put your hands on me!”

“I'm sorry once again but you insulted me by suggesting 3 some!”

“I was joking Cebisile obviously you couldn't see that because you didn't see it as a good idea since I still live with my mom and sis”

She doesn't say anything. I knew it!

“I see you are missing something let me remind you Mrs Mbhele you and I are just fucking, where do I stay and with who got nothing to do with our fucking. Stay the fuck away from anything else and stick to feeding my penis!”

“I won't share a penis with a child!”

“Suit yourself!”

“She’s just a child Nkosinathi you should be ashamed of yourself!”

“Says the person that is married to a man old enough to be her father”

She gulps the air and touches her chest as if it’s in pain. I take my phone and keys and walk out. This fuckingship was going okay until she saw a need to throw a shade about me still living in my parents house and laying her hands on me.

Chapter *Fourteen*

Hehe uNathi uyadelela shame “You and I are just fucking where I stay and with who got nothing to do with our fucking. Stay the fuck away from anything else and stick to feeding my penis!” Uthi I should stick to feeding his penis shuuuu I’m just his penis feeder! Yacoshwaphi na lendoda huh? See the thing with Nathi is that he doesn’t strike as a taxi driver even his behavior doesn’t tell that he’s a taxi driver. I know this because I have a thing for taxi drivers. I have dated 2 before Moses who captured my heart forever.

The taxi drivers behave the same and they even walk the same but Nathi has that signature walk. His aura is permeating and attractive. In your life of riding taxis how many taxi drivers have you ever met that smelled wonderful? I’m sure they are not above 5. That’s just them as long as they are clean and not smelling unpleasant everything is okay with them. Well I’m not talking about those who conform to stereotypes. I’m talking about those who use a sunlight bar soap when they bath , Sadie or Shield under their armpits and Vaseline or Dawn for men to lotion their bodies no deodorant spray or cologne no nothing. Then there’s Nathi who is one of the five that smells so damn good, his scent is intoxicatingly masculine.

He’s the kind of a man that fits every woman’s preference or choice, tall dark and hot. Everything is so perfect about him except the toothpick that is always in his mouth. The way he talks about his mama and sister every now and then you can’t help but sense a mama’s boy vibes and I concluded that the reason he still stay in his parent's house is because of that. When he said he’s taking me to his home I couldn’t help but think of his mama walking in on us fucking or his little sister. Gosh the excitement and the longing I had for his dick vanished. The last thing I expected was finding one of his fuck girls in his bedroom. Thinking about it now makes me mad but I have to admit she’s so beautiful and young very young in a way that

doesn't sit well with me but who am I to judge? Isn't that what he said.

Being questioned or rather should I say judged for marrying a man 20 years older than me is something that I have got used to. It doesn't bother me not even a little bit, well at first it did but not anymore. People think I married him for his money but it's not true. When we dated he was just a taxi driver we all know that taxi drivers doesn't earn much. Despite the fact that my mom's husband and I didn't get along he provided for us. I lacked nothing and went to the best schools so it was never about money but genuine love. I even chose him over my stepdad and his wife and kids. It was never an easy decision and they say what doesn't kill you makes you stronger, so here I am today with my Moses.

“What was that all the noise about?”

My mother in law snaps me out of my trance. I don't even know when she got inside my husband's office.

“Nothing mother”

“That boy left fuming with anger and I heard you two screaming at each other from my bedroom”

“I said it's nothing mom”

I get up from the desk and walk passed her.

“Let the boy do his job in peace. Moses chose him because he trusts him stop interfering”

This witch doesn't even know what we were fighting about but she's taking his side. If I thought this woman doesn't like me that was just an understatement she hates me. I walk out and head straight to my bedroom. A cold shower always calms me down so I unclote and jump into shower. After a long well deserved shower I lotion my body and throw a robe on my naked body and slide into push ins. I take my phone on the bed and go to my study room to mark the learners assignments. 3 hours later I decide to stop as my back

aches and this takes me back the day Nathi massaged me. I chuckle as I take my phone and call him but his phone goes straight to voicemail. I wonder why he doesn't have WhatsApp let me try to search him on Facebook. I don't find him so I search his little sister though I doubt I will find her. These 2000 babes have unreadable names on Facebook abo Dhat (That) Chick Anerleh (Anele) McKzeeeh (Mkhize) uvele ubona nje ukuthi this is a triple zero babe some even say cheek instead of chick it's a disaster I tell you.

Luckily she's just Kwanele Dlomo and her bio is written like this:•Betty 🙌

•Nkosinathi 👑

•They are my 🌍

I really don't know what to write on my bio and every time I read people's bios I get more confused about what to write there. I think Betty is her mom and Nkosinathi is her brother obviously but with these kids you might never know maybe this is it just a disguise. Betty could be the best friend the one every parent warns their children not to befriend then Nkosinathi could be her boyfriend. You know when you have your aunts and uncles as your friends on Facebook you have to be careful what you post. Maybe that's the situation here but Nathi have never talked about aunts and uncles. Her bio is sweet if you are not over analyzing it just like I did.

I wish I had a sibling who can write me on her or his bio too. It's sweet and beautiful but hey that's just wishful thinking, my sister didn't respond to me and I have been checking for her response the whole week but I received none it hurt deep in my heart even though I anticipated it. I envy the relationship Nathi has with his little sister you can tell by their pics that they are so close. I like this one where Nathi is piggybacking Kwanele and they were laughing at what's only known by them. It reminds me of my siblings, they used to fight about who I was going to piggyback first. Khehla didn't even care that Zanothando was younger than him when it came to my piggyback rides. To them it was just an exhilarating game oblivious to the fact that I was trying to distract them. Sigh. I think its better I go to sleep now I don't want to visit memory lane.

Sunday morning I decided to be a good daughter in law and prepare a feast for my mother in law. She's leaving tomorrow and I can't

wait. It's been an hour now since I have been up. While my pots are cooking I dish up sour soft porridge for her. She likes it with tartaric and I like it with peanut butter but today it's about her. I place the sugar and her bowl of her soft porridge in the tray with a spoon then make my way to her bedroom.

“Kokoko”

“Come in”

I open the door and get in with a wild smile on my face.

“Morning mama.”

“Morning”

She says sitting on her butt.

“I made you soft porridge it has tartaric just the way you like it”

She smiles and takes the tray

“Thank you koti”

“How did you sleep?”

I ask

“I slept well koti”

She says pouring the sugar on her soft porridge and stirs

“Wena ulale njani makoti?” (How did you sleep?)

“I slept well mama. Enjoy your breakfast”

“Thank you”

She tastes her soft porridge and nods her head in approval

“You are not scared I will poison you?”

She laughs

“I know you are not a cruel person Cebisile. Even if Satan can tempt to but your good heart won't let you to do it.”

Hence you are abusing my kindness! I nod my head and go back to my kitchen to continue with my pots. I'm preparing your typical seven colors she's old fashioned and believe that a real feast is seven colours food. 11am I'm done with my cooking, the desert will be chocolate cake . My phone rings I feel my bean doing a mini dance when I see a screen flashing Nathi

“Dinangwe”

“Hello I found missed calls from this number who am I speaking to?”

Don't tell me he doesn't have my number or he's still mad and he's trying to act like he doesn't know it's me well that would be totally childish.

“It's Cebi”

“Oh”

You know that cold “Oh” that says I don't want to talk to you just leave me alone.

“I'm sorry about last night I hate it when we are fighting.”

“It's okay I have to go”

Beep! He hangs up me. Gosh Nathi uyathanda ukuncengwa kodwa. Can't we just get over a fight without him having to sulk ay we are wasting time with these silly fights my husband will be back soon. At 12pm I set up the table and call my mother in law.

“This is nice, what have I done to deserve this? ”

She says as she sits down. I dish up for her and give her plate then dish up for myself

“I just want to thank you mama”

She laughs loudly

“Oh come on I know that you can’t wait for me to go. Don’t worry it’s only a few hours and I will be out of your hair”

“No honestly mama. Thank you for your help, I really hope that now I will be able to give your son an heir”

“I was doing my job my child. I hope so too”

She smiles faintly and I can’t help but notice a glint of sadness in her eyes and it worries me. I sit down too and we eat over a chat like the old times when I was his favorite daughter in law.

I check the time on my wrist watch it’s 07:00am I’m going to be late to school on a Monday can you imagine?. It’s the next day I’m driving to town to drop off my mother in law at the taxi rank.

“I know that I haven’t been treating you well and I have been very unfair towards you about the baby. I want you to know that I’m sorry my child. The love you have for my son is beyond measure, you are a good wife to my son. You don’t want your husband to be humiliated and shamed for failing to impregnate you rather you be the one who take all the derogatory remarks for not being able to give him an heir and for that I admire you my child”

My heart skips a beat how did she know?

“Ma I don’t know what you are talking about”

I say in a not convincing tone.

“You know exactly what I’m talking about my child. Moses is infertile and you know about that”

“How did you found out?”

My voice is shaking and my heart is thumping hard against my chest.

“I knew you meant something when you said how come that he never had a child in his life at his age. Moses was a ladies man you are the one who tamed him”

I swallow a lump in my throat that seems to clog my throat and tears are threatening my eyes

“I’m scared he will resort to cheating only to find out he’s the one that is infertile. I don’t want him to feel like he’s less of a man and failure at the same time I can’t keep this forever. There has to be something that I should do but I don’t know what mama? Cele ungitshela ukuthi ngenze njani?” (Please tell me what should I do)

“Oh mtanami I know this is hard for you but there’s something that had to be done one way or the other”

“Tell me something I don’t know”

She heaves a sigh

“There’s a traditional way you can fulfill Moses wish”

“And that is?”

I ask looking at her in anticipation

“You know in ancient times if a man couldn't have children his brother usually help him by impregnating the wife....”

I cut her short no she’s not saying what I think she’s saying

“Mom you want me to cheat on my husband with one of his brothers?”

“Cheating is a bad word to use my makoti. It’s not cheating but it’s tradition”

My mother in law says calmly as if we are shooting an Imbewu:The Seed scene. I’m playing MaZulu and she’s playing MaNdlovu.

“No no no mama I’m not going to sleep with my husband’s brother that’s a huge betrayal”

“You overthinking this makoti it’s not cheating but it’s tradition....”

“Mama no!”

I retort

“Then you have no choice but to tell him the truth”

“I can’t do that too mama it will break him apart”

“Exactly. Imagine how happy he would be and you are not doing this for him only but for yourself as well. This could be your only chance to be a mother. Think about it my child”

“Not that I agree to this mama but I don’t see any of his brothers agreeing to this. Jobe and Timothy are married then Mathew is in a serious relationship.”

Lack of creativity is on another level on this woman all of her children names are from the Bible even the last born who’s the only daughter is Eve.

“Don’t worry about that, leave it to me. I know this is hard for you so take your time and think about it”

The rest of the drive is silent and the only sound I could hear was the one made by my reeling thoughts in my mind. It’s hypocritical of me to refuse to cheat when I’m already cheating on my husband.

There's no difference except that this will be for his beneficial. I want so bad to be a mother but I don't want my husband's brother's child I rather have Nathi's child It's insane I know. Sigh!. I arrive at the rank and help her with her bags then take her to Nquthu taxis. I can't remember the last time I was here but I like that I still get the same recognition.

“Ndlovukazi how are you? ”

“I'm fine Mzest, what about you? ”

“I'm also fine where are you and magogo going?”

“It's my mother in law that is going to Nquthu not me”

“Oh is this Bra Mos's mother?”

“Yes”

“Ntombi endala unjani kodwa?” (Old lady how are you)

“I'm fine my child and you?”

“I'm fine too gogo. Let me help you guys with these bags”

He takes the bags and lead us to the taxi. My mother in law gets in and settle down while Mzest loads her bags carefully.

“Uhambe kahle mama” (Travel safe mom)

“Thanks my child. I will call you when I arrive”

“Okay send my regards to Eve and others”

She nods I wave at her for once more and go to my car after thanking Mzest. I hop in my car and drive to work I'm already late and the traffic is a nightmare. The good thing is it's Monday, which means it's assembly day. We have assembly on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. I arrive after assembly and go straight to the first class. I

don't see how the day goes by as my mind keeps drifting away every single second until it ends.

I kick my heels off the moment I enter my house and place my handbag and car keys on the counter. I take my wine from the fridge and the glass in the cupboard before trudging to the living room. I sit down and pour myself a glass and gulp it all down down then pour another one. If someone told me this is how hard marriage is I would have reconsidered it. I don't know when I fell asleep but I'm woken up by Nathi's scent hovering me. I open my eyes and look at him as he's crouching before me

“Hhaaa ulala ngathi ufile bo!” (You sleep like you are dead!)

He removes my wig on my face and tugs it behind my ear. That gesture alone sends shivers down my spine. I smile faintly and he returns the smile before getting up from the floor. I get up too and sit on my butt.

“You were having a party here without me?”

He says settling next to me and drapes his arm around my shoulder while he crosses his legs on the other. His scent is calming and intoxicating I involuntarily lean closer to him.

“I had two glasses nothing much”

“You good?”

“Yeah wena?”

“I'm also fine.”

“What time is it now?”

He twitches his wrist and glances at his Police wristwatch. I wonder how does he provide for his mom and sister while managing to keep his costly clothing style.

“It's 20:15pm”

It's late but at least I still have yesterday leftovers. He excused himself when the drivers arrived. I get up and go to the kitchen to warm up yesterday's leftovers, I'm famished even my stomach is making funny noises. While my food is warming up I browse through my handbag and retrieve my phone. I have 10 missed calls 5 from my husband, 3 from the mother in law and 2 from Liyana my friend. I return to my husband's call first.

"Dali wami I have been trying to call you"

"I was sleeping Mphemba I'm really sorry"

"Okay, how are you?"

"I'm fine and yourself?"

"I'm fine now that I'm hearing your voice. I miss you ngilozi yami ehle"

Oh when he calls me that he always leaves me vermillion due to blushing.

"I miss you too my love"

I say taking my food from the microwave then walk to the living room.

"Mom told you that you listened to her. Thank you sthandwa sami. I know that I was wrong for not talking to you first about this before telling her to go to the sangoma"

I walk to the living room and settle down then eat.

"Yes you should have told me but it's fine sthandwa sami."

We continue and chat for almost half an hour then he hangs up after telling me how much he loves him. The way he said that makes me feel awful for cheating on him, maybe the only way I can ease my conscience is to give him the heir he wants. I call my mother in law.

“Koti”

“Mama how are you?”

“I’m fine my child I was calling to let you know I had a great journey”

“Oh that’s wonderful mama”

“Next time you must wait until Generations and uZalo are over before calling”

I laugh

“Sorry for disturbing you”

“Bye. Don’t forget to think about what we talked about”

She hangs up. I sigh I won’t say I’m surprised that this woman wants me to do this. I toss my phone away and dig in. Nathi joins me after a while and settles next to me

“The drivers sebehambile?” (...have left?)

“Yes”

He takes my drumstick but I slap his hand

“You must ask Mr!”

He laughs and takes it again I let him be this time.

“Where’s mine? Ths is delicious”

He says after taking my spoon digging in and shoves five spoons seamlessly before chewing. I look at him shocked and scared for him that he will choke. Guess what? He swallows without any hassle. He must have a big throat moss!

“Stop looking at me like that and go dish up your plate coz I’m finishing this”

He takes my plate and places it on his lap then digs in.

“You are such a bully you know that?”

“Wena udla kanjani wedwa ekubeni wazi unomuntu lay’ndlini”
(How do you eat alone while knowing you have someone in the house)

“I’m your penis feeder only remember?”

He laughs oh he finds this funny!

“Yaz uyadelela kodwa Nathi” (You are rude Nathi)

“I’m not rude I just don’t deal well with judgmental people”

“I didn’t judge you!”

I retort

“Oh really? So what did the comment about me living with my mom and sister meant?”

“Uhm...you are taking this the wrong way Nathi. I was just worried that they could walk in on us”

“Because I don’t have my space and privacy mhh?”

“No I..umh”

I stutter I don’t know what to say.

“Yabona mina Cebisile I don’t live my life the way society expects me to live it. I live my life by own rules and principles. Ukuthi it’s a turn off to you that I still live in my parents house I don’t give a shit

but please don't make a huge mistake by thinking that me staying in my parents house is a lack of backbone and fear of independence."

I swallow hard and nod my head then head to the kitchen to make myself a sandwich and tea since he's eating my food. I join him and we eat in silence.

"Upheka kamnandi mami" (Your food is delicious)

He says placing a plate on the coffee table that has chewed bones.

"Thank you"

He pours himself my wine and gulp it down then places the glass back.

"Khuluma nami" (Talk to me)

I look up at him and my eyes meet his intense gaze

"Huh?"

"Tell me what is that has your mind occupied and troubling you"

How did he know? Is it that obvious? or he can read through me deeply? I sigh heavily he caresses my cheek giving me the 'It's okay you can trust me' look.

"It's hard Nathi...."

I continue and tell him everything not even leaving a single detail. His eyes are filled with deep empathy.

"Tjo mami this..is hectic!"

"I don't know what to do Nathi. I love my husband so much and this will break him beyond comprehension"

"Eish that's true, so does this mean you will do what your mother in law says?"

“No! I don’t want to but I also don’t want him to know that he can’t have children. This is fucked up!”

“It’s really a fucked up situation I’m sorry that there’s nothing I can do to help you.”

“Tell me what I should do?”

“I can’t tell you that Cebi, you are the one who has to make a decision for yourself but I can tell you how I feel about this whole thing. Yabona mina I’d prefer my wife to tell me the truth and take it raw and heart wrenching as it is than finding out later that she slept with my brother. It’s not her fault that I can’t have children, why she should be the one to make ends meet, ensuring that she gives me an heir that I can’t conceive that’s unfair. What happens to for better for worse? We are in this together, why not deal with it together? Who knows maybe there might be a solution to this. Science is very advanced nowadays and if science still fails to come through for us there are many children out there who need proper families.”

Wow I wish to meet the woman that gave birth to this man and shake her hand for raising such an amazing man. I can’t help but let my tears fall as I envy the woman that will marry him. How I wish Moses can approach this situation like Nathi but that's a wishful thought. He takes my plate and a cup of tea and places them on the coffee then envelopes me in his arms. I sink in his embrace sniffing his intoxicating scent. His voice sends shivers down my spine as he whispers in my ear telling me that it’s going to be okay. He pulls me back and cups my face staring deep into my tears eyes.

“Thula musa ukukhala mami kuzophola yezwa” (Don't cry it's going to be okay mami)

He wipes my tears and plants a peck on my lips.

“I don’t want a baby kiss I want more, I need more, I don’t want to feel anything except you please ravish my whole body Mr D”

He leans closer my breath quickens as I feel his breath caressing my face. I look up at his eyes filled with lust as he travels his eyes from my eyes to my lips. His thumb runs on my lips as he takes a deep breath. I grab the back of his neck and smash my lips on his and we kiss. Our mouths fuse together with passion creating warmth that spreads throughout my whole body. His hands finds my breast and squeezes it, I moan softly in his mouth and pull him closer to myself. I need to feel each and every inch of him. I feel his fingertips caressing my waist as he frantically pushes up my blouse and takes it off.

He buries his head on my cleavage and shakes his head vigorously as he growls then pulls his head back and takes off my skirt. I'm left in my maroon matching lace underwear only. The greed in his eyes ignite fire between my legs. I yearn for the feel of his flesh against mine. He kisses me while unclasping my bra my boobs tumble out enjoying the feel of being free after a long day tucked in a bra as he takes off my bra. He licks his lips at the sight of my breast before taking them into his warm palms and caresses them. I moan softly running my nails through his hair as his mouth finds my sensitive nipple. My body cries out for him as he alternates to slapping, pinching and sucking my tits.

“Nathiii”

I mumble under my heavy breath.

“Yes mami”

“Pleaseeee”

I beg with need

“Let me ravish not only your body but your soul as well mami”

He says with a deep husky voice and pushes me gently making me to lie with by back on the sofa then kisses his way down south. He spreads my legs wild and sniffs my pussy before biting it over my panties a whimper escapes my lips. He takes off my panties and buries his head between my legs forcing his tongue between my wet

folds and pushes into my slit lapping all my juices. I moan louder and louder gripping on his head as I feel my orgasm building up but he stops and leans over to kiss me on my lips. The taste of my juices in his tongue together with the smell of my pussy on his mouth sends me over the edge. He pulls up his Quicksilver t-shirt on the back of his neck and takes it off. I salivate at the sight of his upper body he has a perfect structured body with lean muscles. He takes off his jogger pants together with his briefs and his hard rod springs up dripping pre cum. He positions himself between my legs I grab his hard cock and slide it up and down between my wet folds. The slippery sounds sends both of us to the edge as we moan loudly.

“Lifake baby please” (Put in..)

I feel the head of his dick pushing firmly into my hole, and gulp the air jerking my head up. I can never get used to the size of his dick. It's huge probably 8 if not nine inches. My husband is 6,5 inches which is a normal size of the dick not this horse cock but I love it. He thrusts in pushing his dick into the hilt making me squirm.

“Open your eyes mami. I want to look at you when I fuck you”

He lays on top of me and the feel of his weight and warm skin against mine sends a jolt of electricity to my body. I lazily open my eyes and they meet his red half hooded eyes. He thrusts in and out of me his eyes locked on mine with each thrust I can feel him deeper and deeper. Today he's not fucking me but making love to me. His thrusts are slow yet deep I wrap my legs around his waist pulling him even more deeper. I moan louder as I feel his balls grow tight against my butt cheeks. His animalistic growls and my screams echoed in my living room. Oh God he's filling me so good reaching the depth of my heart and soul. Tears fall freely on the sides of my face and his eyes glints with worry in an instant.

“Am I hurting you?”

“No you are soooo good please don't stop my sexy beast”

He makes several intense thrusts and withdraws his dick from my pussy and makes me kneel on the couch leaning my front body on

the back of the couch for support as he kneels behind me arching my back a bit. He spanks my butt with his dick before ramming into me.

“Ohhh my baby! Yessss!”

Each stroke is driving me crazy and sending me to cloud nine. I don't know what to do with myself it's beyond exhilarating!

“Ohh mami! Your pussy is good!!”

“You make me feel good my sexy beast ohh my goodness!!”

I feel his finger rubbing on my asshole and tense up a bit. I hear him spitting on my asshole and rubs it with his finger and inserts it I jump up in fear.

“What are you doing?”

“Relax”

“I'm scared of anus penetration no matter how little the finger is”

I confess

“Okay”

He says and pulls out then I feel his warm breath on pussy and moan as he eats my pussy like it's his last meal, eating away my fear. I'm a moaning mess and my orgasm is approaching. He replaces his mouth with his dick pumping into me. Our bodies are moving back and forth lusciously and the feel of his balls slapping my inner thighs is driving me insane. I feel his finger rubbing on my anus again.

“Trust me if it hurts tell me I will stop okay”

I nodded hesitantly. He spits on my asshole again and rubs it before inserting his finger. I jerk up but he holds me in place while keeping the momentum of his thrusts. I feel his dick growing harder and

swelling inside of me as an unfamiliar sheer of ecstasy in my anus and pussy spreads all over my body.

“OoOh I’m cumming baby yess!”

“Right after you mami! Oh shit!”

Our bodies goes rigid as a wave of pleasure hit us hard. See that was an amazing orgasm I ever had in life.

“Hey, are you okay?”

He asks I don’t even realize that he had pulled out of me. I’m still dizzy from that mind blowing orgasm and my whole body is still shivering.

“Yes I’m fine”

I say and turn around to face him before kissing him

“Did I hurt you?”

“No that was an mind blowing orgasm ever in my whole life”

He smiles widely and kisses me with so much passion.

“Don’t go please spend the night here”

“Mami...”

I caress his face with my fingertips looking at him with pleading eyes

“Pretty please”

“Okay”

My bean does a flip back.

“Thank you”

I feel a wave of joy and peace in his arms as we cuddle up on my bed.

Chapter Fifteen

Nothing is more annoying than a ringing phone disturbing you in your peaceful sleep. I groan furiously as it persist on ringing and fiddle my hand on the bedside table. I take it and open my one eye to answer it.

“Elo”

I say groggily

“Mami”

His deep voice says on the other side of the line.

“Hey”

“Don’t tell me you are still sleeping”

“Yes I’m sleeping not all of us are broomstick night riders Nathi”

He laughs out loud

“So I’m a broomstick night rider now?”

“Yes It’s the only explanation why you are up at this time of the night”

“Babe it’s 12pm now”

Huh? I remove my phone from the ear and look at my phone screen. Wow it’s really 12:01pm now. I slept that long.

“Wow”

“What were you doing the whole night Cebisile?”

He asks with an accusatory tone

“Mr are you accusing me of something?”

“Don’t reply to a question with a question Cebisile”

Every time she calls me with my full name I just know he’s serious.

“I was marking Nathi remember I told you my learners are writing exams”

“Oh okay kuncono ke manjalo” (... that’s okay then)

Wait was that jealousy? I can’t help a smile that breaks across my face at the thought.

“Are you jealous Mr D?”

“Jealous? Where does that come from now mami?”

My heart sinks I really thought I sensed jealousy in his voice.

“Oh ah never mind. I have to go”

“Yimi engifonile nje” (I’m the one who called)

“So?”

“You have to listen to me until I finish to say what I want to say to you”

Arrogant bastard!

“Uthini ke Bab Dlomo” (Talk Mr Dlomo)

I say rolling my eyes

“Sarcasm is so loud in your voice yini wabanda nje manje I thought uzoyijabulela i-call yami angithi uhlezi ungibalisela ukuthi

angikufoneli” (...why are you so cold now I thought you will be happy I called you have been complaining that I don't call you)

“It's nothing Nathi just say what you want to say”

“Bengithi cela ukuhamba nawe my friends are having Sunday braai at Sabelo's place. They are all going to be bringing their girlfriends but I can see that you are not in the mood, so it's cool. Sure”

He hangs up on me. I sigh so he said they are all going to be bringing their girlfriends does this mean I'm his girlfriend? Of course not Cebi what the fuck is wrong with you? Get your act together you are just his penis feeder and you fucking married have you forgotten that? I chastise myself and groan in frustration covering my head with a pillow.

The past week Nathi and I have been spending so much time together and I enjoy every single second with him. His presence in my life brings tranquility and a glint of happiness. I can't help the need to want him by my side and he has been fulfilling that need the passed week. He even drives me to work and fetches me. I love the way he makes me forget about my dilemma and erase the feeling of loneliness.

I remove the pillow from my face and take my phone to call him. His phone rings unanswered but I won't give up until he picks up.

“Yebo” (Yes)

I know that response and it's says I'm mad at you. Well I don't blame him I switched off on him suddenly and became cold when I have been the one who have been complaining that he never calls me.

“I can go with you”

“Really?”

I can hear the excitement in his voice but I could be wrong. I really thought I sensed some jealousy on his tone earlier why is this even bothering me argh!

“Cebi are you still there?”

“Yes I’m here and I’m saying I wanna come with you”

“Thank you so much. I will fetch you in 15 minutes”

“How can I prepare myself in 15 minutes Nathi? I’m still in bed remember? ”

“Umuhle noma ungagezanga” (You are beautiful even if you have not bathed)

Now he’s making me blush.

“Thank you but 15 minutes is too little babe”

“Shaya isiphambano ke” (Hit the cross)

“What’s that?”

“Geza ubuso, amakhwapha, nenkomo ugqoke” (Wash your face, your armpits and vagina and get dressed)

I can’t help but burst into laughter

“And that is called the cross?”

“Yake angithi vele ngathi isiphambano” (yes it's like a cross)

He says so serious and that makes me laugh more. He never ceases to amaze with his craziness.

“Okay Mr Cross let me do that”

“Sharp ke”

I hang up and shake my head chuckling. He makes my day without even trying too hard. I slide out of bed and make it quickly then rush to the bathroom for a quick shower. Once I'm done I go back to my bedroom.

“Akusiso ke isiphambano leso noma kungathiwani” (That wasn't a cross)

“Nathi when did you get here?”

“5 minutes ago”

He says and flips the toothpick to the other side of his mouth.

“Eish I'm sorry to keep you waiting”

“Ukuba ungilalelile ngabe uqedile manje” (If you listened to me you would be finished now)

He gets up and walks towards me with a smirk on his face.

“Ngiyabona vele ubufuna ngikugwebe” (I can see that you wanted me to fuck you)

He parts his lips allowing the toothpick to fall down to the floor as he pulls my naked self to his arms and captures my lips into his before I can even reply. The kiss is sensual yet you can't miss the urgency and thirst in it. His hands find their way down my butt and fondle it. In a swift move I'm pressed against the wall with my back and my arms are locked above my head on the wall with his one hand.

He devours my lips hungrily that I can taste blood in my mouth. I don't know if it's his blood or mine and I don't care. I squirm as he slaps my boobs with his other hand until I feel them aching in need. He gently but firmly nudges my foot aside with his separating my legs apart to give him enough access to my pussy. I feel his finger rubbing on my engorged clit and hiss through my teeth as he inserts his fingers in my cunt. I can't keep my gaze on him the pleasure is too much but he commands me to.

“Look at me mami”

He finger fucks me hard I feel my whole body shivering as my pussy clenches and spasms. I want to touch him and feel him so bad but I'm unable as my arms are pinned on the wall above my head. I gyrate my hips as he furiously thrusts his fingers in and out of me. I roll my eyes to the back of my head and scream with delight as I release. He withdraws his hand from my pussy and makes me taste my cum in his fingers. He lets go of my arms and jerks down his jeans together with his briefs letting out his hard ready rod.

He turns me around to face the wall and pulls up my leg with his hand beneath my knee while I balance my palms on the wall arching my back a bit. I feel his dick pushing deep into the hilt with one thrust and scream. He places his free hand on my waist as he waits for a second until my pussy adjust to his big cock inside of me and begin to thrust in and out. I let muffled squeals as he pounds me harder, the slapping sound of his flesh hitting against mine fills the room. Oh God he's so fucking good and driving me insane.

He turns me around and lifts me up I wrap my legs around his waist as he walks with me and places me on the dresser then places my legs on his shoulders. I gasp at how deep his dick is into me in this position but I love how intimate we are at this moment our limbs wrapped around each other and our eyes locking as he thrusts slow but deep. He's hitting every sensitive spot I'm a crying mess it used to bother him before but now he is used to it that izinyembezi zobumnandi bepipi lakhe(it's just tears of the deliciousness of his Dick) . I can feel that he's close , so am I. He claims my lips into his and we swallow each other's groans as our bodies stiffen welcoming our climax. We stay in that position for a moment breathing heavily on each other then I feel his cock slip out of me. He reaches for a towel and wipes me clean before wiping himself.

“What should I wear?”

I ask rummaging through my closet.

“You look beautiful with anything my love”

“You said it's a braai right?”

“Yes”

He says sounding so close to me just then I feel a spank on my butt and jump up giggling.

“Nathiii”

“Stop bending like this you are provoking your majesty”

He says wrapping his arms around me and pressing his hardness on my bare ass. I can't help a moan that escapes my mouth

“Why do you call him your majesty?”

“Angisho ugweba abantu abalokhu bemgolomba bedunusa bengaqedi” (He fucks people who provoke him by bending none stop)

I break into laughter. Nathi is crazy out of all the names he could give his D he chose the Judge.

“I thought you said we have to hurry but here you are delaying us. Koze kuphele ukudla” (...the food will finish)

“Akunandaba phela nathi siyadlana la” (We are also fucking here)

I can hear a smirk in his voice.

“Ngilambile mina buti wabantu” (I'm hungry bro)

“Awusuthi Cebi ngathi sengikfeede kangaka ngaze ngafenda saku dlala i-hoola hoops” (You don't get full Cebi I fed you hard that I even fucked you like I'm playing hoola hoops)

I giggle, see what I mean when I say he always makes my day without even trying hard

“Of course you did babe and I’m satisfied. I’m talking about real food I’m starving”

“Get dress so that we can go”

“I don’t know what to wear”

“You will wear whatever I choose for you right?”

Okay Nathi has a style neh and he wears expensive brands but I don’t think he has a woman's taste in fashion but I let him. He takes a ripped jean , simple white t-shirt and denim jacket.

“Oh so we are twinning?”

I can’t help a smile that breaks across my face

“Yep I’m sure you have white all star”

“Yes”

I take it out too and get dressed. Once I’m done I apply my makeup and lipstick before wearing my straight wig and comb it. I spray my perfume and look at myself in the mirror and I have to say I’m flames.

“Umuhle kodwa mangingekho mina” (You are beautiful but when you are not comparing yourself with me)

I laugh

“You are full of yourself let’s go”

I grab my phone on the bed and hook my arm around his as we head out. He opens his car for me and step in then jogs to his side after closing my door. I say his because If there’s a person that my husband can give this Audi to it’s Nathi. Every time I think of how fond he is of him and how he sees a son he never had in Nathi I feel so awful. Sigh!

I have come to learn that he's a Kwesta fan and he does this thing way better than Kwesta. The dude should just quit and let my sexy beast do this maan. I look at him as he's singing along iNgudu he's even mimicking Kwesta's 'sexy voice' and guess what? it sounds better on him than Kwesta. See now this what drives me crazy!

“Stop undressing me babe you are provoking your worship. I will pull off right in the middle of this road ngikubhebhe blind (.. And fuck you hard!) ”

Oh jizas! The way he's says the fuck word in isiZulu turns me on in a way I have never imagined. I suddenly feel hot and my breathing is not normal.

“Can you turn on the air con please I'm feeling hot”

He looks at me with a smirk and grins widely as he turns on the air con. Within minutes I feel the cooling breeze circulating around the car making me relax. He leans over to open the glove box, I take in all his scent in my nostrils as if it's not all over the car already. He takes the container of toothpicks and takes one and shoves in his mouth then closes the glove box. I look at him not hiding my bewilderment

“What?”

“Why do you chew on toothpicks”

“I don't chew it”

“Whatever that you do with it in your mouth you actually have the whole pack. I don't understand why do you always have it in your mouth?”

“I don't know”

“What do you mean you don't know?”

“It's just a habit Cebi I have no specific reason”

He says flipping it on the other side of his mouth.

“You should stop it”

“Why?”

“Because I say so”

“Musa ukuzenza umamami Cebisile” (Don’t act like you are my mother)

Ouch that hurts

“It’s gross okusalayo”

He gives me a look that makes me regret saying that and focus on the road again. The rest of the drive is silent even Kwesta is not playing anymore.

“We are here”

He says after pulling off next to the gate of this opulent house. I wait for him to open the door for me but he walks straight to the gate. I sigh and step out of the car then jog after him after closing the car.

“Nathi!”

He’s taking long strides and I can’t keep up. Gosh why is he doing this to me! I can’t show up alone It would be really awkward. I finally catch up with him and take his hand into mine, I’m glad that he doesn’t yank it away. He stops in his tracks and looks back pressing the lock button his car beeps as it locks then we continue with our walk. I can hear loud laughter as we approach the backyard. I don't know why but suddenly I’m scared and he notices.

“Relax these are my friends that you know it’s just that today their women are joining us”

I nod my head. The moment we appear all eyes are on us. Jizas I'm going to lose my step their look is too much.

“Take y'all phones and cameras and take pictures and videos of us”

Nathi says and they all burst into laughter. Finally we get to them whew! That was the longest walk of my life. We exchange greetings. They are all sitting on the camp chairs in a circle and there are two cooler boxes in the middle. There's one empty camp chair next to the other guy of which I'm not familiar with.

“You know the gents except Lungelo there. He's Sabelo's little brother. Lungelo and ladies this is Cebisile”

“Hey Cebi I'm Bongiwe, Sabelo's wife”

Says the dark beautiful skinned girl with big pure white eyes and thin lips. She's really gorgeous an African Queen uqobo lwayo.

“I'm Smangele you can call me Sma and I'm Bongi's cousin”

The light skin girl says with a beautiful set of teeth and pointy nose. She's also gorgeous I love her pale lips because I got those too.

“I'm Zanele but you can call me Mazet”

The last one says shyly with a deep Zulu accent.

“Haibo baby tell them you are mine”

Senzo says. Mazet giggles and hides her face with her hands. Ncooo she's a shy type.

“uDube ithemba lami”

She says shyly

We all go “Ohhhh” on her which makes both of them blush.

“Hi guys I'm Cebisile”

I say with a smile on my face

“It can’t be just Cebisile nje hhhay you are withholding some information Cebi. What are you and Nathi?”

Khaya says with a smirk on his face. I have to say he looks ugly on the daylight with his big flying ears. I didn’t like him the first time I saw him. He’s too egoistic and childish at the same time.

“Don’t you think maybe if I wanted to share I would have just did so?”

I ask trying hard to mask my annoyance but it’s loud enough for them to not miss and there’s an awkward silence that follows after Nathi’s chuckle. You know that chuckle that has a smirk on it.

“Nice to meet you Cebisile and you guys are welcome”

Bongi says breaking the awkward silence.

“Unfortunately we have one chair we didn’t know Nathi will bring someone because he never brings his hoes into our braais ”

Khaya says. See this is exactly what I was saying when I said he’s childish. The night when we went to Khazins he tried to make a move on me and I blatantly told him I ain’t interested I think that bruised his ego because I can see that he has this thing that girls wants him left right and center.

“Khaya cela ungangifaki umunwe endunu ndoda ngiyakucela ngomoya wesonto ngoba ngizominca and uzonqamuka phakathi”
(Khaya please don’t provoke me please I’m begging you because I will fuck you up so bad)

Nathi says and helps me sit down then he disappears into the house and comes back with two glasses and a camp chair. I’m starving I want to eat first before I drink alcohol but I don’t want to seem like I’m too much. I make a space for him and he sits next to me.

“What would you like to drink?”

“Wine ba-...uhm wine is okay”

Khaya shakes his head as he chuckles and gulps on his beer through the bottle. Nathi pours me a glass of wine and gives it to me then mix whiskey and lemonade for himself.

“Cebi what do you do?”

Sma asks

“I’m a teacher”

“Really?”

“Yes”

“Me too! What grades and which subject do you teach?”

“Grade 11&12, Mathematics”

I sip on my wine.

“Where were you all along mara Cebi you know Nathi use to fail Maths dismally?”

Sabelo says

They all laugh and I join them

“Bra I hate the person who ever invented that subject. I’d be a doctor now!”

“You remember how Miss Thusi use to announce our marks in the classroom from the highest to lowest and when it was your only script left she would say and the lowest is?”

“uNkosinathi!”

The guys all chorus like preschool kids and we burst into laughter. Shame my sexy beast I don't imagine him as a domkop.

“It was that bad?”

I ask Nathi

“Yooo you have no idea wena.”

“Shame maan askies but that teacher did you wrong she had no right to do that”

I say

“Ngisazombamba strue nasi” (I'm still going to deal with her)

He says and we laugh but I can see that he's serious. This incident really bruised him and I don't blame him because what that woman did was wrong. As a teacher she was supposed to do whatever she had to do to help Nathi not humiliate him like that in front of other learners. Such things tends to kill learners self esteem and confidence. They continue and talk and laugh ngapha mina ngilambile nale wine ayehli kahle. I want food first!

“Shuuu nidla nini kanti?” (When are you guys going to eat?)

I finally blurt it out and they burst into laughter.

“You hungry?”

Bongi asks

“Yes I haven't had anything the whole day”

“Let's go dish up girls”

Bongi says we get up and follow her inside the house. I'm too hungry to admire the beauty of this house so excuse me I won't even go there ngifuna ukudla nje qha. We wash our hands and dish up over a light chat.

“Your ring is beautiful babe”

Says Sma

“Thank you darling”

I say smiling. I get that a lot my husband went all out for this ring but I will tell you later right now I want food.

“Are you married or you just wearing it to chase them away? ”

Mazet asks

“Yes I’m married”

“Wow your husband must be monied girl!”

Sma says with her chirpy voice. She seems like a lively person.

“Durh of course Bra Mos is monied”

Bongi says and I conclude that her husband told her I’m married to Moses. Mazet gasps looking at me while Sma shows an expression of clueless

“Bra Mos is your husband?”

Mazet asks

“Yes”

“Wow I never imagined his wife as young as you”

Mazet says rather not judgmentally but shockley.

“Oh come on guys who’s that Bra Mos udume ngani” (...what is he famous of)

“You won’t know him cuz but he’s a taxi owner who also has other businesses except the taxi business.”

“Don’t forget to mention that he’s one of the most feared taxi owner and he’s huge really huge and tall”

Mazet adds on making me laugh

“Girl you really know him hey”

“Oh no I don’t want him...”

I cut her short

“Of course babe that’s not what I mean. It’s just the way you describing him it’s funny”

She giggles

“Uyangthusa mina loya baba” (That man is scary)

Bongi and I laugh

“Loya baba? Kanti how old is he?”

Sma asks

“He’s 52 years old”

“And you are?”

“I’m 32”

“Wow”

They all say at once. I’m used to such reaction. I’m glad when the topic shifts to the next. Once we are done dishing up we serve the guys and join them with our plates. Now I wish I was in the comfort of my home because I’d be digging in like I’m crazy but I’m in front of people and I have to eat like a lady. The last time I ate potato pap

it was prepared by my mother and she used to nail it jealous down. This one is also nice but it doesn't match my mother's. I'm having a potato pap, steak, wors, chicken and chakalaka.

“Who cooked this chakalaka?”

“Me”

Mazet says

“Yenza one girl” (It's really nice)

“Thank you”

After eating we continue with our drinks now I can enjoy my wine. Ciske ngafa yhoo I don't think I have ever been that hungry before. It's like there was something eating my intestines.

“Usuthile?” (Are you full?)

Nathi whispers in my ear and his voice is sending the message to the wrong places

“Yes thank you”

I'm having a great Sunday and I'm drunk now. I think everyone is now drunk because the conversation is now loud so is laughter.

“Okay enough now with your crazy stories. I'm going to turn on the music”

Sma says as she gets up and stumbles inside the house. In few minutes ama piano burst out loudly and everyone goes “Ahhhhhh” and gets up dancing.

“Come let's dance”

Nathi says

“Hayi”

I refuse not that I don't want to dance I want him to beg me. I love it when he does that, don't give me that look njengo bani nje ongathandi ukuncengwa bakithi. (... Who doesn't like to be begged?)

“Please mami”

He says fondling my boobs and no one is looking at us as they are all dancing but I can see Khaya stealing glances at us.

“You want me to kneel down?”

“No don't do that let's show em. I hope you still remember the dance moves I showed you during the week”

Yep I have been teaching him how to dance and each and every dance that he would master we go for a round. It's been a fun and interesting week I tell you.

“Eish”

He scratches his head

“Haaa Nathi kanti ufundela ukukhohlwa wena?” (You learn to forget)

“Now you sound like a typical teacher. Come let's dance”

He gets up and pulls me up then we go dance together the dance moves I showed him and I'm surprised that he remembers them all and he doesn't even miss one. It's now a couple dance competition Bongzi and Sabelo dance after us. I don't know if DANCE is the right word to use because what they are doing right now it's hilarious.

We crack into laughter and what makes it even more funny is that they are so serious and they think are killing it. That's what alcohol does to you suddenly you feel like you know how to do something. Senzo and Mazet are not bad and I'm surprised that maplazini

(farm girl) can dance like this. Lungelo and Sma are also not bad but it's clear that my sexy beast and I did the things here!

Khaya doesn't have a partner so he dances alone and I have to admit he dances so good. He comes towards me and grabs my arm to challenge me. I waste no time but accept the challenge. Nathi is cheering me on so are the girls and the guys are cheering Khaya. I'm having fun people! Nathi is showing me fun that I last had in University. I feel so alive....well until Khaya starts rubbing his bulge on my butt while holding me close to him on my waist. Nathi walks to us and pulls me away from him but Khaya doesn't want to let go.

“Come on bra we are just dancing!”

Khaya says

“Let's her go!”

Khaya laughs out loudly

“You are acting like a jealous boyfriend right now she's not yours so leave us the fuck alone you can see she enjoys dancing with me”

“Khaya I will tell you one last time let her go!”

Nathi warms and I see veins popping on his forehead.

“Wow Nathi are you really going to fight your best friend over this bitch? She's married for crying out loud!”

Wow this guy!

“Don't fucking dare call her a bitch!”

“She's a bitch vele! She's married but she's busy fucking you! Sies you have no shame you are sharing a pussy with an old man!...”

He doesn't get to finish his sentence as Nathi punches him in the face. He reels backwards almost falling

“I have been very patient with your nonsense usungime emiqaleni manje!”

Khaya laughs while wiping blood on his mouth with his thumb

“Really Nkosinathi are we going to fight over your boss’s hoe? I have always known that you are a weakling man but I never thought this much! You are allowing a cunt to come between us! Why are you so possessive of her she’s also not yours let us all have her vele that's what she is a whore!!”

God I have never been insulted like this in my life I can feel tears of anger threatening to come out.

“You call me a weakling man? You are a weakling man you can’t deal with the fact that she doesn’t find your big ears charming now you are calling her names! You are such a sore loser Khaya! You are used to girls throwing themselves at you and you think every girl likes your big ears unyile saan! We have let you walk away with many girls and leave us with nothing it's too much now you think you are shit and all? This ends today!”

He punches him and Khaya punches back. The guys try to pull them away from each other and the girls are screaming.

“Guys stop it!”

Sabelo says pulling Nathi away who was punching Khaya none stop. I have never seen him this angry while Senzo has a wiggling Khaya in his arms trying to escape his grip.

“This is not right guys”

“He’s the one that started Sabza. I’m tired of Khaya kade ngibekezelele lodoti wakhe!”

Nathi says angrily

“Senzo let go of me I want to finish this bastard. Angeke mina ngijwayelwe uMageza Empompini!!”

That seems to antagonize Nathi further, he jumps into Khaya and kicks him hard on his manhood. As we are still looking at Khaya groaning in pain holding his manhood in a split second he takes two empty bottles and hit them together they broke into pieces. He stabs Nathi with the broken piece of the bottle and we all scream in shock. All the fun and joy vanished within a twinkling of an eye.

Chapter Sixteen

The whole week I have been searching for cheaper taxis on sale and I have to admit that coming to a realization that I need another half a million to start my taxi business is frustrating. There's no taxi that is in good condition and has less mileage that cost less than R200k.

Bra Mos said he has connections for fake permits but I'm not interested in anything illicit. I want to do everything by the book. I'm starting to think mom was right, maybe I should reconsider the taxi business and start any business. It took me 5 years to raise these funds I can't wait another 5 years again. I feel like all my dreams are shutting down nje.

Anyway it's Sunday today and I'm off so are the drivers. Sabelo and his wife are hosting a braai today and I wanted to go with Omu but she's studying she has started with June exams. I decided to ask Cebi and she agreed even though she kinda gave me a bit of coldness at first of which I don't understand what for. Women! You will never understand what goes on in their minds they are weird creatures nje.

I just can't get enough of her though oh mother fucking Isiah I'm possessed! I'm not sure if it's her as whole or it's her pussy that keeps calling my name wherever I am. I have been with her most of the time the whole week I even knock off early just to fetch her at school. Of course, I make sure that my little sister doesn't see me because that sister of mine is inquisitive and besides we are not on good speaking terms these days. I don't know what I have done to her, she's mad at me for only she knows what for. See what I mean? with women and their weirdness. Back to Cebi damn this woman will be the death of me. Ain't no pussy has ever made me crazy like this before. I had to fuck her first before we left for the braai and oh boy it always leaves me in awe.

I knew that Khaya will be a nuisance because he always thinks the ladies we hook up with will fall for his charms and forgot about us.

It has always been the case and we never cared because it's not like those girls were our girlfriends. They were just random hooks up and we couldn't ignore the fact that when they see him they lose interest in us.

Cebi didn't tell me but I know he tried his move and she told him that she's not interested. Oh boy I think that bruised his ego because here he is now being petty. Cebi handled him at first and the braai is going well and we all having fun even Cebi too. I like how she blends easily with whoever she meets and enjoys the moment. Then Khaya spoils everything by dancing with her busy rubbing his tiny dick on her butt. I literally lost it and pulled her away but he doesn't want to let her go.

“Come on bra we are just dancing!”

Khaya says

“Let's her go!”

I say sternly but Khaya laughs out loud and that makes me mad.

“You are acting like a jealous boyfriend right now she's not yours so leave us the fuck alone you can see she enjoys dancing with me”

To hell with 'acting like a jealous boyfriend' I'm not going to let him take Cebi.

“Khaya I will tell you one last time let her go!”

I warn, see Khaya is a coward at school they used to bully him, Sabelo and I would fight for him. He always makes sure that his arguments never gets to physical fights.

“Wow Nathi are you really going to fight your best friend over this bitch! She's married for crying out loud!”

He says and I feel my anger rising.

“Don't fucking dare call her a bitch!”

“She’s a bitch vele she’s married but she’s busy fucking you! Sies you have no shame you are sharing a pussy with an old man!...”

I throw a mean punch before he even finished his sentence he reels backwards almost falling to the ground.

“I have been very patient with your nonsense usungime emqaleni manje!” (...I’m fed up with you!)

He laughs while wiping blood on his mouth with his thumb.

“Really Nkosinathi? Are we going to fight over your boss’s hoe? I have always known that you are a weakling man but I never thought this much! You are allowing a cunt to come between us! Why are you so possessive of her? She’s also not yours let us all have her vele that what she is a whore!!”

I chuckle shaking my head he wants to make me look like a bad guy.

“You call me a weakling man? You are a weakling man you can’t deal with the fact that she doesn’t find your big ears charming now you are calling her names! You are such a sore loser Khaya! You are used to girls throwing themselves at you and you think every girl likes your big ears unyile saan! We have let you walk away with many girls and leave us with nothing it's too much now, you think you are shit and all? This ends today!”

I walked over to him and punch him ,he punches me back. I feel Sabelo’s hands pulling me away as I’m throwing countless punches on Khaya.

“Guys stop it!”

“This is not right guys!”

“He’s the one that started Sabza. I’m tired of Khaya kade ngibekezelele lodoti wakhe!” (...I have been patient with his nonsense!)

I says angrily

“Senzo let go of me I want to finish this bastard. Angeke mina ngijwayelwe uMageza Empompini!!”

His last sentence especially the last two words makes me lose my mind completely. I jump on him and kick his manhood hard. He groans in pain holding it and I’m not the kind of man that attacks a man while he’s down. I want him to recover first so that we will have a fair fight and while doing so I lose focus and look at Cebi who’s crying. I feel a piercing pain penetrating in my forearm Khaya had stabbed me with a piece of broken bottle. I hear piercing screams then in a blink of an eye Cebi is next to me.

“Are you okay? Call an ambulance people!!”

She cries out loudly. I can’t feel the pain but blood is oozing out of my forearm and dropping on the grass as well as on my white all star.

“Relax I’m okay. Let’s get out of here”

“What the fuck have you done Khaya huh?”

Sabelo shrieks with anger charging to a shocked Khaya who’s holding a broken bottle that has my blood. Senzo holds Sabelo as he’s about to punch Khaya.

“Sabelo stop it violence doesn’t solve anything we need to take Nathi to the hospital!”

Bongi shouts

“Hospital for what? Angithi Khaya is a nurse he should help Nathi!”

Cebi says angrily

“Let’s get out of here Cebi”

“But....”

“Let’s go or you want me to leave you?”

I say and she doesn’t need me to tell her twice so we head out. Senzo is following us behind. I open the door for her and she gets in the car.

“I’m sorry bra let me see how bad is it?”

Senzo says looking at my arm.

“It’s just a cut ntwana yami I will be fine”

“I think you should go to the hospital though just to be sure”

“It’s Sunday today and you know how Madadeni hospital is. I’m fine bra”

“Call me when you need anything vele nami sengiyava ngoba usuyahamba” (...I’m also leaving since you are leaving)

“Don’t do that ntwana go have fun”

“Uyakhohlwa wena ukuthi mina ngazi wena lapha” (You forgetting that I only know you better than the others)

“Okay fine but don’t worry I will be okay”

He gives me a brotherly hug.

“Sure”

“Sharp ntwana”

He walks inside while I jump into the car.

“Let me drive you are hurt”

Cebi says wiping her tears

“It’s just a cut don’t worry”

I take off my denim jacket and wrap it around my left forearm then bring the engine to life and drive off. Her snuffles fills the car as I drive to her house. I look at her she’s staring through the window wiping her tears that doesn’t seem to stop. My heart sinks I shouldn’t have tagged her along.

“Ngiyaxolisa” (I’m sorry)

I break the silence eventually. She tilts her head and looks at me with puffy eyes.

“What for?”

“For everything that happened in there especially the insulting words Khaya said to you. He was being a jerk babe and I’m very sorry”

“It’s not your fault you shouldn’t be apologizing if there’s a person that should apologize it’s me. I’m sorry that you had to fight with your best friend because of me. He stabbed you because of me I’m really sorry Nathi”

Tears can’t stop rolling down her face.

“Hey hey stop blaming yourself for Khaya’s rude ass. This is not your fault at all. Stop crying you are ruining your beauty buka sewubovu kanjani manje sewufana notamatisi” (...look how red you are now you look like a tomato)

She giggles and I’m glad I made her laugh.

“You are crazy!”

She says wiping her tears

“Wena umuhle ngisho noma usufana no tamatis” (You are beautiful even when you look like a tomato)

I say and she laughs poking my shoulder. I mean it in though she has Amanda Du Pont's beauty. They look very much alike maybe they are sisters who knows.

“We should go to the hospital though Nathi to check if there are no broken glasses left in there”

“I’m fine Cebi and it doesn’t hurt”

“For now because you are drunk but once the alcohol wears off you will start feeling the pain”

“I hear you Doctor Du Pont but I promise you I’m fine.”

She looks at me with a raised brow

“Dr Du Pont?”

“Ya angisho uzenza udokotela” (Yes you are acting like a doctor)

“I get that mockery I mean where’s Du Pont coming from? Are you mistaking me with one of your fuck girls”

The seriousness in her face makes me laugh.

“Du Pont as in Amanda Du Pont mami. You look like her”

She pouts her lips looking all cute

“Oh yaz you are not the first to say that”

“You really look like her maybe she’s your sister”

She laughs

“Yeah right....I won’t be able to sleep at night knowing that you got stabbed and you didn’t treat your wound can you please sleep over”

I look at her and bite my lip

“Ngabe uyasho nje ukuthi ufuna ngikugwebe ubusuku bonke” (You just tell me that you want me to fuck you the whole night)

She giggles

“Nathi can you stop thinking about sex for once and be serious”

“I will sleep over”

“Thank you”

Upon arrival at her house she attends my wound and I groan in pain as the antiseptic comes in contact with my wound. She wraps a bandage around it and gives me pills for the pain. I down them with water.

“Thank you so much mami”

“You are welcome. Let me go wash this jacket and your sneakers”

“Do you have to do it now?”

“Yes blood stain is stubborn it’s better to get rid of it now”

“Okay I hear you. Don’t you have anything to drink here”

“Wine”

“Not wine something strong”

“I will get you my husband’s whiskey”

She disappears. I take the remote switching on the TV and flip through the channels until I find Sundowns vs Chiefs game playing. Cebi comes back a few minutes later with a tray that has Hennessy , tray of ice cubes and a glass. She places it on the coffee table.

“I don’t have lemonade but there’s tonic water”

“It’s fine”

She fetches the tonic water and crouches before me to take off my all star.

“Are you sure you have to do this now? I want to chill here with you and forget about today’s incident”

“I will be done before you know it and come back to join you”

“Ain’t you drunk to be busy with laundry now?”

“Seeing you being stabbed sobered me up. I really thought he stabbed you in your stomach”

“Okay hurry up I don’t want to be alone here”

She nods and takes the sneakers and the jacket before disappearing. I fix myself a drink and continue watching the game. I can’t believe Khaya stabbed me it’s clear that had he had a serious weapon with him he would have killed me in the name of what exactly? To prove a point that he’s the shit and all? I don’t know if our friendship can survive after this really. Cebi joins me a while later with a bottle of wine and snacks.

“Thank you for washing my jacket and sneakers.”

“You are welcome sexy beast”

I involuntarily bite my lip, when she calls me that I can't help but get a tingle down south. If I knew we wouldn't have gone to braai but chill here and have our drinks just like we are doing right now. Her company is refreshing and I love how she finds it easy to share with me whatever that troubles her soul. This other day she told me about Bra Mos being infertile and her mom in law want her to sleep with one of Bra Mos brothers. It’s really a difficult situation but I don’t think sleeping with the brother is the best solution. Such things have a way of coming out, what would happen when Bra Mos finds out the truth?

“So have you thought about your mother-in law's suggestion?”

She sips on her wine and looks at me

“Honestly I haven’t, you have been keeping me occupied that I literally forgot about it. I know at some point I have to make a decision but for now can I enjoy this moment with you Nathi you make feel so alive”

I smile and spread my legs apart leaning my back on the arm of the couch

“Come and sit here”

I pat the space between my legs. She moves closer and sits between my legs resting her back on my chest.

“I’m glad that I bring a positive vibe in your life”

I run my fingertips on her arm

“How's your mom’s boyfriend daughter? ”

She's asking about Thula. I told her about how I made a promise to Buhle to be there for Thula and I’m glad that Thula is not making it hard for me to be there for her.

“She will be okay and I’m trying my best to be there for her as much as I can”

“You are a good man Nathi you know that?”

“Well my mom tells me almost everyday but I don’t mind hearing it from another woman”

“You truly are. Why are you not into social networks?”

“I don’t have specific reason”

“You always don’t have specific reasons”

“Konje wena you said I’m gross!”

“I didn’t say you are gross Nathi I said chewing toothpick is gross”

“I don’t chew it”

“Whatever that you do with it in your mouth it’s gross”

“Well since I don’t see anything gross with it I won’t stop”

“Whatever”

She has this tendency of telling me what to do and what not to do and it irks me. I don’t know who told women that after getting a taste of the dick they should act like our mothers.

“Why?”

I ask rather randomly

“Huh?”

“I mean the way you talk about Bra Mos I can see that you love him, why are you cheating on him?”

“Are you judging me?”

“Come on Cebi I thought you know me better than that”

She heaves a sigh

“I’m sorry it’s just that the guilt haunts me everyday but I can’t seem to stop”

“I know hey”

“I don’t know what changed but our sex life has lost that spark. I haven’t had orgasms in years well until you made me cum”

“Have you ever tried to talk to him maybe initiate something new”

She chuckles

“Moses is a traditional man Nathi. Telling him that would be totally an insult.”

“But it’s unfair on you babe, how long would you suffer in silence while protecting his ego and manhood?”

“It’s not easy as you say Nathi”

I sigh! What do I know about marriage? let me stick to what I know best, which is giving her orgasms. She takes her phone and presses it.

“My sister is online but she’s not replying to my text”

“Your sister? I thought you are not in talking terms?”

She doesn’t reply to me as she’s busy typing something on her phone. When she’s done she tilts her head and looks at me.

“I’m sorry what were you saying?”

“I thought you and your sister are not talking”

“Well I sent her a message on Facebook but she still she hasn’t replied, it hurts you know. I miss them so much”

“If you don’t mind me asking what was the reason behind you and the stepdad not getting along?”

She sighs heavily and gulps down her wine then places the glass on the coffee table. I look at her and I see multiple of emotions reflecting on her face.

“I didn’t like the way he was treating my mom. He was a womanizer and whenever mom confronted him about his hoes he would beat her up but not even once have mom ever thought of leaving him. Every time when he beat her up I’d give my siblings piggyback rides

trying to distract them. I was 15 years old, Kehla was 11 years and Thando was 7 years old. I remember this other day mom found out that she was HIV positive and told him. He went ballistic and accused her of cheating. He beat her up like she was no human and left her unconscious on the floor bleeding that day I thought I had lost her. Mom stayed in ICU for two weeks and the kids were crying for her I didn't know what to do. The doctors said the chances of my mom waking up were slim the thought of her never waking up killed me. I cried and begged God to not take her away from us. I was so happy when she woke up even though she turned out to have cognitive impairment. That man damaged my mom Nathi she will never be a normal person ever again as if it was not enough already that he infected her with HIV. I hated him! I still hate him! I don't care that he changed after that! It took him to send my mom to ICU and damage her brain for him to realize what he was doing was wrong? I hate him! God I so fucking hate him and I hate mom even more for staying!"

She bursts into a sob. I place the glass on the coffee table and envelopes her in my arms.

"I don't understand why mom was making me the bad guy for hating her husband. How could she choose him over me her daughter? I didn't know Moses and him were enemies she thought I dated Moses to spite him. They forced me to choose between them and Moses. I have never felt loved, appreciated and important as Moses made me feel and I knew that I wouldn't trade that for anything. I'm angry at my mom but I won't lie I miss her and my siblings Nathi and it hurts deeply in my heart."

"I'm sorry Cebi Im really sorry you had to go through all of that at such a young age. Watching your mother being beaten up by someone who claimed to love her and who was supposed to protect her and make her feel safe. I wish there's something I can do to erase all these horrific painful memories in your life. Shhh thula ungakhali" (...don't cry)

I comfort her until she fell asleep in my arms. I take her and walk to the bedroom with my socks. I place her on the bed and undress her then tuck her in. I walk back to switch off the lights then come back

and undress then slide in next to her. She snuggles closer to my chest and I wrap my arms around her and close my eyes.

“Nathi! Nathi!!!!”

I hear someone shaking me vigorously and groan furiously

“Nathi wake up!”

“Yini??”

“My husband just called to open the door for him he’s here, Nathi what are we going to do?”

The panic in her voice can’t be missed. I sobered out of my sleepy world in an instant. Oh shit I’m dead! I’m so fucking dead!!

Chapter Seventeen

I'm panicking and my heart is thudding against my chest. I don't know what to do. How will I explain Nathi being here at 2:30am to my husband?. I don't know why he didn't tell me he's coming back home, he always tells me this is new. Is it possible that he suspects something and he wanted to catch me red handed oh God! If he didn't forget his keys he would have caught us and the thought of it sends chills through my whole body. Nathi doesn't need me to tell him twice he jumps down and gets dressed while I'm pacing up and down biting my nails.

"What are we going to do Nathi? How will I explain to him you being here at this time of the night?"

He walks to me and runs his palms on my arms.

"Hey you need to relax."

God why is he so fucking calm?

"Relax? Don't tell me to relax my husband is waiting for me to open the door for him and you are here in the wee hours of the morning! This is bad Nkosinathi oh my God what was I thinking?"

I'm so horrified and my body is trembling. This man is going to massacre us and once he's done he will throw our remains in the bush and no one will ever know what happened to us. I think we deserve that but that doesn't make me less scared nor does it ease my guilty conscience.

"Panicking won't help the situation Cebisile. We need to think and we don't have time"

My mind is blank, I can't think of anything right now. My phone starts ringing again I take it

“It’s him!”

“Answer him tell him you are coming”

I answer my husband

“Aw dali wami nakhu ngizofela emnyango kuyabanda” (My darling I’m dying here it’s freezing)

“I’m coming my love”

I hang up and look at Nathi panicking.

“Which door is he at?”

“The front door?”

“Then I’m going to use the back door while you open for him I will walk out and leave”

“Your car is outside remember and he will hear it when you bring the engine to life!”

“I will leave the car here, you tell him that I don’t use it anymore since my taxi is back. The reason it’s outside you were using it and you were lazy you drive it back to the garage.”

I shake my head in disapproval.

“How are you going to get home at this time of the night? It’s dangerous out there Nathi”

“Don’t worry about me I will be fine, do as I say okay?”

I nod and make sure that nothing looks suspicious in our bedroom

“I’m going to need shoes though”

“Your sneakers are still wet”

“Give me your sleepers it’s okay”

“What size do you wear”

“Yhooo Cebi the size doesn’t matter now just give me the sleepers your husband will be suspicious why you are taking so long to open the door for him!”

I give him my sleepers he takes his phone on the bedside table then we make our way out. He goes to the back door while I go to the front door. I open the door for my husband and throw myself into his arms the moment he walks in.

“Someone missed me”

“Of course I missed you, why didn’t you tell me you are coming home?”

I say pulling back from the embrace and look at him.

“I knew I would arrive late and I didn’t want to disturb you in your sleep but when I got here I couldn’t find my keys, I’m sorry that I had to wake you up”

Oh thanks God!

“I don’t mind sthandwa sami. Where are your bags?”

I close the door and lock it

“They’re in the car I will bring them tomorrow now I just want my bed”

“You don’t want something to eat?”

“Cha dali ngisuthi ngidlile endlelen. Ey ikhehla nje kade lagcina ukufinya ” (No my darling I’m full I ate on the way. It’s been long since I released)

He says pulling me to his arms and kisses me then he takes my hand and leads me to our bedroom. Nathi would have scooped me up in his arms and make his way to the bedroom or better yet bend me over right here and then. God why am I comparing my husband with Nathi? I hope he will get home safe and sound though. I'm not in the mood for this but hey I'm a wife and I have to fulfill my duties even though he doesn't fulfill his. I take off my robe and slide into bed waiting for him to finish undressing.

The bed cringes as it accommodates him, see my husband is big almost as big as Dr Apostle Nkomfa Mkabile Oh may his soul continue to Rest In Peace but my husband is taller. He wasn't fat nor thin but he was sexy when we started dating. Along the years he gained weight not that I have a problem with his weight but I think it's contributing to the lack of my satisfaction in the bedroom.

He crawls on top of me and he locks his eyes on me that are filled with hunger, desire and lust. These eyes never lie to me, the message they are reflecting right would make any wife happy at this moment but unfortunately for me I'm unmoved. I want him to get over this and done with. It has become a duty after all. I spread my legs wider for a better access of my pussy. He presses his lips on mine and we kiss as he fiddles his hand down there trying to enter. I feel his dick pushing between my barely wet folds through my opening. I bite my lip hard stifling a moan as I feel his rod inside of me.

“Ahhhh”

He groans softly and starts bucking his hips slowly as usual. I feel like I'm going to shit myself the way he's pressing on me with all of his weight. I close my eyes and imagine as if it's Nathi that is fucking me but his groans are making it impossible as I know Nathi's groans are fucking sexy. He's barely moving but already he's sweating and breathing heavily, like he's running a marathon. Nothing drives me crazy like a man sweating on top of me but today I'm even disgusted by his perspiration rubbing on my body. If I can count the thrusts he has made so far they haven't even reach 50 but already he's roaring like an animal and convulsing on top of me as he spill his seed into my cunt. Is seed even the right word to use for

someone who's infertile? I don't know but you know what I mean. He kissed my cheek and rolls down next to me breathing heavily like his suffocating.

“Should I get you water?”

“No I'm fine!”

He eventually gets his normal breathing but soon it's replaced by snoring. I sigh and look at him sleeping next to me and snoring like a train. I can't help the guilt that engulfs me at this moment. I gingerly roll out of bed and pull my robe before making my way to the kitchen to call Nathi. I need to know he's home and safe but his phone sends me straight to voicemail. I leave him a voice message telling him to call me as soon as he gets this message and he shouldn't worry about a thing my husband is not suspecting anything. I walk back to the bedroom and take off my robe then join my husband.

I keep turning and tossing the whole night until my alarm goes off. I'm so exhausted and I have a horrible headache but I have to go to work. The first thing I take after throwing on a robe is my phone but I don't see any missed calls or messages. I'm getting worried now this guy left here in the early hours of the morning and he has an injured arm. We live in a crazy world what if something happened to him? Thixo I don't think I would be able to live with that, let me try to be positive. I hit a quick shower and pull on the robe and slippers then head to the kitchen to prepare breakfast for my husband. I always make sure that before I got to work I fix him something to eat first. The man can't even fry an egg he would be miserable without me shame.

“Nathi please switch on your phone and let me know you are okay. I'm so worried about you”

I leave a voice message for him, I hope he will call me back. The anxiety is too much and I can feel my stomach turning. God I can't afford to poop all day at school I don't want a throbbing asshole it's really not nice.

“What’s wrong with Nathi?”

He says as he wraps his arms around my waist his big belly almost making it impossible. My heart is beating hard.

“Uhm he was stabbed yesterday”

He unwraps his arms around me and looks at me shocked and concerned. The way he loves this guy I don’t wish for him to find out what we have been doing behind his back.

“Oh my God why? Who stabbed him?”

He asks

“They were having a braai at one of his friends place and he fought with one of his friends who stabbed him”

“Is he okay? Why didn't you tell me?”

“He’s fine they stabbed him on his forearm. I’m telling you now nje baby”

“You were supposed to tell me sooner. Is that the reason his car is outside?”

“He no longer uses the car moss he’s taxi is back. I’m the one who was using it and I was lazy to drive it back to the garage”

God I feel like a pathological liar at this moment the way I’m not even stuttering a bit to say this. I’m even believing my lie for a moment.

“Hawu dali wami it seems like you misunderstood me but it’s fine I will fix this today. I’m glad he’s not that badly injured. Friends fight all the time but they never raise weapons at each other ngiyamfunga ubaba lempi le ibimayelana nentombazane” (I swear on my father this fight was about a girl)

He says as he settles down on the chair.

“He didn’t tell me what they were fighting for”

“I missed your cooking besengikhathele ilengxavuza ephekwa umfazi ka mfethu” (I was tired by my brother’s wife bad cooking)

I laugh

“Aw kodwa Mphemba”

“It’s true”

Poor Anita I’m sure she went all out trying to impress her brother in law but it seems like it was all in vain. I place his food in front of him and make him coffee.

“How did everything go baby?”

“Everything is back to normal now and the company is still operating”

“That’s great, you will tell me all about that when I come back from work. Let me go get dressed”

I kiss his cheek and go straight to my bedroom while trying to call Nathi but his phone is still off. I make the bed quickly and lotion my body then get dressed. Once I’m done I take my car keys and phone and kiss my husband goodbye then drive to work hoping I will hear from Nathi before the end of the day.

* * *

I have never been scared like I am right now. The only sound I could hear was my thudding heart as my terribly shaking hands are trying to call Senzo but he’s not answering his phone. I wonder why because I’m sure he’s awake now. I was lucky that I found the back room unlocked so that's where I’m hiding right now. I keep trying

calling Senzo until I hear his sleepy voice on the other side of the line.

“Mhh”

“Boy I need your help”

I whisper

“Who is this?”

Oh Isiah!

“It’s me Nathi ntwana please come get me I’m in trouble.”

“Nathi where are you? What’s going on?”

“I’m at Bra Mos’s house come get me before he kills me”

“Okay I’m coming right now boy”

He hangs up. I sigh Senzo is the man I can always trust. The man I call whenever I’m in trouble and he doesn’t hesitate to come through for me. It’s actually vice versa. Mom had been calling me and I wasn’t aware that my phone had been on silent all along. I receive his call 15 minutes later.

“Boy?”

“I’m getting in should I be armed?”

“No! I’m coming are you at the gate?”

“Yes”

“Okay just stay there ngiyeza” (I’m coming)

I hang up and walk out, my heart skips a beat when I see that their bedroom light is still on. I can hear the groans as I walked closer. I feel a sting in my heart as it registers to me that he’s fucking her, I

don't even know why it stings because she's his wife at the end of the day. The gate is locked so I jump over the stop nonsense and hurt my injured arm in the process. I see his Quantum parked on the other side of the road. I make my way there and he opens the door for me. I hop in and close the door.

“Are you okay?”

He says turning the light on and looks at me. I'm sure he's inspecting any new injuries on me.

“I'm fine bra! turn the light off people will see us”

He does as I say and starts the taxi then drives off.

“What happened bra?”

“Bra Mos came back without telling us man and I was spending the night there”

“Yhooo ntwana kushubile moss!” (It's bad)

“Luckily he had forgotten his keys so he called Cebi to open the door for him that's how I was able to sneak out without him seeing me.”

“Tjo that was close mtwana you'd be dead right now”

“Tell me about it”

“You should stop this Mnesh before it gets out of hand. Bra Mos won't hesitate to kill you both and you know what will hurt me the most?”

“What?”

“Is that we won't even get your remains for closure. Your life isn't worth a pussy”

“Eish don't say that ndoda”

“Stop it now before it’s too late”

“I hear you”

“I don’t want you to hear me I want you to tell me you will stop this Nkosinathi”

I know when he calls me by my full name he’s deadly serious.

“You think I haven’t tried? I did bra but it’s impossible”

“No no no don’t tell me you have fallen in love with her man?”

“No of course not”

“Then end this nonsense once and for all before you put us in unnecessary heartache when he has killed you! Stop thinking with your dick and think about the pain you going to put your mom and sister through if he kills you.”

His words cut me deep in my heart. I swallow hard and sigh. The rest of the drive is silence making it impossible for me to bear the pain in my arm.

“Thank you so much bro and I’m sorry that I woke you up”

I say after he pulls off at my gate

“Just end this Mnesh please”

“I’m done trust me”

“Good”

I take my phone to call my sister to open for me since my keys are in the Audi but I can’t find it. I search my both jeans pocket but still I don’t find it.

“What’s wrong?”

“I can’t find my phone bra please turn the light on maybe it fell down”

He turns the light on and I look around but still there’s no phone. Oh shit!

“After I called you where did you put it?”

“In my pocket man oh shit!!”

I groan frustratedly

“What?”

“I think I dropped it when I jumped over the stop nonsense”

“No worries I will pass by and take it”

“Okay...please lend me yours I want to call my sister to open the gate for me”

He slides out his phone and hands it to me. I call Kwanza but she’s not answering her phone. I keep trying in vain. I don’t know if it’s because she’s sleeping hence she’s not answering her phone or she’s ignoring it since she’s mad at me and I don’t even know what for. The last thing I wanted was to wake my mom up but I have no choice.

“Hello”

She doesn’t sound like she’s sleeping

“Mama I’m outside I don’t have keys with me”

“Okay I’m coming”

She hangs up

“Thanks bro she’s coming”

Few minutes later the lights turns on and then the door opens and my mom comes out.

“Thanks once again man”

“Anytime man..anytime”

We bump fists then I step out of the car and walk to the gate. Mom opens the gate for me and I get in. Senzo hoots once and drives off as my mom and I make our way inside the house.

“Nkosinathi what happened to you? Where’s your car? What happened to your shoes?”

Mom says as soon as we enter the house. I look at her and notice that she looks like she hasn't slept

“Oh God I knew something was wrong!”

She screams when she sees my forearm wrapped with a bloody bandage

“Kwenzekeni Nkosinathi” (What happened Nkosinathi)

Now she’s crying and I feel so horrible

“Mom I’m fine...come here”

I lead her to lounge and we settle on the couch.

“Don’t cry I’m okay. My car is at Bra Mos house.”

“Then what happened to your arm? Who did this to you?”

“It’s nothing serious it was a minor accident”

“I always tell you to not drink and drive Nkosinathi why don’t you listen huh?”

“It wasn’t a car accident mom”

“Khuluma phela ukuthi kwenzekeni musa ulokhu udraya ibhasi!!”
(Tell me what happened and stopped beating around the bush!!)

I sigh. I see she’s not going to let this go without an explanation

“I had a fight with Khaya he’s the one that stabbed me”

She gulps

“Oh my God why would he do something so cruel!? What were you fighting for?”

“I’m fine mom that's what's important, I just want to sleep I’m tired”

“It must be nice to be you shame you kept me all night and you just gonna come back and sleep without any care in the world! Do you know how much I worry about you when you’re out there especially at night! You always tell me when you won’t come back home what happened today?”

I sigh. Oh Isiah I don’t need this right now. I’m in serious pain but I understand where she’s coming from.

“I’m sorry Mom My phone was on silent. Can you please forgive me and give me something for pain”

“Kubuhlungu?” (does it hurt?)

“Cha kumnandi” (No its nice)

She grabs my injured arm and squeezes tightly inflicting pain on it. I groan in agony WTF!

“Angithi uthe kumnandi” (You said it's nice)

This woman! She gets up and disappears then comes back with a first aid kit and some capsules. She settles next to me and attends to my wound and changes the bandage while tears are flowing down

her cheeks. Wasn't she the one who was hurting me on purpose just a second ago? Women.

“Oh my god ukugwazwe ngani kanti” (...he stabbed you with what?)

“Ngebhodlela” (with a bottle)

“I know that friends fight but to stab you ay! He could've killed you. Askies baby”

“Thanks mama”

“Did you eat?”

“Not really”

“Let me dish up for you before you take these pills”

“Can I take them first so that they will be working while I eat?”

“The pain is that intense?”

“Too much mama Cebi was right when she said once the alcohol wears off I will start feeling the pain”

“Who's Cebi?”

“Uhm my friend. Can I have water please?”

“Mmm. Did you go to the hospital?”

“No I didn't I'm fine”

She gets up and walks out to fetch a glass of water. I down the pills with water and wait for her as she goes to dish up for me. How fast can these pills kick in yhooo I wish I can pull out my arm until it heals then put it back. Mom walks in with a basin to wash my hands and dish cloth to wipe them then goes back and fetches my food.

“Ngiyabonga Ndlovukazi yami” (Thank you my Queen)

She smiles and nods her head. I wipe my sweaty forehead with my right forearm and start eating.

“I think I’m going to need sleeping pills too to get some sleep these pain pills are weak”

“Okay I will give you them but tomorrow I’m taking you to the doctor”

“Ma...”

“Ngiyakutshela Nkosinathi angikubuzi futhi angikuceli.” (I’m telling you Nkosinathi I’m not asking you)

Unlike other people my mom always calls me by my full name whether she’s happy, mad, sad, angry, etc so I know better to protest, her word is final.

“Please sleep here in the house so that I can be able to check up on you”

“Mom I’m turning 33 years stop babying me”

“Oh please stop making it like you don’t like it”

Kwanza says as she walks in wearing her pjs.

“Oh sesiyakhuluma mina nawe?” (you and I talk now?)

I ask her and she rolls her eyes as she walks to the kitchen.

“What’s going on with her mom? Is it that time of the month?”

“I would be lying if I tel you boy, kanti wena umenzi?” (What did you do to her?)

“I don’t know Mom and she’s not telling me so mina ngizobhula yini umuntu maka vele aqudule nje”(should I prophesize when someone is just mad for no reason)

“Ay eyenu nobabili ayingenwa ngoba ngisala mina ngiyi silima ” (I won't involve myself in your issues because I end up being an idiot)

She shrugs her shoulders and gets up then disappears. Kwanza walks in and goes straight to her bedroom with a tub of yogurt. Mom comes back with the sleeping pills.

“I'm going to sleep if the pain doesn't stop call me okay?”

“Okay I love you”

“I love you too boy”

She kisses my forehead and disappears. I take the dishes to the kitchen and switch off all the lights then go to Kwanza's bedroom. I knock once and walk in. She's on her bedroom eating her yoghurt while staring her phone screen and giggling. She looks up at me.

“I have to go bye”

She says and throws her phone aside and looks at me. I settle on her bed and look at her

“What have I done to you?”

“What happened to your arm?”

“I was stabbed...so talk?”

“I want to sleep goodnight”

“Kwanele angeke ngikucenge ngikuncengele ukuxolisa kuwe”
(Kwanele I won't beg you to apologize to you)

“Why are you bothering yourself? Its not like you care!”

“Ukhuluma nami kanjalo?” (Is that how you talk to me now?)

She mumbles something but I can't grasp her exact words. WTF is wrong with her? I don't understand what this attitude is about.

“Ngizoku khahlela yezwa?” (I will kick you!)

I say pointing my finger at her and she swallows hard. I have never laid my hand on her and I don't want to but right now she's pushing me.

“I will ask one last time why are you mad at me?”

“Nothing”

She says with a near tears voice

“Okay”

I get up and walk out. I'm not going to beg a child. I start at the bathroom first to pee then retire to sleep in my old bedroom. The following morning after bathing and eating breakfast mom takes me to the doctor. Yep she doesn't trust that I will go if I go alone so here we are on our way there and she's the one driving the taxi. My arm is a bit swollen and painful, which is the reason she's driving. I take her phone and call Senzo

“MaOledi”

“Ntwana it's me”

“Eh ntwana zikhiphani?”

“Ah akunastori ntwana did you find my phone?”

“No I didn't man”

“Did you look inside?”

“Yes but there was no phone are you sure you walked out with it from that house?”

“Yes I’m sure”

“Maybe Cebi will find it and give it to you”

“Yhoo I hope so because the last thing I want is her husband finding it that would be very suspicious man”

“Let’s pray it doesn’t get to that man. How’s your arm?”

“It’s painful and swollen. Mom is driving me to the doctor”

“I knew only she can convince you to go to the doctor”

“Convince? Hell No! This woman is such a bully”

“Hey I can hear you are talking about me!”

Mom says making me and Senzo laugh. We talk some more then say our goodbyes to each other. Luckily when we arrive to the doctor there’s only an old white couple there which we will follow after. I indulge in a magazine while mom is smiling ear to ear with her phone. I have no doubt that the person behind that smile is Bab Gatsheni. Speaking of him it hasn't been easy for him obviously but mom being there for him is all he needs hopefully with time he will heal.

A little boy with his mother I assume comes out and the old couple follows hand in hand. That’s white people for you, they are not ashamed to show one another love in public and quite honestly I find it cute. I hardly remember seeing my father kissing my mom or hugging her or holding her hand in front of us or in public. I even think they never had sex but that’s impossible because Kwanza and I wouldn’t have existed. I don’t know if Shaka Zulu told black people that showing love to your loved ones in public makes you weak and it's an embarrassment. Akekho umuntu osaba ihlazo njengo muntu omunyama emhlabeni.

Times have changed though and people are not afraid nor ashamed to show their love in public but there are still those who still don’t feel comfortable about being affectionate in public. I believe it’s one

of those little things like that, that creates an everlasting bond between loved ones . You know those little things that doesn't cost you a cent nor your energy? As you are walking at the mall just grab her hand and hold her. You don't have to say anything she already knows that you are saying 'I got you and I will never let you go and I will always protect you'. It doesn't necessarily have to be someone you are in a relationship with. Every one that matters in your life can know how much you feel about them without having to say or do much.

I want my children to grow up witnessing and receiving genuine love, warmth and care from their parents so that they will grow up following the same thing. It's the same thing as how abusive people who witnessed their parents abusing each other in their childhood end up doing the same shit to their women and kids. See as much as my father and I had the best relationship ever but you'd be surprise that at the age of 32 years now I don't know how his hug feels like. Yep my father never pulled me to his chest and hugged me tightly and tell me "I love you son" but I knew that he loved me. He wasn't the man that believed in affection to show his love, well I wouldn't know about when they were alone with mom. I don't know how did he fall in love with mom because mom is an affectionate person. That woman loves pampering us with hugs and kisses and " I Love You's " every now and then and believe you me they mean the world to us.

The old couple finally comes out and we go through. We greet the doctor and sit down then my mother explains to her why we are here. She told me to sit on the bed and starts by unwrapping the bandage. She examines my wound while asking a few questions and cleanse it then apply some ointment before wrapping it with a clean bandage. Once she's done she injects me on my butt and writes a prescription for me. Mom thanks her then off we go.

"What do you want to eat?"

"You will pay?"

She looks at me and laughs

“Wuuu u-stingy Nkosinathi ufuze uBaba wakho” (You are stingy just like your father)

I laugh

“It’s the lack of it that makes us stingy”

“Haisuka you are half a million rich as we are speaking!”

“What is half a million when I still need another half a million?”

“It will take you another 5 years to raise that money why can’t you see that this a sign?”

“Suqalile ke” (Here we go again)

She sighs

“I’m craving for chicken lickin”

I look at her

“Craving please don’t tell me you are pregnant?”

She laughs

“Ungazobheda wena!” (Don’t be silly!)

“Wheeew please don’t traumatize us yeeerr I can't imagine you being pregnant that would be like...hell no!”

“Why should I make a baby now when you here to give me grandkids?”

“Ah well you will get them maybe in 5 years to come”

She chuckles

“Haaa yini ngathi ushimile nje ndoda kaze ufuze bani ngoba phela ubabakho bekayisoka” (Why does it sounds like you are scared of girls? Your father was a ladies man I wonder who you took after)

I can't help but burst into laughter

“Phela ukuba ngisishimane ngabe abakwa Mtshali azange beze la ekhaya” (If I'm scared of girls the Mtshali's wouldn't have paid you a visit)

“Oh please don't tell me you call yourself isoka for dating a kid. She's a kid Nkosinathi wena nje you are scared of women. I hope you ended things with that kid”

“Yes I did”

I lie of course

“Good now go find a woman your age uyeke ukuba igwala” (Stop being a coward)

I laugh and shake my head. Mom never leaves town without doing a little shopping at Ellias. Yey lamandiya ayathakatha! So after having our brunch at chicken lickin we go to Ellias before going home. I feel drowsy and sleepy it must be the injection so when we arrive at home I head straight to my back room and doze off.

Chapter Eighteen

I have been trying to reach Nathi through his phone but he's unreachable. During the break I went to ask Kwanele , his little sister but she was already gone apparently they were writing one subject. To tell you I'm worried would be an understatement. He can't just switch off his phone the whole day, something is definitely up I can feel it. The first thing I did when I knocked off was driving straight to his house. I still remember it vividly, so here I am now parked before this beautiful big house.

I can't pinpoint if I'm anxious because I don't know how his mom will receive me or the news she will tell me after I have explained my reason for being here. I gather my strength and look at myself in the rear view mirror once more then step out of my car. I walk through the gate and head straight to a double door, only the top part is opened. I salivate as the aroma of oxtail hits my nostrils and the grumbling of my stomach reminds me that I haven't eaten anything today. I knock and a beautiful thick woman appears and opens the door for me.

I make my way in hoping my wobbling knees won't give in and let me fall on these shimmering mosaic tiles. The white and mint green color combination of this kitchen makes it unique and beautiful. It has a lovely homely feel and somehow it makes me miss my mother. I must have zoned out as she snap me out of my trance with her sweet angelic voice.

"Hello my child"

"Oh I'm so sorry mama I'm the one who should be greeting. I was just admiring the beauty of your house. Sawbona mama" (Greetings mama)

She smiles, such a warm and beautiful smile she has. She must be in her late forties, her nut brown eyes compliments her caramel glowing skin. Damn what a sexy momma!

“How are you sisi?”

“I’m fine mama and yourself”

“I’m also fine, come sit down”

She points at the chair and we both sit down on high chairs.

“To what pleasure do I owe to be visited by such a beautiful lady?”

My cheeks turned red as I blush. Oh I see Nathi got his charms from his mom.

“Trust me I’m not as beautiful as this woman before me”

“Haisuka musa ukuganga ngami”

She says giggling. She seems like a free spirited woman.

“Serious mama”

“Oh haike if you say so then thank you”

“You are welcome. Forgive me to come unannounced. I’m Cebisile I have been trying to call Nathi the whole day but I can’t reach him. I couldn’t help myself but come Im so worried about him since he was stabbed yesterday”

“Oh you are Cebi?”

She says as if knows something about me and that got me worried for a second.

“Um yes”

I say

“Nkosinathi is fine my child I had to force him to go to the doctor today. He passed out the moment we got back from the doctor it must be the injection”

I sigh with relief that he’s okay I wonder why his phone is off though or he doesn’t want to talk to me.

“Oh thank God!Ngiyabonga...uhm I don’t want to wake him up so I will go”

“Oh no it’s been hours now since he has been sleeping I don’t think he will mind. You can go to him I’m sure you know which way to go”

She says with a little smile on her face. Is this her way of asking me if I have slept with her son?

“Umm no”

I lie of course she looks at me and chuckles knowingly

“His room is outside in the back yard so when you step out of this house you will turn left and go to the back of the yard”

“Thank you mama”

I get up from the chair just as my stomach misbehaves. I giggle embarrassed.

“You should stay for dinner”

“Maybe next time mama but It smells mouth watering”

“Thank you. I will hold you to that”

I nod and make my way to the door

“Cebi?”

I turn and look at her

“Ma”

“I hope the wound on my son’s forearm was worth it”

She says and I look at her shocked. What is that supposed to mean?

“Ma?”

“Don’t forget to say goodbye when you leave”

Okay this awkward what did Nathi tell his mama kanti? I nod my head and walk out heading straight to the back room. The last time I was here his fuck girl was here too, I hope today there won’t be a repeat of that. I knock for a while but he doesn’t attend me so I open the door and make my way in. Last time I didn’t get time to just look around now it’s the chance. Everything is black and white here with a touch of grey here and there. His living room is beautiful and spacious, there’s a door on the side which must be leading to the garage.

There are two big pictures on the wall the other one it’s him and his little sister and the other one they are all there as a family including his dad. Nathi took the looks from his father and Kwanele took hers from her mom. The smiles on their faces, it's evident that they were a happy family. I never had the privilege of having this but I knew that one day I’m going to have my own, a happy family that is but little did I know. Sigh. I walk to the bedroom and it’s more spacious than the living room and the colors are the same, black and white with a touch of grey. There's also another door here of which I assume its leading to the bathroom. I have to admit that he has a beautiful house, manly but immaculate.

He’s lying on the bed skyward his bandaged arm is resting on his stomach. I take off my heels and lie next to him balancing my elbow on the bed with my palm pressed against my cheek staring at his perfect features. I straighten his bushy thick eyebrows with my fingers, he stirs fluttering his eyelids but he doesn’t open his eyes. I snuggle closer to him and kiss his lips.

“Cebi”

He murmurs against my lips I don't break the kiss but slide my tongue into his mouth. He welcomes it and massages his against mine. I feel the butterflies dancing in my tummy and moan in his mouth. The kiss went on for almost five minutes then we break it and look at each other.

“Hey”

I whisper

“Why are you whispering?”

He says with a smirk on his face. I giggle and shake my head he knows that his kisses are mind blowing and they make me weak. In fact his whole being makes me weak.

“Fuseg” (Fuck you)

He giggles softly

“Ubekwa yini la maMbhele” (What are you doing here?)

“I was worried sick about you, why is your phone off the whole day?”

He involuntarily bites his lip and I just know what he's going to say is silly

“Awukwazi nje ukuhlala ngaphandle kompipi wami Cebisile uze wabona ukuthi ngcono uze la” (You can't stay away from my dick Cebisile you thought it better to come here)

I can't help but burst into laughter. I knew uzobheda nje.

“Kuhlaleka kanjani nje ngaphandle kwento emnandi kangaka” (How can I stay without something nice like this)

I say stroking his dick through his pants.

“Fuck!”

He groans and bites his lip.

“On a serious note Nathi, what happened? Were you avoiding me?”

“Why would I avoid you?”

“I don’t know maybe now that my husband is back you don’t want anything that got to do with me”

He sighs and that alone worries me.

“I’m sorry that I didn’t keep you updated. I know that you were worried sick about me. I lost my phone I think it fell down when I was jumping your wall fence. I would have called you with my mom’s phone if I knew your number by heart”

That moment I know his by heart , don’t look at me like I’m good with numbers, hence I’m a maths teacher.

“Let’s hope I will find it when I get home”

“Senzo went there after dropping me off and he didn’t find it.”

“Don’t worry I will look for it”

“I was hiding in your back room you must also look there maybe I dropped it there. Let’s hope your husband won’t find it first”

My heart skips a beat at that thought.

“Yhooo Nathi ungasho njalo” (Don’t say that)

“It’s possible though”

“But that doesn’t prove anything does it?”

I ask worryingly

“I don’t even want to think about that, let’s hope you will find it.”

“Let’s hope....how’s your arm?”

“It’s better I went to the doctor today”

“Your mom told me. She’s so sweet”

“That’s a first, she must have welcomed you nicely. Most people when they meet her they say she’s scary”

“She said something though”

He gives me a “carry on” look

“She said she hopes this wound in your arm was worth it, what does that even mean?”

“I don’t know why didn’t you ask her?”

“I did but she brushed it off”

He shrugs his shoulders and he doesn’t seem bothered by this while I am.

“Did you tell her something about me?”

“No”

“Are you sure?”

“Of course Cebi why should I tell her about you?”

“I don’t know! it's just that...never mind.”

I lay my head on his chest he wraps his arm around my waist and we fall into silence. No words can ever describe how I feel when I’m with him and wrapped in his arms. I never want to let go and I wish we could stay like this forever. I hear him sighing none stop loudly then he breaks the silence eventually.

“What happens now that he’s back?”

I look up at him and our eyes meet. I can’t decipher his facial expression.

“Nothing changes”

I say

“You know that's impossible right?”

Of I course I know but I don’t want to admit it.

“No it’s not impossible Nathi.”

“How's it going to work Cebi? No forget that tell me this will go on until when?”

I swallow hard as I feel a lump clogging in my throat

“I don’t know okay but all I know is that I don’t want it to stop Nathi”

“That's impossible baby, he’s back now and anything could happen. It’s best if we just stop it before he finds out and kill me”

I feel my heart sinking deep into the pit of my stomach and tears warming up my eyes.

“We can make it work baby we would be discreet as we can please don’t end this I’m begging you”

“It was never supposed to start from the beginning Cebi. Your husband is my boss, he trusts me and treats me so good imagine what he would feel and do to me when he finds out that I fucked his wife.”

“He won’t find out sthandwa sami....”

He cuts me off

“Cebisile No!”

He sighs heavily and closes his eyes momentarily then looks at me.

“We both knew from the beginning that we were playing a very dangerous game. It's time to end it now before blood spills. The last thing I want is to cause my mom and sister pain. They are still healing from my Dad's passing they won't survive if something horrible can happen to me. It was nice while it lasted and I'm so sorry”

Oh I knew this day would come but I think it came sooner than I expected. I swallow thick spit in my mouth as I blink my tears back. He cups my face and looks at my glistening eyes

“I'm sorry”

He whispers softly.

“Make love to me”

“Cebisile....”

“Make love to me for the last time you owe me that much”

He caresses my face, his eyes still locked to mine. I wish I could read more through these gorgeous pair of his. I want to know more but he's not giving me any clues. I want to know does it hurt him the way it hurts me? That we have to end this now? Is it hard to end this to him like it is to me? I feel his lips pressing on mine and he kisses me slowly and deeply. I reciprocate the kiss wrapping my arm around his waist. The kiss is not rushed, it's slow and sensual. I feel the butterflies dancing in my tummy and moan in his mouth. He rolls me over and positions himself right on top of me. The feel of his weight on top of me makes me yearn for the warmth contact of our flesh together but I asked him to make love to me, not fuck me so I know that he's going to take his sweet time.

He undresses me without breaking the kiss and all that is done in slow motion between passionate kisses, fondling and stroking. Now I'm butt naked and he's lavishing my body with wet kisses, gentle bites, nibbling and sucking. I swear he has the skill to please my body, he's reaching my every erogenous zone, my collar bone, nipples, navel, inner thighs, toes ohh damn! I help him take off his clothes as he kinda struggle with his injured arm. His rod is hard and leaking pre cum.

Our lips meet again and we exchange saliva with passion. Finally I get to feel his warm flesh against mine and it's just pure bliss. He inserts his dick into me I gulp the air as he lets out a throaty groan. He entwined our hands together and presses mine above my head then he thrusts in and out of me keeping his eyes on me. Each stroke is taking me to cloud nine, I wrap my legs around his butt pulling him closer. His thrusts are measured and our noise of pleasure echoes in his bedroom.

I feel his dick slipping out of me then he makes me balance with my one arm on the bed to prop up my head up. He pulls my one leg up into the air while the other one is stretch out along the bed. He straddles my leg on the bed and slides into me while resting it against his shoulder. I run my free hand across his chest and carefully play with his nipples as he thrusts deeper using up and down motions. Damn he's playing my body like a guitar, I'm engulfed by different emotions all at once and tears are streaming relentlessly. I'm over the edge and he can feel it but he slips out and turns me to lie on my side as he does the same and we are now facing each other. He gets between my legs and glides in with one push, I hold on to him tightly as I meet his slow but deep thrusts. He slides his not injured arm under my neck and pulls my face close to his to capture my lips into his. He's close so am I, we increase the speed of our thrusts and our bodies give in as we swallow each other's groans reaching for our climax.

We stay in that position for a moment to catch our breath. I lazily open my eyes to find him staring at me, there's a glint of sadness in his eyes but he quickly masks it with a smirk. I wish he can tell me something I want to hear I don't know what but I'm longing to hear something from him that will soothe my aching heart. He wipes my

tears and kissed my forehead before slipping out of me. He gets up from the bed and disappears to the door I assumed is a bathroom and comes back seconds later with a towel. He wipes me clean it's damp and warm, once he's done he wipes himself then goes back to the bathroom again. I lay on the bed with a heavy heart and fighting back my tears from falling. He comes back and lies next to me

“That was amazing thank you so much”

I don't say anything but just nod with my head. I don't trust my voice right now. I feel like I will burst into tears.

“Are you okay?”

Dude how can I be okay? Mxm!

“Yeah”

I say with a shaky voice and jump off the bed and get dressed. I don't know when he got up from the bed but his sexy naked self is standing in front of me now. He places his palms on my shoulders and looks at me

“Uyakhala Cebisile” (You are crying)

Idiot of course I'm crying! Okay fine I didn't realize I am . I vigorously wipe my tears with my palms.

“I thought we both we enjoyed njena”

Gosh really he's so fucking slow!

“I have to go now”

I free myself from his embrace and walk out

“Cebi wait I will walk you out!”

He shouts just as I'm at the door but I ignore him and walk out.
When I hear the door opening I run, I don't want him to catch me. I
bump into his mother.

"Cebi"

"I'm sorry mama. Goodbye"

I walk passed her but she grabs my arm

"Are you crying? What did he do to you?"

Nathi appears fully dressed

"Bye mama it was nice to meet you"

I rush out with tears blurring my eyes. Just as I open my car I hear a
familiar voice

"Ma'am Mbhele what are you doing here?"

"Hi and Bye Kwanele"

I jump into my car and drive off leaving my heart behind.

Chapter Nineteen

I'm bewildered by Cebi's reaction. I thought we had wonderful sex as at some point she was even crying which is something she does every time we fuck. It used to worry me because I thought I was hurting her but she told me that she also never knew that a dick can be that good that it makes her cry. Of course that boosted my ego but now I'm so fucking confused.

"How could you let a woman go crying like that Nkosinathi? You such a disappointment yaz"

Mom says

"Mom please I'm not in the mood for any of your lectures"

She raises her hands in surrender as Kwanele walks through the gate and comes to us. I thought mom said she was writing one subject today so why she comes back home at this time.

"What was Ma'am Mbhele doing here?"

She asks with a rather shaky voice she seems nervous which is making me wonder what for.

"Hello to you too baby"

Mom says

"Hello mama. Hello Bhuti"

"Hey baby, now you can ask us whatever you were asking"

That's mom again

"Ma'am Mbhele was here"

“Who’s that?”

“That lady I bumped into at the gate”

“You know her?”

“Yes mama she’s my Mathematics teacher”

“Oh it’s a small world then I think your brother is the one that is going to explain to you why was she here because she was here to see him”

Mom says and walks inside the house leaving me with Kwanza who’s avoiding eye contact with me.

“Wenzeni Kwanza?” (What did you do?)

“She said I did something?”

Okay there’s something up I know my little sister.

“Talk”

“I didn’t do anything”

“So she’s lying?”

Of course I’m tricking her and knowing her she will fall right into My trap.

“No Bhuti, I’m sorry”

She’s shivering and tears are streaming down her face. I take her hand into mine but she doesn’t take it.

“Hey come”

I say

“Please don’t beat me up”

“Have I ever laid my hands on you?”

She shakes her head no and takes my hand then we go to my back room. We settle on the couch next to each other.

“Talk”

“She told you moss”

“I want to hear the side of your story”

She starts playing with her fingers

“I didn’t mean to Bhuti, I swear the pressure was just too much for me. I didn’t want to disappoint you and mama.”

“Wenzeni Kwanele? ” (What have you done Kwanele?)

I ask firmly

“Friday she caught me cheating my life science exam with my phone.”

I don’t know what I expected but this is the last thing I expected from her.

“Ukopela Kwanza?” (Cheating an Exam Kwanza?)

“I’m sorry Bhuti”

She burst into tears

“Why Kwanza? I thought you are a smart ass”

“No I’m not a smart ass as you guys think and this is putting pressure on me because I don’t want to disappoint you and mama.”

I sigh and pull her into my arms

“Cheating doesn’t make you a smart ass either Kwanza. Mom and I never expected you to excel in all your subjects because we know you can’t be good in everything. I’m sorry if we put too much pressure on you, that wasn’t our intention at all, we are just proud of you and we are encouraging you to do better and better.”

“I’m sorry”

She gasps between her sobs. I comforted her until she calms down.

“I’m still confused why she didn’t rat me out. Phones are not allowed in the exam room so she used that to cover up but I could see that she was very disappointed in me”

I wonder why Cebi didn’t tell me this?

“She says you are a best student. You have potential and you are very committed to your studies so she couldn’t report you but It better be the first and last you did that”

“Please don’t tell mama I promise I will never do it again”

“I won’t...so this is the reason you were mad at me? You were taking your frustration on me?”

“No that’s.....”

Mom burst into the door without knocking looking horrified

“Mom what’s wrong?”

“Thula... she wants to kill herself”

Mom says panicking

“What?”

I ask shocked

“We have to go Nkosinathi”

“Go mom save your boyfriend’s daughter and leave Bhuti here, we are having a serious conversation here”

Kwanza can be so insensitive at times

“He’s the only one who can get through her Nele”

“Haibo! Bhuti is not a pastor nor a psychologist if she wants to die let her be”

“Mxm I don’t have time for your insensitivity Nkosinathi let’s go”

I get up and go to the bedroom to take the taxi keys then mom and I leave. I’m the one who’s driving since mom can’t drive fast. My arm still hurts though especially after having sex with Cebi. Upon arrival we rush inside the house and head straight to her bedroom. She points the gun at us as soon as we get inside her bedroom and Mom screams and hides behind Bab Gatsheni.

“Baby girl”

I say raising my hands up

“Please give me the gun”

“No! why can’t you just let me be huh! This is my life, I’m the one who’s feeling this pain not you guys! Stop being selfish and let me go!”

She screams with anger. Her face is wet with tears and she looks horrible.

“Baby please don’t do this to me. I can’t lose you too I have already lost your mom and sister please”

Bab Gatsheni pleads with his daughter but she doesn’t want to hear it. She shakes her head while rubbing the gun on her head.

“I’m sorry Dad but I can’t take this pain anymore it’s too much. At least you have her by your side but what about me huh? I lost my mother now it’s my sister, the only person who ever understood me”

“I’m here baby girl we are all hear please don’t do this I’m begging you”

I plead with her. Mom is now crying behind Bab Gatsheni

“Taking your life away is not an option sweetheart. I know it’s hard and it hurts but just give it time baby girl. Life has the greatest things to offer you, lean on us we are here for you sis. We are going to hold you and we promise we will never let you fall. No one said life would be easy, we have to be strong. I’m going to come to you now and you will give me the gun okay”

I say walking to her and when I get to her I take the gun and give it to Bab Gatsheni then hold her in my arm. She bursts into tears and her knees give in. I scoop her up and settle on bed with her on my lap and arms.

“Sshhh don’t cry”

I give the love birds a look assuring them that everything is okay they nod and walk out leaving me rocking Thula back and forth. I don’t think there will ever be enough words to say to make her feel better. In fact I don’t even know what to say to make her feel better but the only thing I can do is to be here for her every time she needs me.

“Where did you get the gun?”

I ask after a while, she’s calm now but she has hiccups

“It’s yours”

She whispers

“Thula!”

I scream in shock I didn't even notice that it's gone now. Sometimes I forget that I have gun how did she know?

"I'm sorry"

She says

"How did you know that I have a gun and when did you take it?"

"I saw it that day you took me out for ice cream. It was under your car seat. Friday I took it and I have been contemplating to kill myself the whole weekend"

I sigh. I have been meaning to keep it safe but it slipped out of my mind. This is my fault I can't even begin to imagine how I would have felt if she succeeded in killing herself.

"Kodwa Thula you promised me that whenever you feel like everything is too much you will call me"

"I did Bhut'Nathi but you weren't available for me"

"That's not true when did you call me?"

"Saturday your girlfriend said you are very busy I should leave a message. I told her to tell you that I called but you never called back."

I have no knowledge of what she's talking about. Cebi didn't tell me anything nor Omu.

"I'm sorry, honestly I don't know what you are talking about and I'm so sorry that you couldn't reach me. I will deal with this"

"No don't, I don't want to cause trouble between you and your girlfriend. Please don't ask her"

"Thula..."

"Bhuti Nathi please."

“Okay”

I’m not going to let this go I’m just agreeing because I don’t want to upset her. I remember yesterday Cebi asked me how Thula is, it baffles me that she asked that but she forgot to tell me that she called. It doesn’t make sense, it has to be Omu. I don’t like this, I have to talk to her as soon as possible.

“I lost my phone last night, I don’t know when I’m going to buy a new one but I promise you I will sort it out too”

She nods her head. I think living in this house is making things harder for her she needs some break away from all these memories of her sister that are lingering in this house.

“How would you feel if you can stay with us?”

“It would be nice but what about Dad? I can’t leave him alone”

“Your father will never be alone, he has me, mom and your uncle”

“If they both agree then it’s okay”

“Okay let me go talk to them”

I kiss her forehead and put her on the bed then make my way out. I find them in the lounge cuddling on the couch. I clear my throat they both looked at me and both their eyes are red. They both sit up straight and look at me in anticipation.

“How is she?”

He asks as I settle down on the couch opposite them.

“She’s calm now”

I say

“Thank you my boy”

Mom says

“Where did she get the gun?”

He asks. I swallow hard and look down. How do I explain this now.

“Uhm..uh it’s mine”

“Huh? You have a gun Nkosinathi!”

Mom says raising her voice with shock rather than anger

“Yes I do have a gun, she wasn’t supposed to see it, I’m very sorry about that. I will ensure that this never happens again”

“Of course it will never happen again because I will get rid of that gun myself! What are you doing with a gun Nkosinathi? Where did you get it?”

Okay now she’s shouting out of anger then shock.

“It’s not mine, Bra Mos gave it to me when he put me in charge of his business. I will take it back to him tonight”

“Oh okay I don’t want you carrying guns Nkosinathi”

I see relief surges through her as she says this.

“But to be honest my butternut Nkosinathi needs a gun. He’s a taxi driver after all”

“Hayi I won’t have a son who has a gun mina!”

“What’s wrong with that?”

“Really are you asking me that Mphikeleli?”

“Yes because I don’t understand. The gun is for his protection, it's not like he goes around killing people with it”

“He won’t need protection if he can start a business that has nothing to do with taxis.”

Oh here we go again!

“Kodwa my butternut why can’t you support the boy and stop discouraging him? I know that you are scared of what happened to your late husband but honestly death comes in all forms we can’t stop following our dreams because of fear of dying.”

Please tell her! Yabona mina nawe ngathi sozwana.

“Which side are you on wena?”

Mom says with annoyance.

“There are no sides sthandwa sami.”

He takes her hand but she pushes his hand away. Now I know that Kwanza took after her mom with drama.

“Uhm I have a suggestion”

I say before my mom says anything. They both look at me expectantly.

“I think staying in this house is not helping her, she needs to be away just a little bit from everything that reminds her of Buhle”

He looks at me and nods

“You are right son but where would she go? She’s writing exams”

“She can stay with us that way she can still go to school using public transport. If mom is okay with that of course”

I realize now that I was supposed to talk to Mama first before suggesting it to Bab Gatsheni but she doesn’t look like she has a problem.

“Of course I don’t have a problem. We will do anything we can to help her right now and I think having Kwanele with her will help her too”

Mom says and Bab Gatsheni nods his head

“Does she want to leave though?”

He asks

“Yes but she’s worried that you will be alone I told her that you would never be alone. You have mom and me too”

He nods with a smile I haven’t seen ever since Buhle passed on.

“Of course I’m blessed to have you guys”

He takes my mom’s hand and kisses it and she blushes.

“Well so she’s coming to live with us?”

“Yes but can I spend just tonight with her?”

He asks

“Of course Bab Gatsheni you don’t have to ask. Let me go tell her”

They both nod as I get up and walk to her bedroom. She’s curled in a ball on her bed. I sit on her bed and look at her.

“He agreed but today he wants to spend time with you. You scared him, he just wants to be with you”

I stay with her and we chat about anything and nothing until she doze off to sleep. Bab Gatsheni thanks me for saving his daughter but I don’t think I did. Buhle made her to listen to me even though what I said wasn’t comforting. When we arrive at home Sabelo is waiting for me. He exchanges pleasantries with my mom and gulps

down the last content of the drink Kwanza offered him before following me to my room. We settle on the couch.

“How’s your arm?”

“It’s not that bad”

“I have been trying to call you man”

“I lost my phone last night bra”

“Hade ntwana. I’m glad that you are okay I was so worried about you”

“Thanks man”

“Khaya regrets what he did he want to apologize but he’s scared”

“Here I was thinking you came here to see me kanti no you came to ask me to forgive your friend”

“Hawu Mnesh Of course I care about you as well as I care about our friendship. I won’t allow some girl break our brotherhood”

I chuckle in disbelief and look at him.

“Wow I can’t believe that you really think Cebi is the one that is breaking our brotherhood”

“Of course it’s her Mnesh if it wasn’t her you and Khaya wouldn’t have fought”

“Well if you really believe that then you are slow. Why do we even have to fight for my woman Sbaza? He’s the one who’s fighting me for my woman”

He looks at me like I’m crazy

“Your woman? She’s married bra have you forgotten that?”

“Still that doesn’t make it right for Khaya to want my woman even if she’s married.”

“This is not something new Mnesh you know about that and you can’t blame him that these girls are the ones that throw themselves at him”

“Exactly! Cebi never showed any interest in him then why emufuna ngenkani kanti?”

He sighs

“I don’t like what's going on between us. If you could chow a married woman...I'm worried now”

I laugh.

“You really think I can fuck Bongi Sabelo?”

He doesn’t say anything.

Wow!

“Dude what do you take me for? You are my best friend I will never betray you like that!”

“Cebi is your boss’s wife Nathi! The same boss that left his business into your hands because he trusts you! What do you do wena? You fuck his wife that’s so cruel of you!!”

“I know what I did is wrong but for you to think I would do that to you I’m torn apart. I really thought you know me better than that.”

I say calmly but I’m hurt deep in my heart.

“You say that everyone makes mistakes. This wasn’t a mistake you fucked your boss’s wife knowing very well she’s married to your boss so how do you expect me to not worry?”

“I don’t understand why are you comparing yourself with my boss not that its justifies what I did.”

“Vele it doesn't justify what you did! You are evil Nathi!”

“I’m not going to try and defend myself Sabelo because I know I messed up big time but you are the last person I expect to crucify me because you know temptation is real out there”

He pops out his eyes

“I know you fucked Percy”

Percy is one of Bongi’s cousin and he’s gay. I saw them fucking years back and that time Sabelo and Bongi were in a relationship not married. I have never been traumatized like that in my life. Thinking about that encounter still makes me cringe. He drops his eyes down as shame engulfs him.

“How...did...you..”

He stutters

“I saw you guys”

“God Nathi all these years you knew and never said anything? You are so dangerous you know that”

“I wanted to ask you believe me but I didn’t want to make you feel uncomfortable”

“Khaya and Senzo knows?”

“No I had no right to tell them, anyone for that matter”

“Oh Lord I was drunk please don’t tell Bongi”

“You don’t get it do you?”

He looks at me confused

“Huh?”

“Tjo Sabelo if I wanted to tell Bongzi I would have told her a long time ago. You are my friend, I got your back and I will never sell you out nor betray you but here you are worried that I might fuck your wife. If you really think I could do that to you then why are you still keeping me as your friend? You don't have to answer me now that I know where I stand with you. Close the door on your way out”

I get up and walk straight to my bedroom with my heavy heart. I thought we are brothers and brothers never think about betraying each other. At 8pm, I drive to the Mbhele residence, remember I still have a job to do and I'm supposed to be not aware that Bra Mos is back. He's the one that opens the door for me.

“Bra Mos Hello”

I say feigning to be surprised

“Nathi my boy come in!”

He says with a chirpy voice. He seems happy to see me and boy that makes me feel awful.

“I didn't know you are back”

I say as I walk in

“I came back in the wee hours of the morning”

“How was Cape Town?”

“It was fine my boy...do you want anything to drink?”

“No I'm fine”

He leads the way to his office. I look around hoping that we didn't leave anything suspicious in here phela there were times we would fuck here.

“My wife told me you were stabbed, just tell me the names I will deal with them”

I look at him thinking he's joking but he's deadly serious. I swallow spit and grab a chair to sit down just as he does so on his comfy chair. Now being the one who's sitting on the other chair not on his comfy chair feels weird.

“Yes it was nothing serious Bra Mos I'm fine. I went to the doctor hence I couldn't go to the rank”

I explain even though he long told me that I don't have to go to the rank because I'm already running his business and honestly I haven't been to the taxi rank as much I would have liked because Cebi has been keeping me very occupied.

“I have already told you that you don't have to go to the rank but you are stubborn. How has everything been? ”

“It has been great Bra Mos and the drivers are happy, especially now that they have a day off. Everything is fine, you know a happy employee does his or her work perfectly”

His smile broadens

“You are a gem! Thank you so much for taking care of my business while I was away. I could've asked anyone but asking you was the right decision because in these two weeks you were able to bring a change and made all of us happy.”

“I'm the one who's grateful for the opportunity Bra Mos and thank you for trusting me. I have learnt a lot in two weeks about the taxi business.”

“And It's time you run your own”

“I don’t know I'm thinking of starting another business”

“Why? I thought you love the taxi business”

“I do but the taxi business needs a lot of money. I will start another one maybe in the long run when my business has made a lot of money I will start the taxi business”

“Well this gift of mine to you will solve all your problems”

He bends a little and takes out a black sport bag under his desk and place it on the desk.

“Open it”

I look at him and open the sport bag. I gasp at the sight of thick rolls of two hundred notes filled in this bag.

“This is my gift to thank you for taking care of my business and being loyal and trustworthy to me.”

“How much is it?”

“800k”

“Wow Bra Mos this...I...I don’t know what to say”

“There’s nothing to say vele just take the money and go start that business of yours”

I’m stunned to speak and accepting this money seems so wrong after what I have done.

“I’m sorry I can’t Bra Mos this is a lot of money”

“You deserve it Nkosinathi.”

“No!”

I snap, trust me it wasn't my intention but it's guilt doing what it does best.

“I'm sorry I didn't mean to snap I'm just overwhelmed”

“I know you are a man and you have pride kodwa kwesinye isikhathi akudingeki ukuthi uze usebenze kanzima ukuze ube la ofuna ukuba khona. Ukwenza kahle kwakho futhi ngokuzimisela kunoma yini oyenzayo ikona okokwenza ukuthi ube la ofuna khona ” (...but sometimes you don't have to work hard to be where you want to be. Being passionate and committed in everything you do will take you where you want to be)

“Ca...can I think about it first?”

“Of course”

We hear a knock on the door he zips the bag and puts it back under his desk then shouts

“Come in”

The door swings open and the drivers walks in. They all seem surprised to see him.

“Ahh Bra Mos”

They greet and exchange pleasantries but my mind is just far away. It's not a secret that I need this money but how do I accept it without feeling guilty for betraying him?

Chapter Twenty

I feel his gentle squeeze on my shoulder and I realize that I have zoned out again. The whole day my mind has been reeling with thoughts and I even have a splitting headache right now.

“What’s wrong? You seem to have a lot on your mind”

His voice is laced with concern and when I look at him an expression of worry is plastered on his face.

“It’s fine if you don’t want to talk about it but I want you to know that I’m here for you anytime.”

I sigh and rub my palms together.

“I have something to ask you but I’m asking for a friend”

“Okay shoot”

He places his glass of whiskey on the coffee table and looks at me expectantly.

“So I have this friend and he has been fucking his boss’s wife and he feels guilty because the boss trusts him and he’s treating him like his son. They have agreed with the wife that they will stop this and the boss has offered my friend money to start his business. He needs the money but he feels like it would be wrong of him to accept the money”

He looks at me trying to deduce what I have just said.

“Mmh I see. I don’t think it will make him feel less guilty whether he accepts the money or not.”

That what I thought exactly

“So you say he should take the money?”

“Let me get this straight so this is about him accepting the money or not? or it’s about the guilt he’s feeling?”

“It’s actually both Bab Gatsheni as long as they work together the guilt won’t stop eating him.”

“I don’t know what to say my son this is heavy and deep. It’s a huge betrayal and I’m afraid what a betrayed man could do, especially a man who has been betrayed by his beloved wife and his trusted employee. I’m scared for your friend boy”

“Me too plus the boss is the most feared man ever”

“Well it’s either your friend takes the money and start his business that way he won’t have to spend most of his time with the boss and be hopeful that he never finds out or if the boss means so much to him in his life and the guilt is too much to handle then he must confess to the boss.”

I swallow thick spit and wipe my imaginary sweat on my forehead.

“I don’t think confession is an option Bab Gatsheni that’s suicidal. This friend of mine doesn’t live for him only he has a family that he needs to take care of, a family that would be torn apart if something horrible could happen to him”

“He should have thought about the consequences before fucking another man’s wife. I won’t lie I’d also blow his brains off for fucking my wife and as for the wife mmh I don’t know hey but they’d both feel my wrath.”

He says and I swallow hard again.

“You are the friend isn’t it?”

He says eventually breaking the silence

“What? No!”

“Vele Nkosinathi!”

I look down as shame and fear engulf me.

“Jesus Nkosinathi you want to get yourself killed! What were you thinking?”

“I wasn’t thinking bab Gatsheni”

“Moses is going to kill you Nkosinathi! Do you know how brutal that man is? He’s going to kill you and bury you and we will never ever know what happened to you! Do you know how broken your mom and sisters would be if that ever happen?”

“I’m sorry”

What can I say now? He’s shouting at me as if I don’t feel bad enough

“Sorry? Go apologize to Moses or I will tell him myself”

I shake my head in disbelief is this man for real?

“Please don’t do that bab Gatsheni I promise I will stay away from his wife.”

“You were never supposed to sleep with her in the first place! Where’s your respect for other people’s wife huh?”

“Bengizoyenza njani mina kuwuye umfazi wakhe obengiphuphuleza engisantuzela I’m a man after all” (What I was going to do when his wife is the one that was fondling me and showing me her pussy...)

“Oh please don’t you dare pull that card on me “I’m a man after all” a real man doesn’t go around sticking his dick to other men’s wives!”

“I messed up okay and if there was a way I could turn back the hands of time I’d do that Bab Gatsheni please don’t make me confess that will be a disaster.”

“These things have a way of coming out my boy”

“I know but what if it never does? It's possible! People have secrets out there and till today they are unknown. If something bad can happen to me, my mom will be so broken and that's the last thing you want, I know that. Thula will be also be broken because she's starting to trust me”

“Oh now you are blackmailing me?”

“I'm not Bab Gatsheni but it's the truth. You and I could do anything to protect these women in our lives. They mean the world to us and if something were to ever happen to us, all three of them will break down.”

He sighs and we fall into silence for a moment then he breaks it eventually.

“Of course I'm not going to make you confess or tell Moses, I know that man and how brutal he can be. I know that you are tolerating me because of your mom but I want you to know that I have loved you and cared for you as my son for as long as I could remember, when your father and I started being friends. Your father treated my children like his as much as I did. Don't think you can blackmail me using the love I have for your mother because my love for you it's way deeper than that. You are my son and I love you, I care about you and I will do anything to protect you.”

I can't help a smile that tugs at the corners of my lips. His words find a special place in my heart and I can see that he meant every single word.

“Thank you so much Bab Gatsheni”

“This is what's going to happen now. You will stop fucking Moses wife...”

I cut him short

“Of course I have stopped Bab Gatsheni”

“Good...I’m going to give you money to start your business”

“No it’s fine I will start another business”

“You love taxi business right?”

“Yes but sometimes...”

“Taxi business is what you going to have”

“It’s not going to happen Bab Gatshen I need a lot of money...”

“How much do you need?”

“Uhm half a million...”

“Okay you need to send me your banking details”

I look at him shocked

“No no you don’t have to Bab Gatshen it’s too much”

“Indlovu ayikaze yasindwa umboko yawo.” (An elephant's tusks are never too heavy for it)

“But...”

“Hayi Nkosinathi ufuna ukuthatha imali yenye indoda ngikhona mina ungenza isehluleki sika Baba. Why didn’t you come to me and tell me you are short with money?” (No Nkosinathi you want to take another man’s money while I’m here you make a failure of a father...)

“It was never my plan to get money from anyone. I wanted to start this business on my own without anyone’s help. I didn’t want to owe anyone by starting this business but now I can see that it will take

me years to raise another half a million hence I was tempted to take Bra Mos's money”

“Better owe your father than a man you betrayed by fucking his wife because the chances of him destroying your business will be very high if he ever finds out the truth.”

“You are right thank you so much Bab Gatsheni. I'm lost of words to say to show my gratitude”

“Don't mention it and please stay away from other people's wife noma sebekusantuzela kangakanani”

We burst into laughter

“You are truly your father's son”

I look at him

“Please don't tell me my father did this too because as long as I remember he was with mom since she was 14 years old and that would mean he cheated on her”

“I'm finished Bhuti Nathi”

Thula says walking in with her bags just as Bab Gatsheni is about to reply. I came here to fetch her since she's moving in with us.

“So much bags baby you are moving out for good?”

Bab Gatsheni says

“Of course not daddy you know a girl has to have many options to choose from before deciding what to wear”

“You are not going on a vacation moss”

I say she rolls her eyes causing Bab Gatshen and I to laugh.

“Let me help you load the bags”

I say as I get up and get her huge luggage then walk to my taxi with her following behind me with her backpack. I place all her bags on the seats.

“You took everything?”

I ask

“Yes”

Bab Gatsheni walks to us I see that he’s a bit emotional now and his daughter notices.

“If you don’t want me to leave Dad...”

He cuts her off.

“No baby I do want you to leave. Your healing is important to me and besides we are still in the same hood so I will drive to see you anytime I want.”

Thula smiles and throws herself on her Daddy’s arms who wraps his arms around her tiny figure.

“I love you daddy”

“I love you too baby”

He kisses her forehead then they break the kiss.

“Bye Bab Gatsheni and thank you so much for everything”

“You are welcome my son”

I stretch my hand to shake his hand but he gives me a warm fatherly hug. We get in the taxi and drive home.

“Where’s the Audi? I prefer it then this scrap”

I pinch her playfully and she giggles

“Hey this scrap here makes me a lot of money”

“But it’s old! There’s no Bluetooth radio here gosh!”

“Dilika ke” (Get off then)

She giggles

“Ngiyadlala butiza inswabula le” (I’m kidding bro this is a machine)

I laugh this child! The drive is filled with idiotic conversation and laughter. The moment I pulled off in the yard mom comes to us.

“Baby”

“Mama”

They share a hug

“You are welcome this is your home as well”

“Thank you Mama”

I take the luggage and her school bag then we walk inside the house. Kwanza is cooking in the kitchen still wearing her school uniform with an apron on top.

“Kwanza you remember Thula right?”

“Yeah how can I forget her?”

She says with a straight face and I’m unable to decipher her emotion.

“Hi”

Thula says rather shyly

“Hey”

Responds Kwanza and continues with her pots. I thought that the day of the funeral they got along or I was misreading everything?

“Let me take that to her room Nkosinathi.”

Mom says and I hand Thula’s luggage and the backpack to her.

“Come Thula let me show you your room”

Mom says pulling the luggage as she makes her way out followed by Thula. I look at Kwanza.

“Are you okay?”

“Yes I’m fine”

“Thula is a good kid you will like her”

“Okay”

“Kwanza what’s going on I thought you liked her”

“Liked her? Ngimazelaphi?” (.....do I know her?)

“Come on don’t be like that. She needs us now she’s going through a lot let’s be supportive to her”

“Sonke sake sashonelwa kodwa azange usibone thina sihamba sihlala emzini yabantu” (We all lost our loved ones but we never moved into other people’s houses)

“You can be insensitive at times yaz and I don’t like that.”

“Sorry”

I decide to go check on Omu I haven’t seen her since Saturday. Bra Mos gave me a few days off to nurse my arm so Senzo is the one who has been transporting my kids to school. I haven’t bought a

phone and I don't know if Cebi has found it or not because I haven't seen her since yesterday when she ran off crying. There are kids playing on the street next to Omu's house, yes I'm not driving but walking it's a walkable distance.

"Hey boy come here"

"Me?"

The boy asks touching his chests with his tiny hand. He looks five to six years old.

"Yes"

He walks to me and the other kids stop playing and looks at me.

"Do you know Omuhle?"

"Yes"

"Please go and call her for me"

"Uzongiphani kuqala?" (What will you give me first?)

I chuckle kids of today!

"Money"

"How much?"

"How much do you want?"

He shows me his five fingers

"Okay go"

He rushes off.

"Pass the ball boy"

I say and the boy do as I say. I play with them as I wait for the other boy to come back with Omu. Minutes later Omu and the boy appears.

“Hey”

Omu says with a smile on her face

“Hello...boy thank you here’s your money”

I slide out R10 note in my pocket and give it to him his face lit up.

“Thank you malume!” (...uncle!)

He runs off showing off his money to his friends as they look at him with envy.

“Malume you will come to play with us again?”

This one boy says with missing teeth. He looks so cute man.

“Yes my boy I will come”

“When?”

“Tomorrow”

“Okay”

I take Omu’s hand into mine and walk away with her. She’s looking at me with a smile I don’t understand on her face.

“What?”

“You love kids neh?”

“Why should I hate them?”

She laughs

“You always have your way of answering questions nje”

“How are you?”

“I’m well and you? What happened to your arm?”

“I’m also okay this is just a minor injury. I was stabbed”

She gasps

“By who?”

“You don’t know him. How did you write your exams so far?”

“Not bad thank you for asking. Why has your phone been off?”

“I lost it on Sunday night hence I sent the kid to call you”

“I’m glad you came I missed you”

“I missed you too”

I kiss her cheek

“Baby did you perhaps answered any calls on Saturday on my phone and forgot to tell me?”

“No why?”

“I’m serious Omu did you?”

“No I didn’t Nathi was the call that important?”

“Yes but it’s fine if you don’t know anything about it”

So this means it’s Cebi I don’t understand why would she pretend to feel sorry for Thula while she kept it from me that she called or maybe she really forgot I’m just reading too much into this.

“Mkhabela omuncane misses you”

That's what she calls my dick.

“I miss him too”

She says giggling

“Asishaye ijika kancane endlini” (Let’s go to my house)

“Ha.a Nathi I can’t I’m cooking and I left my pots on the stove. I didn’t think it was you that was calling me”

“So wena uhamba uphumela amadoda akubizayo langaphandle ongawazi?” (So you avail yourself to any man that calls you outside?)

“Of course not Nathi I thought maybe it’s someone who wanted to ask direction or anything”

“Mmh”

“Don’t be mad please”

“I’m not mad”

“Then kiss me”

I chuckle and pull her by her waist and kiss her.

“I have to go back now before my pots burn”

“When are you finishing writing your exams?”

“Next of next week”

“Tjo thats so far Mkhabela omncane will be dead by then”

She giggles shyly

“Tell him that I will make it up to him he must be patient just a little okay?”

I involuntarily bite my lower lip before kissing her again.

“I love you”

She says after we break the kiss.

“I love you too”

I walk her back home then walk home. I find mom and the girls watching TV but Kwanza is more glued on her phone's screen than on the TV screen. At 7:30pm Kwanza dishes up for us and we eat over light chatter. I finish first as always and kiss them goodbye then walk to my room. I take a quick bath since I couldn't take a shower with this bandaged arm. Once I'm done I down my medication and drift to slumber.

“Still you don't want to change your mind?”

I ask

“No I'm studying today”

“Rest is needed babe take this as a little break”

Thula says

“No hambani” (...go)

It's Saturday today I'm taking the girls out for a movie but Kwanza doesn't want to come with us.

“Ah well goodbye”

“Bye”

Thula and I walk out. Bab Gatsheni gave mom his BMW 320i he doesn't want his woman to use public transport anymore especially when she goes to section 3 where she sells her heartwarming meals. So I'm using it instead of the taxi since mom didn't go to section 3 today I don't know why. Speaking of Bab Gatsheni he transferred the money indeed and by next week I will be starting with the process of establishing my business.

I haven't been to the Mbhele residence since Bra Mos gave me few days off and yes I haven't spoken to Cebi. I asked Kwanza how she had been she told me Cebi hasn't been to school for the past few days apparently she's sick. I can't help but worry about her. The drive is filled with Thula's noise as she sings along her playlists.

We start at the mall to get everything that we are going to need and drive to town. I don't even know what movie we would be watching and I don't care as long as she's happy so I'm going to sacrifice a few hours to watch the movie with her.

“Buti Nathi!”

Thula nudges me and I realize that I have dozed off.

“Let's go!”

“Go where?”

I look around and notice that people are leaving now the movie must be finished. Yep I kept dozing off throughout this movie. I won't tell you what it was about and little miss her looks like she's mad. By the time I get up she's already out of my sight I have to run after her.

“Thula wait up”

She doesn't stop but I caught up with her and drape my arm around her neck.

“Wangishiya manje?” (Why are you leaving me)

“Really Buti? You slept throughout the whole movie”

“I’m sorry baby girl”

“Couldn’t you have at least pretended to be not bored?”

“I’m sorry baby girl movies are not my things. Please don’t be mad at me”

“Why didn’t you say so? We could have done something that is your thing”

She emphasizes the word “thing”

“Today was about you okay. Please forgive me”

“Well you have to make it up to me”

She says with a wild smile on her face.

“I’m listening”

Oh God I haven’t even started my business but I’m about to be bankrupt. See what I have noticed is that Thula is worse than Kwanza.

“I’m coming with you to Jozi and you will take me to gold reef city. I have never been there”

“No that’s impossible baby girl I’m leaving Wednesday and I will be back maybe Friday and you baby girl would be at school on those days”

“I’m writing two papers next week on Monday and Tuesday only”

“Mmm why does it look like you already planned this”

“No I didn’t”

“Liar!”

She giggles softly

“Okay fine I was scared to ask you so now I don’t have to”

I laugh this child. As I have said that next week I’m starting with the process of starting my business so Wednesday I’m going to Johannesburg to check the few car dealerships that I have seen on the internet and that have reasonable prices.

“Where do you want to eat?”

I ask as soon as we get into the car

“I’m craving for Porto’s frankfurter”

I start the car and drive to Porto. As usual the queue is long. People don’t mind to stand in a long queue just to buy potatoes. Call it chips or Porto as Newcastlecians say but potatoes are potatoes. See I don’t mind queuing for meat not potatoes askies I’m sorry.

“You will find me on that table by the corner”

I give her the money and go sit down to the empty table by the corner. I look at the couple next to me and find myself smiling. They have bought half brown bread, small chips, one russian they have cut it into two halves and one can of coke. They don’t have much that is something you can’t miss especially judging by color faded clothes they are wearing and the food they bought but you can see that they are so in love.

The way the girl is looking at the guy and vice-versa , the way they are feeding each other and the smiles on their faces, it's so beautiful to watch. They seem like they are enough for each other they don’t need all the glitz and glamor to validate their love or make each other happy. That’s what I call real love, unconditional love.

Finally Thula comes back with our food she joins me and we eat over a chat. Once we are done we hit the road. Thula complains

about being tired and sleepy so when we get home she goes straight to her bedroom.

“Hey usale kanjani?”

I say to Kwanza throwing myself on the couch next to her.

“I’m fine”

She says with a hoarse voice so I look at her and notice that she’s been crying.

“What’s wrong nana?”

She doesn’t say anything but looks at TV screen as her eyes fill up with tears. I look at the TV screen and it seems like she’s watching a funeral. Why would she watch a funeral though.

“Kwanza why are you watching a funeral and whose funeral is this?”

“It’s Uyinene’s funeral”

“Who’s that?”

“That girl I told you about that was raped and murdered in the post office. I have never been touched by a stranger's death like this I feel like I know her my heart is sore buti”

Tears flow down her face.

“Oh nana I’m sorry”

I pull her to my arms and comfort her.

“She was only 19 years old bhuti and a first year student at UCT but her life was cut short just like that by the hands of a man who was working in a post office. I never thought a public place like post office could be a dangerous place. We can’t go anywhere now without the fear of being raped and killed. Why is this happening to women? Is it a sin to have a vagina?”

My heart sinks to the pit of my stomach.

“No it’s not a sin nana some men out there are just cruel nje and they never deserved to live in the first place.”

“I’m scared buti what if I am next? What if....”

“Hayi Kwanza I will never allow that to happen to you, not that I’m saying Uyinene’s family allowed it to happen. No one could have thought that a situation like this would happen because if they did they would have been there to protect Uyinene. What I’m trying to say is don’t be scared I will protect you always okay”

She nods her head as she gasps between her sobs.

“Ungasabi yezwa ngizohlezi ngikhona ngizokuvikela” (Don’t be scared I will always be there to protect you)

I kiss her forehead a countless times and squeeze her tightly in my arms. It’s really heartbreaking what is happening in our country. Our mothers, sisters, girlfriends feel like strangers in their own country. I don’t know what level of cruelty is this. Kwanza also told me about the man who hanged his 4 children, like who on earth does that? What kind of animalistic behavior is that? I think it’s only a person who’s under the influence of drugs can do that I could be wrong though. It’s just that it’s hard to believe there are human beings who can do gruesome things like this.

There’s no country that has crime like South Africa I tell you. Even the foreigners do as they please in our country selling drugs left right and center and then have the nerve to shoot when they are caught just like they did to Jabu Baloyi. Bless his soul that man died fighting for our youth the question is will the government continue with this fight he started or his death fighting for the youth would be in vain?

This is South Africa after all so many issues that are happening in the country are left unattended. For the fact that the man that raped and killed Uyinene is not a first time sexual offender but he was

working in a post office shows negligence or maybe there's some sort of favors that were done there for him to be employed who knows? Thinking about this just makes my blood boil with anger. That man doesn't deserve to live anymore he's an animal he has been doing this over and over again. In a few years he would be out and doing the same thing again. I wish I can pay him a visit just one visit.

"I will always be there nana and I love you so much"

"I love you too"

I reach for a remote and switch off the TV. I stroke her hair until she calms down.

"Where's mama?"

"Uku O yakhe" (She went to her man)

I laugh. In the middle of our light chat she falls asleep. I carry her to her bedroom and place her on the bed. I kiss her forehead before going out. I get the gun in my room and drive to Mbhele Residence. Bra Mos welcomes me and leads me to his office as we exchange pleasantries. We both settle on the chairs.

"How is your arm?"

"It's healing thank you for asking"

"You are welcome"

I clear my throat

"Uhm I have been thinking about your offer and I came to the decision that I can't take it please don't take me wrong, I really appreciate your help but I can't take it."

I see a glint of sadness flashes in his eyes , for the first time I can tell his facial expression. He's always closed off.

“But it’s a gift Nkosinathi”

“It’s too much Bra Mos”

He sighs disappointedly.

“Okay I can’t force you to take my gift”

“There’s no words that can describe how grateful I am for the opportunity you gave me. You have been nothing but good to me. It has been great working with you I wouldn’t have asked for a better boss than you. I’m afraid it’s time I start my own thing now and I want to give it all my undivided attention”

“Your are resigning?”

“Yes Bra Mos”

“Which business are you going to start?”

“Taxi business”

“But you said...”

“I decided to partnership with my stepdad”

He sighs heavily.

“It’s been great working with you Nathi. I will miss you so much please don’t be a stranger and whatever information you need I’m here”

“Thank you so much Bra Mos I will keep that in mind”

“And that permit connection is still available if you want it”

“Thank you I will tell you when I need it”

“Oh I almost forgot. Here”

I take the gun out and place it together with the taxi keys on the desk.

“I only used it once just for control but all the bullets are still there”

“You can keep the gun together with this”

He pushes the Audi’s keys

“Bra...”

“No you can’t refuse all my gifts Nkosinathi at least accept the car. I’m not using it vele and it was new.”

I sigh I think I have hurt him enough today and I love that car.

“Thank you so much”

He smiles. I get up and he does the same but it’s a bit of a struggle due to his weight. When he’s finally up he walks to me and gives me a hug.

“Take care of yourself boy”

“Will do”

He smiles and I return the smile

“You saw the car it’s outside. My wife was using it”

“Yes”

“Goodbye Bra Mos”

“Bye Nkosinathi”

I walk out and see Cebi who seems she has been eavesdropping.

“Hey”

“Hi”

“Bye”

“Bye”

We look at each other for a brief moment her eyes are sparkling with tears. I walk away but I can feel her gaze on me. I turn around and look at her as she wipes her tears and walks inside her husband's office. I sigh heavily as sadness engulfs me and walk out.

Chapter Twenty One

I knew from the beginning that it was just for fun and satisfying my needs that my husband fails to satisfy. I don't understand why it hurts so much now that it's over. I'm sure as hell that it's not even about sex or the mind blowing orgasms he gives me. It's way deeper than that it's....gosh how did I get here? It's frustrating the hell out of me. I can't even function well, I haven't been to work for a few days.

The husband has been spoiling me oblivious to fact that I feel like shit because of another man, a man I can't stop thinking about, a man he trusts and is so fond of, a man who's 19 years younger than him and obviously sexy as fuck! Of course I do feel awful seeing the way he worries and fusses over me.

I know how he hates eating takeaways and it doesn't help that he wants my cooking only and I think that's the reason he criticizes other people's cooking but since "I'm sick" there's nothing he can do. So we have been eating takeaways almost the whole week.

I look at my phone ringing for the hundredth time. I don't know why this old hag doesn't get a hint bathong! This week she has been pestering me. She said she will give me time to think about this but now it seems like she's forcing me to do this.

"Maaa"

I say that instead of "whaaat!" just trying to be polite and respectful.

"Koti"

I roll my eyes

"How are You Ma?"

"Time is not on our side my child make a decision already"

Our? Trust this woman to make everything about her. Who said this is now her problem to fix? This is my marriage not “our” marriage. Why is she involving her old ass in my marital issues?

“Mom I need more time please”

“You do realize that soon Moses will be expecting you to be pregnant. His hopes are so so high and he knows that the sangoma I went to is very powerful”

“Then can’t she help him too? He doesn’t have to know Mama, Aren’t there any herbs or whatever that she can give to him for his infertility?”

I hear her heaving a sigh on the other side of the line.

“I wish it was that easy koti”

“It is easy mama please. I want his child not his brother’s ngiyakucela Mama” (...please mama)

“It will never work”

“You said it yourself that sangoma is powerful so hopefully he can help him”

“Unfortunately this is one of the things she can’t fix.”

Why do I feel like she’s being vague about this?

“Mama....”

“Koti you are the only one who have control in this. It’s whether you save your marriage and give your husband an heir through a traditional route or you break him apart and see if your marriage will ever survive”

With that said she hangs up on me. This is so unfair, why does it have to be me who has to compromise to save this marriage and make him happy? Nathi was right we should be dealing with this

together as a married couple, it's not my fault he can't have children. I dialed his number to call him then I remembered that his phone is lost. Unfortunately I didn't find it. I don't think he lost it here or I would have found it. Maybe he bought a new phone but I doubt he would do swim swap though. I felt it in his voice when he came to see my husband today that he doesn't want anything to do with us anymore. He's done with us and he wants to start his life away from us, either way I tap call and it sends me straight to voicemail. Sigh!

I decided to have an early night today, after Nathi left I felt more like shit then I did before he announced his resignation. The husband is watching soccer but I know he will join me soon as time is approaching 22:00pm. I miss him so much, Nathi that is of course. Kwanele! Yes she owes me a favour after I didn't report her that she was cheating during her life science exam. I was so disappointed in her shame I hope she won't repeat it again. I should have please called myself with her phone that day to get her numbers. Let me go through her Facebook profile maybe I can get her numbers.

I'm welcomed by a picture of my mother on my newsfeed. Since Thando didn't reply I followed her, I was just trying my luck actually because I expected her to unfollow me but she didn't. "I'm lost for words to describe how grateful I am that you are my mother. You are the best mother I could ever ask for. Happy 55th birthday mommy I love you so much" That's the caption and she tagged Khehla. I forgot that it's Mom's birthday today funnily enough I never do that. Each year I always celebrate their birthdays on my own. Mom has always been beautiful, she ages like a fine wine.

Tears fall on one side of my face dropping on my pillow since I'm sleeping with one side. I toss my phone away and weep silently. I hear my husband coming in and wipe my tears. I'm going to pretend to be asleep. His footsteps shuffle away then I hear the shower running. It must have not been more than 30 minutes when I hear him coming back and slipping next to me. I feel his hands caressing my thigh and his breathing so heavy against my neck. Yep that little climb on top of the bed it felt like he was climbing a mountain to him.

“Dali wami”

He whispers in my ear. It’s funny that he spoils me rotten since I’m “sick” but he still wants sex every single day. Ay mina ngikhathela ukusindwa indoda enkulu njalo nje (I’m tired of feeling this heavy man's weight on top of me all the time). I don’t reply but feign a snore. I don’t snore and he knows well ngiqale namhlanje ke (I started today) . He caresses my butt and squeezing it in his thick hand. That is supposed to arouse me and make me wet but it’s making me dry, even the natural moisture of a vagina is gone. It’s dry like a desert!

“Mm-mh Mphemba I’m sleeping”

I mumble

“I will be quick Dali wami”

I would have laughed loudly at that If I could. The man doesn’t even last 10 minutes and he says he will be quick? How quick is he going to be then 2 minutes? Hehe.

“I’m tired today please let me rest”

“Rest won’t make the baby”

Argh vele that's what this is about. Ever since he knew that I was on some traditional medication we have sex every now and then kanti before that there were times we would stay a month without having sex. He slides his hand between my thighs from behind but I clamp my thighs tighter.

“We have been doing that for the whole week Mphemba give me some break I’m not in the mood for sex!”

I snap and bite my lip as I realize I have just raised my voice at him. I turn around and look at him.

“I’m sorry I didn’t mean to shout I’m really not in the mood”

“It’s okay dali wami I understand. I will call my mom tomorrow to go to the sangoma to get something for you to boost your libido.”

Wow! I’m angry and I can’t hide it so sit up on my butt and look at him.

“First you said I’m the one who has infertility problems now you are saying I have low sex drive? Let me tell you something you don’t know Moses. When you eat like a pig, the food doesn’t make you fat only but it also affects your sexuality! You can barely move but within 3 minutes you get tired and ejaculate before I even get aroused! I haven’t had orgasms for years Moses years and you know how much I love my orgasms! When I tell you that let’s join the gym and lose some weight you call me disrespectful and say gym is for white people! You see this huge body of yours is the reason why we are here today! I don’t have any problems and my libido is on it’s highest peak and I’m fertile as fuck you are the one who’s infertile!”

He looks at me intently and shakes his head in disbelief.

“Are you finished?”

“Yes!”

“Listen here woman don’t you dare talk to me like I’m your child! You are the one who has problems and you want to accuse me of not satisfying you in bed? That’s bullshit! The least you could do is to be grateful that I’m still with you and trying to help you because no man wants a barren wife!”

I laugh hard until tears roll down my face

“A barren? Wow! You see if you want to know who can’t have children go to the mirror! I did the test behind your back that day I took you to the doctor and he told me you are infertile. Why don’t you ask yourself after all the women you had in your life no one has ever fallen pregnant huh? You are 52 years old for crying out loud you should have children already!”

His clenches his jaw and his eyes turn red in an instant. I hear “mpaaaaa” sound and wonder what that is until I feel a hot sensation on my cheek. Did he just slap me? No Moses would never....another slap landed on my other cheek followed by countless mean punches. I’m screaming my lungs out trying to block my face. Never in my wildest dreams had I ever thought Moses could lay his hands on me. How did we get here?

* * *

There’s a knock on the door but I’m not sure. It goes on again but it’s persistent and urgent this time. I blink my eyes open and fiddle for my phone. Time reads 22:30pm which means I slept only just an hour. I turn my side lamp on, roll out of bed and slide into my push ins. I’m wearing my boxer only by the way. I start switching on all the lights first before opening the door. I freeze for a moment when I see a bleeding Cebi standing on my doorstep. She’s wearing only a robe and she doesn’t have any shoes on. I can see her clearly since I have a light on my doorstep.

“Cebi?”

It comes out as a whisper

“Nathi”

She jumps into my arms and I don’t hesitate to catch her. I close the door with my one hand and take her to the couch. She’s crying hysterically in my arms and each sob feels like a stab in my heart as I imagine the worst scenarios that happened to her. I don’t think I can wait for her to finish crying and tell me what’s going on.

“What happened baby?”

She tries to talk but I can’t hear her.

“Please calm down you are safe now and tell me what happened. Who did this to you”

“I...he...I was...and he..”

She burst into a loud sob. The word “he” makes me conclude that it's one of these gruesome incidents that are happening in our country. Another “he” did it again! I clench my jaw and tighten my arms around her.

“Ssshhh don't cry you are safe now...I'm here okay?...nothing will happen to you sweetheart...shhh”

After what feels like forever her gut wrenching sobs cease. I need to get her water to drink but she squeezes me tightly in her arms.

“Khuluma nami Cebisile” (Talk to me Cebisile)

“He beat me”

My heart sinks to the pit of my stomach.

“Who and where was Bra Mos?”

“It's him Nathi”

Huh? I pull her back and look at her. Blood is still coming out from her nose and her face is swollen and red.

“What are you saying Cebi?”

“Moses...uhm he beat me”

“Whaat?!”

“Yes I told him the truth about his infertility and he beat me”

She starts crying all over again. I can't believe Bra Moses did this to his wife? Now I see why she never wanted to tell him about this.

“Typical man! He couldn't handle the news of being infertile and he took out his anger and pain on you! Fucking asshole how could he

do this huh? It's not your fault that he ejaculate water diluted with milk! Dammit you have to report him Cebi. He needs to be locked in jail for this!"

I'm angry and boiling.

"Moses wouldn't last even a minute in jail I won't waste my energy, right now I just want to be in your arms"

I have lost my respect for Bra Mos.

"Let me go get a first aid kit in the main house"

"Don't leave me please"

"You need to get cleaned and have some pills for the pain. Ngiyabuya yezwa? " (I will be back okay?)

She nods her head. I plant a kiss on her forehead before going to my bedroom to get my gown then head to the main house. The lights are still on and I know those two are still awake. Mom is spending a night at Bab Gatshen's house. Thula is the one that opens the door for me.

"Bhuti Nathi are you okay?"

"Yes baby girl I just need the first aid kit"

"What's wrong? Is your arm giving you a problem again?"

"Yes just a bit...go get it for me please"

"Okay"

She walks away while I walk to the living room. Kwanza is sleeping on the couch skyward busy doing whatever on her phone. I sit on the little space below her feet.

"I thought you are sleeping"

“My arm is painful. I need a favour from you but I don’t have money”

She laughs

“Oh forget about it ke”

“Really Kwanza now a brother can’t ask something from his sister without being exploited off money? ”

She giggles

“Nop nothing is for mahala Bro, we are hustling it’s really rough”

“Okay I will ask Thula maybe yena...”

“Okay tell me what do you want?”

I chuckle

“Please make a cup of coffee and a piece of chocolate cake, make sure it’s a big piece”

“You said that chocolate cake has too much sugar and you will never eat it again”

“Can you do this for me without asking questions?”

“Okay.”

“I will come back after a few minutes to get the tray”

“Who’s there this time?”

“Nobody you know”

“No wonder these girls don’t stop coming here you treat them well they must feel they are in a hotel when they are here while some of us are given peanuts and chappies”

I laugh and stop when I think about what she just said

“What do you mean while some of us are given peanut and chappies? Are you trying to tell me something Kwanele?”

She widens her eyes and shakes her head vigorously

“No Bhuti I don’t mean me come on don’t be silly! Mpume ,her boyfriend gave her that”

Thula walks in with the first aid kit box.

“Here”

“Thank you baby girl”

I get up from the couch and take first aid kit box then make my way out. She jumps a bit when I walk in.

“It’s me don’t be scared”

She heaves a heavy sigh. I attend to her nose bleed and give her the pills for the pain.

“Thank you”

She says

“It’s okay sweetheart”

We look at each other for a brief moment just then the door swings open. Kwanza walks in with a tray and frowns when she looks at Cebi.

“Ma’am Mbhele?”

This little cat! I get up and take the tray then put it on the coffee table.

“What are you doing here and what happened to your face?”

“Ehy wena I said I will come back to fetch the tray why are you here huh?”

“Hawu Bhuti....”

“Shut the fuck out and get out!”

She doesn't need me to tell her twice. I lock the door and walk back to Cebi

“I'm sorry about that she's so sneaky!!”

“She's a teenager and they are all sneaky”

I know that she did this on purpose because she wanted to see who is here.

“Uyaphapha lo nx! Oh and you why didn't you tell me she cheated on her exam paper?”

I take the tray and give it to her

“Oh she told you?”

“Is that all you going to say?”

“Look I'm sorry I kept that from you, honestly I wasn't planning to do so. She made a mistake....”

I cut her short

“A mistake? Cheating is not a mistake Cebisile!”

She jumps up I sigh heavily

“Please don't shout”

“I'm sorry it's just that I don't understand why you kept this from me”

“Kwanele is not a cheater Nathi. She gets her high marks fair and square something must have pushed her to do that”

“Well she told me that we are putting her under pressure. She’s not that good in life sciences and she didn’t want to disappoint us”

“See? Thanks for the coffee and cake”

She says stirring her coffee

“I told her to give you a big piece because I know you love chocolate cake”

She smiles widely

“So you noticed?”

I nodded my head. I watch her eat the cake and moaning in appreciation.

“This is the best chocolate cake I have ever tasted where did you buy it?”

“I don’t know mom bought it”

“I love it”

“I’m glad you do”

“So what are you going to do about this?”

I say eventually breaking the silence

“I don’t know I haven’t thought about anything, the first person I thought the moment I ran out of that house with my car keys was you.”

“I’m glad that you thought of me.”

She smiles but her smile disappears seconds later as if she's remembering something.

“What's wrong?”

She looks down so I pull her chin up to look at me.

“Khuluma nami Cebisile” (Talk to me Cebisile)

“You left me Nathi, you resigned and left me but you promised that you will always be there when I need you”

I sigh

“Our situation is tricky and dangerous Cebi. Trust me I want to be there when you need me every time but I'm afraid that I won't be able to hold myself from touching you and fucking you.”

She smiles and continues eating in silence. She pokes a piece of cake with a fork and feeds me

“This cake have too much sugar”

“Have this little piece ke”

“Babe...”

“Pretty please”

“Okay”

I opened my mouth and allow her to feed me the cake. Before I know it she's feeding me more then the one piece we agreed on. I don't know how she did that but at least she's a bit better than when she came here and I'm glad that I'm the reason for that. When we are done we go to bed and cuddle.

“I'm sorry that he did that to you, I want you to know that it's not your fault that this is happening to you. I'm sorry that I wasn't there to protect you.”

She pulls up her head from my chest and caresses my cheek staring deep into my eyes

“It’s okay Nathi”

“No it’s not okay...”

“Shhh....”

She kisses my lips and before I know it she’s on top of me and my hands are on her bare butt. The feel of her bare smooth pussy pressed against my stomach is sending a twinge through my dick.

“Cebi we can’t do this anymore and you are in pain”

I mumble against the kiss, she breaks it and looks at me.

“Please make me feel better I want to feel nothing else but you Nathi please make me feel good”

She whispers as her eyes glistened with tears. I pull the back of her head and capture her lips into mine. I roll over switching us as the kiss deepens. We swallow each other’s groans as I push into her tight slit. Fuck! nothing is the best as the feel of her walls stretching to accommodate me. I give it all to her just the way she wants it and her moans are the confirmation I need. She’s clinging on me and our bodies are intertwined into one. It’s coming we can both feel it hard, fast and deep thrusts and we explode into a mind-blowing climax. I kiss her lips after catching my breath and roll over. She snuggles on my chest and I wrap my arm around her while running my fingertips on her back with the other hand.

“Nathi”

She says after a moment of silence.

“Mhh”

“Ngiyakuthanda” (I love you)

Okay that was...I don't know. She tilts her head up and stares at me.

“I know it's crazy and believe me if I could take back the feelings I have for you I would because they are driving me crazy. You are all I think about day and night. I know that this was supposed to be about fucking only but now to me it's deeper than the orgasms you give me. Ngiyakuthanda Nkosinathi Dlomo ngenhliziyo yami yonke” (...I love you Nkosinathi Dlomo with all my heart)

Oh motherfucking Isiah she's serious!

Chapter Twenty Two

It was never my plan to confess my feelings for him but I just couldn't help myself. He's looking at me with wide eyes open, I can't miss the shock in them. He totally didn't expect this I also didn't expect I will fall in love with him, let alone in such a short space of time. His lips are moving but his voice is failing him.

"It's okay you don't have to say anything I was just telling you"

I lie I want him to tell me that he feels the same way, that he has fallen in love with me too but he's been afraid to confess like me.

"Cebi I..I...don't know what to say"

My heart sinks he doesn't know what to say that means he doesn't feel the same way.

"Like I said you don't have to say anything"

I lay my head back on his chest as moment of silence passed.

"Where does this leave your husband Cebi?"

"I don't know Nathi but what I know is that you wormed your way into my heart and occupied it fully."

"Oh Cebi"

It comes out as a whisper. I lift my head up to look at him.

"Don't you love me too? We can make this work Nathi. You don't have to worry about Moses especially now he beat me it's good reason to leave him"

"I'm afraid we can't Cebi"

"Oh you don't love me? I'm not your type?"

“It’s not that Cebisile if you weren’t my type I wouldn’t have fucked you in the first place. The thing is you and I can never be together even if we tried. He will never let me have you, it will feel like a huge betrayal even if you leave him and he’s not stupid he will put two and two together and get the answer then it will be a disaster”

“So are we going to just give up on us because of him?”

“Cebi please...”

“Come on Nathi we can’t allow an old man to control us we can win if we fight him”

“No I don’t want to start trouble with him”

“You started trouble the day you fucked his wife!”

“But he doesn’t know! Why do you want to complicate things for us and putting our lives in danger Cebisile huh?”

“Am I not worth being fought for Nkosinathi?”

“Who said anything about fighting now? You were never mine why should I fight for you?”

“Oh wow I don’t even know why am I offended! You did say I’m a cigarette butt to you something you will throw and stomped on it when you are done using it”

“You wanted this as much as I wanted it don’t play victim here haibo sis. You knew from the beginning that this will never take the love or relationship route why are you even suggesting such nonsense?”

“Nonsense? Really? Are you scared to stand against an old man that you call love nonsense?”

“Cebisile angifuni ukuzithola sengikuxosha la kwami lala kuncono!”
(Cebisile I don’t want to chase you out of my house you better sleep!)

He turns to the other and switches off his side lamp and sleep. I sigh and switch off mine and try to sleep but the flashbacks of what happened are making it impossible. I managed to fight him and push him off the bed that was my chance to take my car keys and robe and run away while he was still trying to get up from the floor.

For the first time his weight played a good role throughout this marriage and saved my life because I know that the gun was the first thing he was going to reach for the moment he got up from the floor. I weep silently so that I don’t disturb Nathi but the more I cry I couldn’t help the urge, I burst into a loud sob. He turns around and pulls me on top of him and strokes my back without a word.

The next morning for a brief moment I’m confused by my surroundings until it all comes back and hit me hard like a ton of bricks. I don’t think I will ever forget the side I saw in Moses last night. He’s a taxi owner and their language is violence but I never thought one day I would be subjected to such.

I watched my mom being beaten up by the man who claimed to love her now she has mild cognitive impairment. She was lucky that she survived but she will never be the same again and other women die in the hands of their spouses due to physical abuse. I refuse to be a statistic I’m done with this marriage. There’s nothing worth fighting for anymore.

“Hey”

Nathi says to me and pulls me to his arms, yes I’m crying again. It’s hard coming to terms that I’m letting my relationship of 6 years and my marriage of 6 years . Yes I have been with this man for 12 years. I was 20 years old when I fell in love with him and he was 40 years old. He was a dream I couldn’t help but fall in love with him.

He was already old when we started dating and I knew that when we got married I will have to give him children even though I wasn’t

ready. This husband of mine surprised me and understood so the first four years of our marriage we enjoyed each other's presence then two years ago, I told him that I was ready to be a mother. He was happy, so was I only to find out he can't conceive.

I made a lot of sacrifices for my marriage at some point I was even thinking about my mother in law's suggestion. I think the compromises and sacrifices I made throughout this marriage were based on keeping my marriage than doing it out of love that I have for my husband. I don't know if that is a bad or good thing but now that all of this is happening, I realize that the love I have for Moses depreciated along the years. If you may ask me why I wouldn't tell really.

"Shhh don't cry it's going to be okay"

I nod my head and sniff away my mucus that's almost fallen on his bare chest.

"How's your face and nose?"

"It hurts especially the nose"

"I think you need to get checked by a doctor. Let's freshen up leave"

"No I'm fine Nathi. I don't want to be out of this house"

"But Cebi..."

"Please if it gets worse tomorrow I will go to the doctor"

"Promise?"

"I promise"

"The girls went to church let's freshen up and go make breakfast I'm sure you are hungry"

"And your mother?"

“She didn’t spend the night here but the girls will meet up with her at church”

“What time is now?”

“It’s five to 10”

“I can’t believe I slept that long”

“You deserved the rest”

I don’t want to let go from his embrace. He smells nice and fresh I’m sure he has freshen up he’s wearing sweatpants only. I run my fingers on the tattoo he has on his arm it looks like it’s R but I’m not sure. There’s another one written on his left breast It’s a short message. The style of writing they used makes it impossible to read. I will ask him one day what’s the story behind his tattoos right now I need to take a bath.

“I don’t have an extra tooth brush you will use mine if you don’t mind of course”

“Okay”

I’m so exhausted and my body feels sore. I drag myself to the bathroom and look at myself in the mirror. My cheekbones are reddish and swollen, my nose as well is red but I’m glad he didn’t touch my eyes. His shower gel smells so masculine I guess today I’m going to smell like a man but I don’t mind smelling like him because he smells so damn good. Once I’m done I dry myself and walk to the bedroom.

“I don’t know if these are going to fit you”

He says pointing at his sweatpants and Nike golf t-shirt.

“Thank you I’m sure they will fit”

I say as I drop down the towel on the floor. I can feel his intense gaze on me as I lotion my body.

“Uzogwebeka wena!”

He says causing me to giggle. I look at him his eyelids are heavy with desire. I get dressed in his clothes and they fit me well.

“Shame ibhulukwe lami lizonwebwa ile zinqa zakho ezinkulu” (My poor sweatpants will stretch now with that big butt of yours)

I laugh

“I already have a flat butt imagine how will I look when I wear those pants, I will totally look like a dog’s behind when it’s climbing on the dustbin”

He says and I burst into laughter hurting my cheekbones in the process

“Ouch Nathi stop making me laugh see now I’m hurting myself”

“But I’m serious”

“Haisuka you such a drama King this is a Nike sweatpants it will go back to its size the moment I take it off.”

He comes to me and holds my shoulders staring deep in my eyes. I feel like he’s searching my soul right now.

“How are you feeling today?”

“My heart is sore Nathi. I never thought my marriage will end like this”

“I understand so vele you are divorcing him?”

“Yes I won’t stay in an abusive marriage. My mom has mild cognitive impairment today because of abuse. I don’t want to go through that path again”

“Take your time don’t make hasty decisions and no I’m not saying stay but we can’t dismiss the fact that this is your husband and you have spent 12 years with him. It won’t be easy to let go, give yourself time to clear your head and gain your emotional strength then make a decision.”

“You are right thank you so much for everything Nathi”

“You are welcome my lady now let’s go feed your beautiful self”

He takes my hand in his and we make our to the main house. I don’t think I will ever get used to the beauty of this kitchen. It’s so sparkling clean and smells like lavender.

“Tell me what you will need and I will get it for you.”

“I thought you will feed me moss”

“Ya phela when you are done making food”

“Hawu kanti layikhaya isivakashi siyazenzela ukudla?” (A guest makes her own food in this house?)

“Yep”

“I’m never visiting here again”

He laughs

“Trust me you better make your own food if you do not want to die of food poisoning”

“You can’t cook?”

“The only thing I know is to make cereal”

Typical man!

“I’m craving something oily and salty so I will make your typical English breakfast. Give me those things ke”

He does as I say and when he's done he sits on the counter and looks at me parading in his mom's kitchen.

"You know that sweatpants suits you?"

"Yes I know"

He takes a dish cloth and throws it at me causing me to me laugh.

"You should say thank you madam!"

"Whatever"

Once I'm done making breakfast we sit down and eat over light chat. I really enjoy spending time with him. Every time I learn something new about him and I like that. After breakfast we do the dishes together at least he knows how to do dishes then we watch movies while stuffing ourselves with junk. Nathi can eat shame I love his huge appetite. In fact, I love everything about him. I wonder where ever my husband is what is he doing and how does he feel?

"Nathi?"

I have my back pressed against his chest and I'm sitting between his legs, the other one is laid straight on the couch and the other one is on the floor while mine are stretched on the couch.

"Mhh"

"How do you do it?"

"Do what?"

"How do you hold yourself from catching feelings? How is it possible for you that you don't love me while I'm falling for you every single second of the minute?"

I hear him heaving a sigh behind me

“I never said I don’t love you Cebi”

I turn around and look at him. Is he saying what I think?

“So you do love me?”

“You want the truth?”

“Yes please it will set me free”

“I like you a lot Cebi I enjoy every single minute I spend with you. I miss you whenever you are not with me.”

“Then why are you holding back? Why don’t you give us a chance”

“You are married Cebisile have you forgotten that?”

“I’m divorcing Moses”

“I don’t want to be a reason you are leaving your husband. I feel bad enough that I betrayed him”

“You are not the reason I’m leaving him, he beat me up that’s the reason I’m leaving him.”

“You are lying Cebi I can see it through your eyes.”

I huff

“Okay fine! Maybe I fell out of love with Moses years ago! Maybe you are the reason it’s so easy for me to make the decision to leave him after what he did to me!”

“You see? You are confused Cebi and you are allowed to be confused considering the situation you are going through. Like I said give yourself time and clear you head.”

“I may be confused by all the other things but my love for you doesn’t confuse me Nathi. I love you so much and far as I know I have never loved a man like I love you. Every single day I ask myself

how is it possible that you won all of my heart in such a short space of time without trying hard? I love you so much that it hurts”

I can't stop my tears from falling down.

“Tell me what should I do with this love I have for you huh?”

“Oh Cebi”

He looks at me intently before pulling my face close to his with the back of my head and kisses me. I reciprocate the kiss with the same fervor. The kiss is deep and full of so much emotions. I can taste the salt of my tears in our mouths and he doesn't seem to mind. I don't know when I got on top of him and straddle him as my arms wrap around his neck. I feel his hands pressing me down to his hard on before I feel them delving under my, I mean his t-shirt going up until they touch my globes. I'm not wearing any bra I let out a moan in his mouth.

“Mmh.mh”

Someone clears their throat and we break the kiss. Oh God it's his my mother! I jump up from him and sit on the couch looking down. I'm so embarrassed I wish the ground can open up and swallow me right at this moment. I can feel her gaze on us and her sweet scent has filled the whole living room.

“Uhm mom what are you doing here?”

“What do you mean now Nkosinathi this is my house”

Kwanele walks in with a skinny girl that looks like her age. They greet us and we greet back then they disappear to their rooms, I assume. Can we get out of here please I can't take it.

“Did you cook?”

“You know I can't cook mom”

“Shame ayikho indaba yakho bazokulahla ekuseni” (You are useless they will dump you early)

She says much to Nathi’s annoyance, I want to laugh at that but I hold myself.

“Here take this to my bedroom”

She gives him the Bible and her handbag. Nathi reluctantly takes the Bible and the bag and gets up then disappears. Now I’m left with this woman alone. Today she’s intimidating me I don’t know why. She sits next to me.

“Please tell me he’s not the one that did this to your face?”

She asks and you can’t miss the concern and worry in her voice.

“No Mama Nathi will never hurt me like this”

I say I’m still looking down

“Look at me”

I raise my head and look at her as she stares right back to me deep in my eyes.

“I know that he would never beat up a woman but I just had to be sure. Who hurt you?”

I swallow hard I can’t tell her that my husband. I look down playing with my fingers.

“Okay it’s fine if you don’t want to tell me but I’m going to tell you this. Sort your issues first before you drag my son into this.”

I nodded my head

“Good. Did he give you pills for the pain”

“Yes mama”

“He gave you pills on an empty stomach? This boy is such a disappointment. Come let me make you something to eat”

She gets up and stretches her hand and I take it and we go to the kitchen. She told me to sit down on the high chair while she makes a sandwich for me.

“You have a beautiful house Mrs Dlomo it has a homely feel”

“Thank you my child”

She places the plate of sandwiches and a glass of juice before me.

“Ngiyabonga mama” (Thank you mom)

I didn't realize I'm hungry and this taste real good. Nathi once mentioned that his mama is the best cook ever and I thought he's biased but now I know he was right.

“Where's mine?”

Nathi says the moment he walks in looking at his mom

“What?”

“Sandwich mama I'm also hungry”

“Heee unezandla Nkosinathi” (You have hands Nkosinathi)

“Oh usuyangi jikela manje ngoba usubona uCebi” (You turning against me now since Cebi is here)

His mom and I laugh. He sounds like a child right now it's cute though.

“I told you get yourself a wife”

“How will she make food for me when you feeding her and I'm left alone to starve to death?”

He says. Wait! did he just say I'm his wife? I feel a hint of hope and joy in my heart.

"Oh is it? I don't see a ring on her...."

She stops mid sentence when she sees my ring. Now I feel like hiding my hand but she's already saw it.

"Oh it's there, are you married Cebisile?"

I clear my throat and drink my juice trying to clear the lump clogging on my throat.

"No she's not married mom"

Nathi says

"Cha mama I'm not married my late grandmother gave it to me so I wear it"

Thixo the way I lie these days! I have never even had a grandmother in my life. I see relief on her face.

"Oh well nigga you gotta replace that ring on that finger before they snatch her away from you"

She says.

"No mom please you are too old for that lingo yabo nigga"

We laugh

"Come on doug why are you trippin' now?"

She says and we burst into laughter. I think I'm going to like her. Nathi takes my sandwich and runs away laughing as his mom chastises him. I'm now left alone with this woman who's talking like she has known me for years. I end up helping her cook dinner.

“Thank you mama”

“For what my child?”

“For your warmth, I can’t remember the last time I felt this motherly warmth in my life”

“Oh baby did your mom pass on?”

“It’s the same as if she passed”

“What is that supposed to mean?”

I don't know how but I find myself narrating my story. Now I’m in her arms crying and she’s comforting me. She smells so nice.

“Sssh it’s okay sis I’m here for you anytime. I’m a mother to you as much as I’m a mother to my children yezwa?”

“Eh mama”

She wipes my tears carefully to not hurt my cheekbones.

“You know my child in life we make mistakes and we learn from them but it doesn't have to be like that always, we can learn from other people’s mistakes. You witnessed your mom being abused by the man who was supposed to protect her look and now she has mild cognitive impairment and her life changed drastically just like that I’m sure you also don’t want to walk that path like your mom”

What’s she’s talking about now I only told her the story of my mom not this.

“Whoever did this to you doesn’t deserve you. There’s no excuse for abuse. Do you have children?”

“No”

“At least you don’t have to worry about them witnessing this like you”

This is getting deep now clearly this woman has figured out that I have an abusive man but I’m also with her son. God she must thinking I’m a hoe!

“You are stronger than you can imagine my child. No one can ever break you down. Sort your issues before it’s too late”

“Thank you mama”

At 19:00pm we dish up for everyone and eat in the dining room while having a light chat and laughter. They are such a lovely family and I love that they make me feel like I’m part of the family. I can see that Kwanele has questions in her mind the way she’s keep glancing at me. I don’t blame her because she knows that I’m married and she knows my husband since he has come to school many times to see me. There’s a knock on the door.

“You expecting someone mom?”

“No my boy”

“I will go check”

Kwanza says as she’s already up walking to the door. I continue eating my food it’s so nice, I think I’m going to have a second plate.

“You want to add me another piece of meat”

Nathi aks me

“Yes please”

We hear voices getting near and even in my deep sleep I would never mistake that voice. It seems Nathi heard it too because he dropped the piece of meat on the table. They’re getting near I slide under the table and hide.

“Sanibonani ka Dlomo” (Greetings Dlomo family)

My heart skips a beat, what is he doing here? They greet him back.

“Uhm...Bra Mos what are doing here?”

Nathi asks with a rather shaky voice

“I was wondering if my wife didn’t come here today?”

Moses says

“Who’s your wife Moses?”

Nathi’s mom says

“Cebisile”

“Uhm no she’s not here Bra Mos I haven’t see her”

“Oh I thought I saw her car outside”

Oh No! It’s the end of me! Im so fucking dead!

Chapter Twenty Three

The moment I heard his voice my intestines froze. I can never mistake his voice not even in my sleep. I just knew I'm in trouble. His gaze on me is very intense as he's waiting for me to say something. I don't know what to say and the tension in the dining room is thick you can cut it with a knife. I swallow thick saliva in my mouth as I think of what should I say to this man.

"Which car are you talking about?"

I ask trying to be cool but my voice is not convincing at all.

"The Mini Cooper"

"Oh that's my cousin's car Bra Mos she just went to the bathroom as you can see that she was eating here"

I say pointing a plate where Cebi was eating and look straight in his eyes. I can't read if he's buying my story or not. He's that closed off Bra Mos that we all know but his eyes are bloodshot red. He doesn't look like he got any sleep today.

"Oh okay I really thought it hers. It's fine my boy I'm sorry to disturb you Mrs Dlomo having dinner with your children"

"It's okay Mr Mbhele"

Mom says staring at me instead of Bra Mos. I know that shit is about to go now when Bra Mos leaves here.

"Hayi cha kunuka kamnandi ukudla futhi kuya halisa" (The food smells divine and it's mouthwatering)

"Thanks you can grab a seat and dish up for yourself"

Mom says. I shoot her a look why did she say that!

“I’m sure Bra Mos has to be somewhere mama”

“Ah no boy I’m hungry I haven’t touched food the whole day my wife is the one that cooks for me”

He says grabbing a chair and sits his fat ass on the chair. I sigh and sit in my chair.

“Nele go fetch the plate for Mr Mbhele”

“Ehh mama”

Kwanza gets up to fetch the plate then gives Bra Mos who dishes up for himself. I swear I can’t even see the other side it’s a table mountain. Thula’s and Kwanza’s mouths are wide open you can’t miss the shock in their eyes.

“Mmm this is delicious”

Bra Mos moans as he eats like he hasn’t touched food for a decade. I want him to finish already and go. Im sure Cebisile is freaking out under the table. I wish I can check on her but I can’t.

“Hawu your cousin is not coming back to finish her food?”

He asks and I feel like he knows that I’m lying.

“Let me go check on her”

Kwanza says and gets up then she disappears.

“You are the one who cooked this food MaDlomo?”

“Yes”

“Jealous down you are the best cook”

“Thank you”

Kwanza comes back and sits down.

“She’s not feeling well it must be a stomach bug. She’s sleeping now”

I don’t know if I should be happy at how Kwanza is participating in my lies or I should worry. She’s kid after all and I don’t want them to get caught up in my affairs.

“Well can I have her food too I’m sure she won’t mind”

“You can Mr Mbhele”

Mom says and Bra Mos waste no time and dig in on Cebi’s food. I thought I have the biggest appetite but Bra Mos takes the cup. I feel sorry for Cebi I’m sure she’s starting to feel the pain now for sitting in one position for this long let alone under the table.

“Thank you so much Ma Dlomo I’m full. I should get going now”

I breath out of relief when he finally says that.

“Kubonga mina baba” (I’m the one who’s grateful)

“Nathi my boy walk me out”

He says as he gets up from the chair which takes a bit of time. When he’s up he says his goodbyes to my family then I walk him out.

“Let’s take a drive I will bring you back”

My heart skips a beat what is this man up to? What if he knows that we are making him a fool? No I’m not getting into this car.

“I need some company Nathi I feel like I will lose my mind. You are the only one I trust.”

He sounds so sincere I get in the car but I’m so scared. He walks to his side and we drive off. The drive is silent, the only sound I could hear is my thudding heart. I notice that we are not going to his house and I don’t think I know where we are going.

This man is playing games! He knows! He fucking knows and he's taking me where no one will see him when he kills me. God please don't make him kill me, my mom and sister still needs me. I promise I will behave.

When he pulls off to this secluded area I just knew that my life was over. Maybe I should apologize at least and tell him I never meant to betray him not that it will make him spare me my life. I never thought my life could end like this. I wipe the beads of sweat on my forehead with my arm and rub my sweaty palms on my thighs over my sweatpants.

"I'm a monster Nathi"

He says after a long silence it sounds like a statement than a question.

"No you are not a monster Bra Mos"

I reply my voice is shaking.

"I beat up my wife that makes me a monster"

He says and buries his head on the steering wheel. I swallow hard how do I reply to this?

"Oh is that the reason you don't know where she is?"

"Yes she ran off last night after I beat her up"

I don't reply. What do you say in a situation like this? Make excuses for him or you tell him the naked truth?

"I swear Nathi I didn't mean to I don't know what got into me"

His voice is laced with pain but isn't what they all say.

"I don't know what made me angry was it the fact that she kept it from me that I can't...I can't have children or how disrespectful and

mean she was when she told me this? She made me feel less of a man and a failure of a man for being infertile or it's the fact that she confirmed my assumptions that I never wanted them to be true. I don't know but I lost it and beat the shit out of her. It felt great releasing all that pain and anger on her but the moment she ran out regret washed over me. I couldn't recognize myself. I have never in my life laid my hand on a woman and I never thought that I ever would, especially to my wife”

His voice is breaking and the pain in it can't be missed.

“I'm sorry Bra this is hectic stuff”

I don't want to say something that will make him angry.

“No tell me boy don't be scared to tell me what a monster I am. Tell me that I'm trash because that's who I am, I was never supposed to beat her up no matter what.”

“That's true Bra Mos but I want you to know that you are not less of a man nor failure of a man. A man is not defined by the ability to make babies. A man is not defined by having a penis. A real man is defined by his actions.”

“It hurts deep down in my heart that I can't do one simple thing a man is supposed to do and that is making my wife pregnant. I'm such a useless man”

He breaks down and my heart bleeds for him. I give his shoulder a squeeze trying to comfort him.

“I'm sorry that you have to go through this but it doesn't mean you are less of a man. It also doesn't mean you can't be a father. There are many children out there who are longing for a father's love and a proper family. You have so much love to give to these children Bra Mos and they will be blessed to have you as their father. Being a father doesn't mean you have to father a child biologically.”

I comfort him until he calms down and wipes his tears. We stay in silence for a while until I break it.

“You know sometimes the people we love keep things from us to protect us. Don’t be so hard on your wife I’m sure she was trying to protect you”

“Protect me from what? It's not like hiding this from me was going to make her fall pregnant not unless if she had other means of having a baby for another man and make me believe it's mine”

I swallow hard.

“Maybe she thought it's better to make you believe she’s the one that can’t give you children not fall pregnant for another man”

“Maybe but it doesn’t change that she lied to me. She knew everything but she kept it from me”

“You said she confirmed your assumptions does that mean you also suspected that you could be the one that can’t have children?”

“Yes because my father also had the same problem then his brother had to sleep with my mom to give my father children. I think this is a generational curse. I’m the only one who knows about this even my mom doesn’t know that I know.”

“How long have you known about this?”

“32 years”

“Wow and it doesn’t make you feel some type of way?”

“At first when I heard it I was angry and hurt but then it's our tradition”

“Does it mean if your wife can sleep with your brother to give you children you won’t mind?”

“It’s better than raising another man’s child but I can’t bear the thought of my wife sleeping with another man let alone my brother. It would kill me beyond”

I sigh with relief at least he won't ask her to do this if ever she chooses to go back to him. I know she said she's going to divorce him but at this moment she seems to be confused.

"I'm sorry Bra Mos"

"It's okay my boy thank you so much. Now I have spoken to you I feel better. I wonder if she's safe wherever she is. I can't even call her because she left her phone. I need to find her Nathi I need to tell her how sorry I am"

"Let's hope she's safe just give her time she will come back when she's ready"

"I'm losing my mind without her. That woman is the air that I breathe. I'm suffocating without her."

"Have you tried her friend's maybe or colleagues that she's close with?"

"Yes but she's not there"

"Don't worry she will come back"

He looks at me and nods his head. I feel so awful I know it took a lot of him to break down in front of me let alone sharing that he can't have children with me. He starts the car and we drive back home.

"Thank you so much Nathi"

"Anytime bra Mos"

I step out of the car. He hoots once and drive off as I walk through the gate. Mom looks at me with so much relief when I walk in but I can see that she's angry.

"Thula, Nele go to bed"

"But Ma..."

“I said go to bed Nele!!”

Mom shrieks with anger. They both get up and disappear.

“Where’s Cebi?”

I ask

“Sit down”

We both settle on the couch.

“What’s going on Nkosinathi?”

“Nothing mom”

“Don’t tell me nothing Nkosinathi! That man was here looking for his wife the same wife you are fucking! What’s wrong with you have you lost your mind?”

“Maybe I lost my mind”

She slaps me hard on my cheek and I rub it trying to ease the pain. She thinks I’m mocking her but honestly I think I lost my mind. How on Earth can I fuck my boss’s wife let alone a taxi owner’s wife?

“You should be ashamed of yourself! That man gave you a job and trusted you enough to make you a boss even if it was just for two weeks but it shows that he trusts you! What do you do ke wena huh? You fuck his wife! You have the nerve to bring this woman here and do your naughty things in my house while you know that she’s someone’s wife! Couldn’t you keep your small penis inside your pants huh?”

She’s roaring in anger and I know when she’s like this there’s nothing I can say to her not that there is but I don’t want to make her more angry than she is.

“This is not how we raised you Nkosinathi! To go around and fuck other people’s wife? Where’s respect huh?”

I look down and don’t say anything. She pokes my forehead roughly. No seriously, I think my mom is abusive can’t she shout without her physically attacking me.

“Ngikhuluma nawe wathula nje!” (I’m talking to you why are you quiet!)

“I’m sorry mama”

“Nyory is that all you going to say? You want to die Nkosinathi is that why you are gallivanting with a taxi owner’s wife?”

“Cha mama” (No mama)

“What if he was just playing mind games he knows that you have been fucking his wife. He’s waiting for the right time to attack you”

“He doesn’t know mama”

“How do you know that huh?”

Honestly I don’t know but I think he would’ve killed me today if he knew.

“I don’t want this girl here Nkosinathi tomorrow I want her gone! I thought she was a nice girl for you but now you need to cut ties with her before it’s too late because if that man kills you for his wife I won’t bury you! Your corpse will stay wherever until it decomposes I don’t care vele you deserve to die like a dog that you are rhhaaa!”

She gets up leaving me with her painful words. I get up and walk to my back room. The moment I get in Cebi attacks me with a hug when she realizes it’s me.

“Oh thank God I thought he killed you? Are you okay?”

She pulls back and inspect me

“I’m fine Cebi.”

“He didn’t hurt you?”

“No he didn’t. Come, I just want to sleep it’s been a long day”

I locked the door and we make our way to the bedroom. We undress and slide into bed.

“I’m sorry for putting you through this Nathi”

“It’s not your fault Cebi I was also a willing participant in this.”

She snuggles closer to my chest. I kiss her forehead and hold her close to my body.

“What did he say?”

“I have never seen him broken like that in my whole life”

I go on and tell her everything.

“Wow so uncle Jacob is their father?”

“Yep”

“This is deep, no wonder my mother in law said this can’t be fixed. She knew there could be a possibility that her son is infertile yet she blamed me and called me names”

She cries

“I’m sorry Cebi”

“I never meant for anything to turn out this way Nathi. Your mom hates me now and I was so happy I have found a mother in her.”

“Mom doesn’t hate you baby”

“She hates me Nathi she didn’t have to say it to my face but she hates me not that I blame her. I think I’d react the same way if I were in her shoes.”

“Hate is a big word Cebisile...she’s just angry we made her a fool and said you are not married”

“She doesn’t want me near you I don’t know if I will be able to live without you Nathi but I will try. It’s the least I could do”

I feel my heart shattering into pieces. I’m not sure if I also want to leave without her.

“I miss my mom Nathi I wish she was here with me”

“I’m sorry sweetheart”

“You know yesterday it was her birthday. I always remember her birthdays including my siblings’ but yesterday I forgot”

“How old is she now?”

“55 years”

“She’s still young”

“Neh I wonder if she didn't have mild cognitive impairment she would have still let me go”

“How was your relationship with her before she had cognitive impairment?”

“It was great”

“Where do your family stay?”

“Ladysmith”

“Hawu they are not far”

“Yes”

We talk more about her family and you can tell that she loves them. The only problem here is the step father who's taking advantage of her mom's situation.

“So you are going back to his house?”

I ask, it's the next day and she's leaving today.

“Yes I can't run away forever”

“Take care of yourself for me”

She smiles and I catch her tears with my thumbs before they fall.

“I will do”

“I'm always here for you anytime yezwa?”

“I thought you said....”

“Forget what I said if he dare lay his hand on you don't hesitate to come to me okay?”

She nods her head. I envelope her in my arms and kiss her head then let go of her. She gives me a weak smile and get in her car. I watch her as she drives off hoping that it's not the last time I get to see her.

Chapter Twenty Four

Im dreading the drive to my house, I'm not sure I'm ready to face my husband. If there's one thing that I'm certain about is that I left my heart and soul behind with Nathi. I can't fathom out how it's possible that one can fall in love with someone in such a short period of time. I don't think I can stay away from him as his mother said. I had no choice but to tell her the truth yesterday when my husband left with Nathi. I was panicking and she wasn't giving me any choice. She was so disappointed in me I think she really thought her son has found a good woman. I think she would have made a good mother in law.

There's something about her that is mollifying and makes you feel loved and special. I was looking forward to spending time with her but now that will never happen. She made it clear to me that she wants me to stay away from her son before I get him killed by my husband. I understand where she's coming from and I think I would've reacted the same way if I were in her shoes. I take a huge deep breath after pulling in my driveway next to his Range Rover. I step out of the car and make my way inside after closing the car door. I'm wearing Nathi's adidas tracksuits and I smell like him. I couldn't just show up with my robe on it's midday already.

The smell of burnt eggs fills my nostrils as I enter the house. The kitchen is a mess everything is upside down I can see that he was trying to make something to eat and judging by the burnt eggs in the pan on top of the stove he didn't succeed at making his food. I walk to the living room hoping to find him there but he's not. I search for him in his office and in the bedroom still he's not there. I go to the bathroom and my heart skips a beat when I see him naked lying on the cold floor helplessly.

“Moses!”

I crouch before him and shake him

“Moses wake up!”

He's not waking up and I can't feel his pulse. Even if I could try I can never carry him. I run to the bedroom and frantically search for my phone. I find his on the dresser and call for the ambulance. Oh God I wonder what's happened. I try to dress him up as I wait for the ambulance after what feels like forever they arrive and ask me a few questions of which I gladly respond. They take him and I follow them behind with my car.

The moment we arrive they rush away with him as I take care of the paperwork. Once I'm done I settle down and hope nothing major happened to him. I hate what he did to me but I don't want him to die. I wipe my tears with the back of my hand and wait. I wish Nathi was here with me. I see the doctor approaching after what feels like forever. I get up from the couch.

“Doctor”

“Mrs Mbhele right?”

“Yes...how's my husband?”

“He had a heart attack”

I gasp

“Heart attack? Oh no doctor please tell me he will be okay”

“We did cardiac catheterization to diagnose his heart which was followed by coronary angioplasty and stenting procedure to locate blockage where we inserted a long, thin tube (catheter) that's passed through an artery in his leg to a blocked artery in his heart. This catheter is equipped with a special balloon that, once in position, is briefly inflated to open a blocked coronary artery. A metal mesh stent was inserted into the artery to keep it open long term, restoring blood flow to the heart.”

I didn't even hear a single word he said my mind is buzzing all I want to hear right now is that my husband is going to be okay.

“He will be fine though?”

“We almost lost him but he will survive”

“Can I see him?”

“I will give you just five minutes he needs to rest”

“Thank you doctor”

“Come”

I follow him behind as he leads to my husband’s hospital room. The beeping sound of the machines echoes in my ears as I walk in. He’s peacefully sleeping now not in that state that I found him when I walked in the bathroom.

“Mphemba”

I take his hand and squeeze it. My hand looks so small in his thick hand.

“I’m sorry sthandwa sami I never meant for everything to turn out this way. I’m sorry for the way I spoke to you I didn’t mean to say all those mean words to you. I was just angry I know it doesn’t justify anything but please forgive me. Please come back to me I still love you”

I wipe my tears and kiss his forehead then walk out. I don’t have energy to cook so I drive to Newcastle mall and buy ribs, buffalo wings and a lot of wine. When I arrive at home I clean the mess my husband created. I miss Nathi and I hate that I can’t call him whenever I feel the need to, maybe that’s a good thing. I finished cleaning up and I curled myself up on the couch and drink my sorrows away. I don’t know when I fell asleep as I’m woken up by a loud knock on the door. I get up and stumble to the door. I’m still drunk as fuck I can’t even walk. It’s the drivers.

“Greetings Mrs Mbhele”

“Gents come in”

I make a space for them to walk in

“Where’s Bra Mos?”

Thiza asks

“He’s in the hospital he had a heart attack please keep him in your prayers”

“So who will take over since he’s at the hospital and Mneshe is no longer one of us now?”

“No one will take over Thiza. My husband will be okay for now just give me the money and go I want to rest”

They give me the money and say their goodbyes and leave. I lock the door and go put the money in the petty cash box then come back. I warm up my food before going to the lounge and eat while watching TV. I wash my wings and buffalo wings with wine. I finish the whole bottle of wine and retire to sleep after charging my phone.

The first thing I do the next morning is to the bathroom and throw up. I had so much wine last night and I feel like shit. I rinse my mouth and run a bath for myself. I make the bed and tidy up then take a long ass bath. The warm water feels great against my body and it’s soothing. When the water gets cold I get out of the bathtub and drain the water while I dry my body. I go back to the bedroom after rinsing the bathtub and lotion my body then get dressed.

I put makeup to cover my bruises on my cheekbones and a lipstick then tie my natural hair into a bun. I spritz my perfume and pack my husband’s toiletries, pjs, slippers and socks in a bag and zip it. I take my phone from the charger and switches it on. Tons of messages comes through. They are mostly from my friends and my mother in law. I will call them back when I get time right now I have to go see my husband. I throw the bag on the passenger seat as I get into my car and warm up my car then drive off. I start at mall first to buy something to eat for him and myself too. As I’m in the queue

to pay at Pick n Pay I feel a tap on my shoulder and swivel around to look at the person behind me.

“Cebi heeeey”

“Zethembe heey”

We share a hug.

“Look at you madam you are glowing and you don’t like someone who has been missing”

She says as she pulls me back from the hug and looks at me.

“Missing?”

I ask in a confusion

“Yes your husband came yesterday morning looking for you”

Zethembe is one of the friends I mentioned that they are Christians and very judgmental hence I hardly spend time with them. There's two of them actually.

“Oh that no I wasn’t missing we just had a little disagreement and I needed air to breathe”

“Mmh I see”

She says studying me with her eyes as if she’s trying to see if I’m lying or not.

“You hardly spend time with us what have we done to you?”

“Nothing friend I have been busy. It’s mid year examination I’m marking”

“Okay when the school closes we should spend some time together. All 3 of us”

I'm not looking forward to that because all they will be talking about is church and bible verses.

“Yes we should”

I fake a smile. Thanks God it's my turn to pay.

“I'm with my mom here she's inside you know how she is let me get going”

“It was nice to see you girlfriend”

“Yes please stop being a stranger”

We share a hug again then she walks away. I pay for my things and go collect my order at steers then drive to hospital. His bed is empty when I get there my heart stops breathing for a moment this can't be happening. I shake my head as tears filled my eyes . There has to be a good explanation for this.

“Dali wami”

I hear his voice as I open the door. I turn around and look at him in a wheelchair. The male nurse is pushing him I think they are coming from the bathroom.

“Oh Greetings”

“Hello Mrs Mbhele I was helping your husband taking a bath”

“Oh thank you for a moment there I panicked”

I put the bags on the side table.

“I see”

The male nurse says and help Moses to get into bed.

“Well Mr Mbhele your breakfast is coming”

“Thank you Sir”

The male nurse smiles and walks out.

“How are you feeling Mphemba?”

“I’m glad you are here. The doctor said you are the one found me on the floor in the bathroom”

I nod my head not trusting my voice.

“Thank you for saving my life”

“You scared me Mphemba I thought I was going to lose you”

He smiles faintly

“You still care about me after what I did to you?”

“Yes you are my husband and I love you”

His breakfast arrives and I see a frown on his face as he looks at the jungle oats and chuckle. He doesn’t like cereals.

“I’m not eating this what did you bring for me?”

“Burgers, fruits, mahewu all your favorite”

He smiles and takes my hand into his then plants a peck on it. I serve him his burgers and sit down to eat too since I didn’t eat breakfast

“What happened Mphemba?”

“I don’t know, I remember trying to make something for me to eat but the eggs got burnt. I gave up and decided to take a bath and go to town to get some food.

“I’m sorry that I wasn’t there for you”

I wipe the sauce in the corner of my mouth with a serviette.

“I understand Dali wami I shouldn’t have laid my hand on you. How are you feeling?”

“I feel better than yesterday”

“Where did you sleep because both your friends said they haven’t seen you for a while. I even went to Nathi’s house”

I swallow hard and clear my throat.

“I slept at one of my colleagues. I knew that at my friends place it would be the first place you would visit”

We fall into silence for a moment until he breaks it eventually

“I’m sorry Cebisile you know I have never laid my hands on you before. I was angry however that doesn’t justify abuse. I wish I could turn back the hands of time”

He says so sincerely

“I’m also sorry for the way I spoke to you. I was also angry and said mean things to you. It was never my intention to disrespect you”

“Why didn’t you tell me?”

“I was trying to protect you”

“Protect me by hiding the fact that I can’t have children?”

“Yes I knew that this will break you. Look at you right now you are being hospitalized for heart attack. I didn’t want you to feel less of a man or a failure of a man.”

“You had no right to do that Cebisile, I’m not a child you were supposed to tell me from the beginning not make me believe I can have children and the problem is with you”

He's so calm

"I know and I'm sorry"

I want to ask him about his father being uncle Jacob but then he will ask me how do I know this.

"Who else knows about this?"

I look down

"Cebisile?"

"Your mom"

"Oh so both of you played me. The muti she gave you was just a disguise?"

"When your mom came here she was adamant that the problem is with me and made me do all those things. I hinted to her unwittingly and she got the hint"

"Let me guess she suggested that you sleep with one of my brother's?"

I nod my head

"You agreed?"

"No I could never bring myself to do you like that Mphemba. I love you so much to do you like that"

He heaves a heavy sigh. I like how calm both of us are as we discuss this.

"I'm hurt, disappointed, angry and broken that I can't give you children but if you have to sleep with my brother to give me children I rather not have children at all. You are mine Cebisile and mine alone. There's no man that has a right to touch you except me. I

apologize for my animalistic behavior I don't know what got into me. Please forgive me"

"I forgive you Mphemba but I don't think there's going to be us anymore"

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"I want a divorce"

He gasps and shakes his head vigorously

"I messed up I know but please don't do that I'm begging you. I will never ever hit you again. I can't live without you Cebisile please don't leave me. I love you so much"

"Mphemba you know how I feel about abusive men. You know about my mom and I told you that if ever you lay your hands on me I will leave you"

He puts the burger on the bedside table and reaches for my one hand since the other one is holding a box of burger.

"I know Dali wami I know, just give me one chance. I promise you I will never hit you. I will start going to the gym, I will eat healthy and I will go to men's clinic. Please just give me one last chance please"

His eyes are glistening with tears and I know it took him a lot to say this. He's willing to do anything, even the things he doesn't like.

"Give me at least two months to fix this if you still want a divorce then I will let you go"

I nod my head as tears fall involuntarily down my face.

"Thank you so much! You won't regret this!"

He kisses my hand countless times.

"Come here"

I get up from the chair and sit on the bed then we kiss.

“I’m sorry that I can’t give you children”

“It’s okay Mphemba”

“I hate that you are going to be deprived of the chance to be a mother because of me”

“I don’t care as long as we are in this together”

“Don’t you want to adopt?”

“I don’t know, wena?”

“I don’t have a problem with it. I want an infant that we will raise together and nurture it the way we like”

“It’s a good idea but give me time to think about it.”

I spend my whole day with him talking, laughing and eating. The doctor came twice to check on him and left us. It’s 20:00pm now and visiting hours are over.

“I will see you tomorrow morning”

“Take care of yourself”

We share a kiss then I drive home. I don’t know what I’m doing but I think the guilt of cheating on him with Nathi is the reason I made this decision more than anything. Sigh! Let’s hope I won’t regret it. I drive fast as I can so that by the time the drivers arrive I will be home already. The moment I arrive at home they arrive too. I take the money then they leave except for Thiza.

“How can I help you Thiza?”

“How is Bra Mos?”

“He’s fine they will discharge him soon”

He walks close to me and looks at me intently

“You are beautiful Mrs Mbhele”

Okay that was awkward. I can’t even stand his smelly breath and his smelly armpits.

“Thank you Thiza is there anything else. I’m tired I want to sleep”

“Upakile maan”

He caresses my hips I push him away.

“What the fuck is wrong with you?”

“Nami ngifuna ungizwise kancane lento esephentini” (I also want to taste what inside the panties)

I laugh

“You are crazy just leave my house”

“Come on don’t play hard to get”

He caresses my breast and I slap him hard on his face.

“Get the fuck out of my house!”

He slides out his phone from his pocket and shows me a video of me and Nathi having sex

“I wonder how would Bra Mos feel when he sees that video”

I gasp with shock how did he? Oh shit we are in big trouble!!

Chapter Twenty Five

“I don’t have her pic but Im sure your guy can work around the information I have just given you”

I say and take a swig on my beer. Im at Senzo’s place I need him to do a little favor for me. He knows some guy who’s good with digging information.

“It’s going to cost you a lot man”

“Money is not a problem”

“Wena na!”

We laugh

“I thought you said you are ending whatever that’s happening between the two of you”

“Of course I just want to reunite her with her family that’s all”

“You are getting too involved now Mnesh it’s not your duty, leave that woman alone. It’s not like she doesn’t know where her family is. If she wants them she can drive to Laysmith”

“You don’t understand...”

“I don’t need to understand any shit just stay away from that woman before it’s too late.”

“I just want to make sure that she has someone by her side when I’m not there Senzo”

“She has her husband Nkosinathi”

“The same husband that beat the shit out her?”

“Bra Mos beat her up?”

“Yes she came to me with bruises and crying Saturday night”

“What did she do to him?”

I look at him incredulously

“Really Senzo ? No matter what she did, he had no right to beat her up!”

“True but that woman seems like trouble”

“She’s not trouble I can’t believe you are condoning abuse Senzo.”

“I’m not condoning abuse...”

“Then what are you saying? It’s okay for Bra Mos to beat her up because she told him that he can’t have children?”

“Bra Mos is infertile?”

“Yes”

“Woah this is deep stuff moss”

“Very deep Cebi has no one except her husband. She needs her family by her side and I’m going to help her reunite with her family”

“I feel like she’s using you”

“Using me how?”

“I don’t know, why is she cheating on her husband to begin with? I mean there has to be a reason why she’s cheating”

“Lack of satisfaction in bed”

“I knew it she’s using you for sex.”

“She’s not using me I also wanted to fuck her as much as she did to me.”

“She knew what she was getting herself into when she married an old fat man.”

“Bra Mos wasn’t this fat 10 years ago he developed weight as the years went by”

“Still that doesn’t give her the right to cheat, she swore in front of God and people to stick with him for better for worse”

“You will help me or?”

“If I knew better I’d say you have fallen in love with this woman. You seem to care too much about her”

I gulp all the content of my beer and place the bottle on the coffee table.

“Don’t be silly you know I don’t do love”

“You are human I don’t expect you to be immune but Cebisile is the last person you should fall for. That’s why I say leave her alone now before you two develop feelings for each other”

“Ngikuzwile Senzo kade ungitshela lokho” (I heard you Senzo you have been saying that for many times now)

“Don’t bite me I’m just looking out of you. I will talk to Zac and find out if he can help you”

“Thank you I should get going now”

“When are you buying a phone?”

“Tomorrow on my way to Johannesburg I’m going to call you and tell you when you should come”

“Why don’t you tell them to deliver the taxis”

“That will cost me money I don’t see the reason to pay when I have my brothers who can help me drive my taxis home”

“One of your brothers doesn’t have a day off and his boss is very uptight”

“Why don’t you just quit and come on to drive one of my taxis?”

“I don’t know Mnesh”

“Come on Senzo it will be a new start for you with a new salary better than the previous one and a new nice boss”

“You nice?”

We laugh

“How many taxis are you going to buy?”

“3 but Bab Gatsheni’s friend wants to sell me his taxi at the very cheapest price. I’m thinking of buying it too it’s very fresh and in a good condition”

“Well that mean you got yourself a driver you still need 3 more drivers”

“I need two more I’m going to drive the other one. I can’t stay at home and do nothing”

“Finally your dream is coming true”

“Neh but I’m so scared I don’t know why”

“You always tell me that if it doesn’t scare you it’s not real”

“Thank you bra”

I get up from the couch and he walks me out. We bump fists then I hop in my car and drive home after hooting once. I wonder if Cebi

got home safe that day and she's okay. The day she left it felt like I will never see her again. I arrive at home and find mom and the girls eating supper in the living room while watching Tv. I wash my hands and take my food then join them.

“Here”

Kwanza says handing over her phone.

“What is it?”

“Read”

I look at the screen and read a message ‘Hello Kwanele its Ma’am Mbhele I’m sorry to bother you please tell your brother to come to my house ASAP’

“When did she send this message?”

“10 minutes ago”

“She has your numbers?”

“No she sent a message on Facebook Messenger. Here’s another one she just sent now”

‘Tell him it’s imperative’

“You need to go Bhuti it sounds urgent maybe her husband is beating her up again”

“Mom I will be back”

“You just got here Nkosinathi and you haven’t finished your food”

Mom complains

“I will finish it when I come back”

I get up and pick up my car keys on the coffee table.

“I hope you are not going to that woman Nkosinathi!”

I don't reply to her but head to the kitchen and put my food in the microwave then leave. My mind is racing with thoughts and my heart is pounding hard against my chest. I hope whatever that is, it's not that bad. Both of their cars are parked in the driveway next to a taxi which means there's one of the drivers inside. I pull over and rush to the door. Cebi opens the door for me and throws herself in my arms.

“What happened?”

I say squeezing her in my arms. She tries to explain but I can't grasp her exact words as she's crying hysterically.

“Where's Bra Mos ? He beat you up again?”

“I...killed...him”

I manage to hear those 3 words and my heart stops beating for a moment.

“Bra mos is dead?”

She shakes her head vigorously and takes my hand leading me to the living room. Thiza is lying half naked on the couch.

“Thiza? What is he doing here?”

“He came with the drivers but he left behind and threatened me”

She says between her sobs.

“He threatened you?”

“Yes here.”

She takes the phone on the coffee table and give it to me. I gasp with shock when I see a video of me and Cebi fucking.

“Oh shit! Where did he get this? Does Bra Mos know?”

“I don’t know Nathi and if you look carefully there we were fucking here in this living room which means he got in here and took a video of us”

“Of fuck! So what did you do to him? Is he sleeping or unconscious?”

“He wanted to sleep with me so I pretended like I agree and strangled him with my belt. He’s dead Nathi...I killed him”

She burst into a loud sob. I can’t believe this it sounds like a movie or fairytale. I walk to the couch where Thiza and check him. Shit! This is a big mess!

“I’m scared Nathi I don’t want to go to jail”

“You won’t go to jail it was self defense”

“The police freak me out Nathi they will tell I’m lying and do an investigation. If they find this video you and I will be the first suspects.”

She’s crying hysterically. I pull her in my arms trying to calm her down.

“You need to calm down you are not going to jail.”

“I killed him Nathi!”

“You did what you had to do to save us Cebi”

“Why are you so chilled about this I killed a guy here this is serious!”

I push her back and look at her

“You think I’m chilled? Haibo Cebi there’s a dead body here I’m also freaking out like you but If I were to choose between this situation we are in right now and him showing Bra Mos this video I’d choose the latter!”

“I’m sorry...I just...”

I sigh heavily and open my arms for her. She walks towards me and wraps her arms around my waist.

“You need to calm down and pull yourself together”

“I don’t want to go to jail Nathi”

“You won’t I will fix this but I need you to calm down and cooperate okay?”

She nods her head. I pull her back and cup her face looking at her glistening eyes.

“I can’t hear you Cebi”

“I will calm down and cooperate”

“Good”

“So what do we do now?”

“We wait until the wee hours of the morning”

“What about him? His sight makes me want to puke”

“Let me put him in the garage”

I take Thiza’s heavy body and put it in the garage then walk back to the living room. Cebi is still standing on the same spot. I place my hands on her shoulders.

“I know this is a traumatic and difficult experience for you but don’t be hard on yourself. It was either him or us. Come sit down”

“I want something strong”

She says

“Bring me some too”

She disappears while I settle down on the couch and go through Thiza’s phone. I want to make sure that I don’t leave anything that could lead to us. I never thought he’s a sly bastard. Never judge a book by its cover. Cebi walks in with a tray of Hennessy, two glasses and ice. She puts the tray on the coffee table and pours us whiskey then gives me my glass.

“Thanks”

“Do you think he doesn’t have another video saved where we don’t know?”

“Nah he’s not that smart”

I sip on my whiskey as we both fall into silence. I knew what a dangerous game I was getting myself into but I never thought I would be in this situation right now.

“What happened to Bra Mos?”

I say after a while breaking the somber silence

“I found him unconscious that day and the doctor said he had a heart attack”

“Tjo this is serious moss. He will be okay though?”

“Yeah the doctor said he will be okay. He looked much better today and we talked”

“How did he took the news of divorce?”

“I’m not divorcing him”

I look at her

“Oh”

“Yes I owe him a second chance”

“You don’t owe him anything Cebisile”

“He promised to never beat me up again and he’s willing to fix our marriage and accept his condition. He even mentioned adoption”

I chuckle in disbelief and gulp down my whiskey.

“What?”

“Just yesterday you were declaring your love for me and talking about divorcing him now you are fixing your marriage.”

“What's the use of holding onto someone who doesn't want you when there's one who truly loves you and wants you back?”

“I never said I don't want you!”

“Then what are you saying Nkosinathi you are confusing me!”

“You know what forget about it.”

“I thought as much!”

I pull her by the back of her neck and kiss her hungrily. She reciprocates the kiss with the same energy and hunger. The loud ringing of the phone disturbs us. It's Thiza's phone that is ringing, we look at each other not knowing what to do.

“Who's calling?”

She asks

“It's an unsaved number”

The phone keeps ringing until we decide to switch it off. The hours seem to be moving too slow. We stop drinking whiskey to avoid getting drunk. Our minds have to stay focused. 2 O'clock on the dot we take everything we are going to need and leave. Cebi is driving my car and I'm driving Thiza's taxi. The good thing is that Thiza stay alone in a two room house. His family lives in Durban. I wait for Cebi to Park my car a few houses away to not raise any suspicion and gets inside the taxi before driving to Thiza's house. I pull over on the drive yard and look for keys in the glove box.

"I will go open the door first and make sure there's no one inside the house then I will come and get you"

"Okay"

She says with a shaky voice. I stepped out of the taxi and check the coast then unlock the door. I use the torch to search if there's no one in that house then go fetch Cebi with Thiza's body.

"Ewww what's that smell?"

"Turn the light on Cebi"

She does as I say and I put Thiza on the unmade bed. It's so dirty and it smells like a dead rat in here.

"I feel like puking"

She says frowning

"There's no time for that. Give me the rope and chair"

She gives me the rope and the chair. I step on the chair and tie a rope on the roof then step down.

"Come help me hang him"

I scoop Thiza up as Cebi steps on the chair and place the ring of the rope around his neck.

“Make sure the knot is tight”

“It is tight you can let him go now”

I do as she says and look at him hanging on that roof.

“I’m sorry boy but you should have learned to not mind other people’s business”

“I can’t stand this smell let’s get out of here”

She says as she jumps off the chair.

“We have to wipe our fingerprints first”

I take some t-shirt on the bed and wipe our fingerprints on everything we touched including the taxi. Once we are done we leave and head straight to my car which is parked a few houses away. The moment we get in the car Cebi pukes.

“Are you okay”

I ask rubbing her back”

“Yes”

She wipes her mouth with her palm and close the door. I start the car and drive home hoping what we just did here won’t come back to bite us.

Chapter Twenty Six

It's so dark I'm trying to run away but I feel like I'm not fast enough. He's getting closer and closer. I trip and fall on the ground. I can see his shadow coming closer I scream for help but it was in vain. He looks at me and laughs out loud there's fire coming out of his mouth as he laughs.

He grabs me by the neck strangles me. I keep slapping and pinching his arm but he tightens his grip on my neck. I can't breathe I can feel my soul departing from my body. I hear someone calling my name from a distance.

“Cebisile! Cebisile!”

I jump up gasping for air and holding my neck. I'm drenched with sweat and my heart is beating rapidly. It's the same dream every day It's been weeks now. If it's not this dream I can see him every time I close my eyes. Thiza is haunting me I don't know what to do.

He was found by one of his friends and I couldn't be happier when it was said that he killed himself. I made sure that he got a dignified funeral ever. His family couldn't care less they were happy that my husband paid all the expenses for the funeral and they didn't have to dig into their pockets.

“It's the same nightmare again?”

My husband asks rubbing my back.

“Yes”

I told him about the nightmare but I didn't tell him that the man who's strangling me is Thiza.

“I think you are under a lot of stress. How about we go for a weekend away you can choose any place you want us to go”

“I think that’s a good idea sthandwa sami”

“So which place do you want us to go to?”

“I will tell you when I have decided. Now let me go freshen up then we will go to the gym”

“But Dali wami it’s Saturday today can I rest please?”

It's been two weeks now he started gym it’s still early days but I’m glad that he’s very committed to his workouts and he gets along very well with his trainer. He even went to men’s clinic but we haven’t tried to be intimate. Knowing the man that my husband is I know that it took a lot for him to accept that he needs help.

“Okay fine let’s rest today”

“Thank you”

He plants a peck on my lips and makes me lie on his chest.

“Dali wami”

“Mphemba”

“Thank you for never giving up on me”

“I just love you so much”

I say

“Have you thought about adoption?”

He asks.

“I think we should take things step by step, let's not rush”

“Okay if you say so”

My phone beeps. I stretch over and take it from the bedside table. It's a message from Nathi it's read 'Hey I hope you are good can we meet today for lunch?' I haven't seen him in weeks and I missed him so much.

'Hey what time and where?'

I text him back

'Signature Lounge 12pm'

'Cool'

I toss away my phone and look at my husband.

"Zethembe want us to meet for lunch today"

"As long you will cook first before you go"

"Of course let me take a bath then I will make breakfast for you"

I kissed his cheek and slid out of bed then head to the bathroom. I take a quick shower and walk back to the bedroom to make the bed and tidy up while my body dries itself. Once I'm done I lotion my body and wear leggings and vest. I slide in my push ins and walk to the kitchen to make breakfast for my husband and I. I make typical English breakfast and serve my husband who's reading a newspaper in the living room.

"Thank you dali"

He says folding the newspaper and tosses it away. I settle down next to him and we eat breakfast over a light chatter. Once I finish eating I go to the kitchen to cook. I opt for a quick meal rice, mince meat and tomato gravy. By 11 am I'm done with my cooking. I freshen up and wear a mint v neck chiffon belted dress with brown sandals. I don't wear makeup just my red lipstick only. I did braids a week ago so I tie them into a neat bun. I spritz my perfume and take my handbag and car keys and head to the living room.

“I’m leaving Mphemba”

“Don’t stay long”

“I will be back soon...dish up for yourself when you are hungry”

I kiss his cheek

“Have fun”

“Thank you”

I make my way out, jump in my car and toss my bag on the passenger seat before starting the car. I turn on the radio and sing along to my playlist as I drive to town. I’m anxious about this meeting but I can't wait to see him. I like that he chose a restaurant that is a bit away from town where no one can see us.

I scan my eyes around and spot him by the corner but he’s not alone. There’s lady he’s sitting with. I can't see who she is since her back is facing me. I make my way to them wondering what’s going on. He meets me half and gives me a tight squeeze oh how missed his hug and scent.

“What’s going on?”

I whisper in his ear

“Relax okay”

He pulls back and takes my hand leading me to the table. To tell you I’m stunned to see my little sister that would be an understatement.

“Hey sis”

She gets up from the chair and hugs me. This is the least of the thing I expected. I don’t want to cry but my tears are just flowing.

“You look beautiful”

She says looking at me. I smile as I wipe my tears.

“You also look beautiful”

“I will leave you girls to it”

Nathi says

“Can we meet after this?”

“Okay give me a ring”

“Cool”

He gives my shoulder a squeeze as he says his goodbye to Thando then he leaves. We sit down and fall into an awkward silence. I haven't seen her for almost 13 years. She has grown so much and she looks more like her father.

“Let's order”

I say breaking the silence. We both take our menus and decide what we want to eat then place our order.

“How have you been?”

“It's not like you care Zanothando”

She gasps and I see a glint of sadness in her eyes.

“Of course I care sis you are my sister and I love you”

“What did you do in these 13 years to show that you care?”

“I was a child and clueless when you left sis. Every time I talked about you I was dismissed, no one wanted to give me a straight answer. When I grew older my Dad told me that you left with a sugar daddy. You chose a sugar Daddy over us your family. I was beyond broken and angry at you but I missed you and thought about you every single day.”

“So now you are not angry at me hence you are here?”

“I have realized that I have been angry at you but I have never given you a chance to explain your side of the story. There’s always two sides of the story”

“I don’t want to seem like I’m bad mouthing your father Zanothando so whatever he said to you it’s true”

Our food arrives we thank the waiter and start eating.

“You can tell me everything sis please”

I sigh and take a sip of my drink.

“Your father is right I left with my husband I chose him over them because he was the only person that made me feel loved and special. Your father use to cheat on Mama and when she confronted him he would beat her up. I remember this other day mom found out that she was HIV positive and confronted your father. He beat her up until she lost her consciousness that day Mom’s life changed forever. She was in ICU for weeks, there were slim chances for her to wake up but we prayed for a miracle and she woke up only to find out she had mild cognitive impairment.”

Tears are flowing down her face I can see that she didn’t know about this and now I feel bad that I told her.

“Oh my God sis where were we when all of this happened?”

“You were young remember I used to give you guys piggyback”

She nods her head as she wipes her tears.

“I was trying to distract you guys so that you don’t see or hear our Mom getting beaten up”

“This is unbelievable so Dad is the reason behind mom’s condition?”

“Yes I hated him for what he did to Mama and I hated Mom more for not leaving him. She always chose him over me I decided right there and then that I’m leaving.”

“I’m sorry sis”

“It’s not your fault sis”

“I never thought dad is abusive I have never heard him even shouting at mama”

“He changed after what he did to Mama but it was already too late because My Mom will never be the same again”

“Does Khehla know about this?”

“Maybe he knows I don’t know. He was older then you and I’m sure he understood what was happening around him.”

“I understand why you left and I feel your pain. I want to be part of your life sis please forgive me and let me in.”

“I’m glad that we met and talked. There’s nothing I want more then to know you better”

“Plus you still owe me those piggybacks”

“Haaa you will break my back you are too old now”

For the first time since we met we laugh.

“How’s Mama?”

“She has her days but she’s fine”

“Does she know that you are here?”

“Actually I came with her but she’s at the hotel with her nanny. I didn’t want to overwhelm her in a public place so you can meet her after we are done here if that’s okay with you of course”

“I would like to meet her”

“Tell me where did you get such a handsome husband?”

I swallow as I look at her surprised

“Where did you see my husband ?”

“Hawu Nathi is not your husband?”

I laugh

“No Nathi is not my husband”

“Oh I thought he’s your husband so does this mean he’s available?”

She bites her lower lip

“No he’s off limit”

“He’s married?”

“No he’s just off limit”

“Mmmhh”

We continue to chat and get to know each other. She’s also a teacher like me and she’s not in a serious relationship. I’m worried about that because she seemed to be interested in Nathi. She keeps talking about him and I’m wondering how long had they known each other. I pay the bill then we leave. I’m so nervous I wonder how mom will receive me after all these years.

“Come”

“I’m so scared does she know I’m coming?”

“She will be happy to see you”

She takes my hand and we make our way in heading to their hotel room. She opens the door and we walk in. My heart skips a beat when I see mom sitting on the couch watching TV with the nanny I presume.

“Hey ladies I’m back. I have a guest”

“What guest?! ”

Mom asks looking at us as we walk closer to them. Her speech is slightly slurry due to her condition.

“Mama this is Cebisile”

“Cebisile waphi?” (Cebisile who?)

“My sister Mama your elder daughter”

Mom looks at me as if she’s trying to remember where she had seen me before

“Cebisile?”

“Eh mama it’s me”

I say with a shaky voice as tears filled my eyes. She’s so beautiful and aging like fine wine.

“Hayi I don’t know her I have only one daughter”

My heart sinks to the pit of my stomach

“Mama you know Cebisile the one who left do you remember her?”

Thando tries to make Mama remember me but she’s shaking her head vigorously and repeating one thing over and over that she doesn’t have a daughter that goes by the name of Cebisile. The

nanny is trying to calm her down and I'm standing there not knowing what to do. I know that loss of memory is one the MCI symptoms but it doesn't hurt any less that my mom can't remember me.

Chapter Twenty Seven

I have never been this happy and content in my life. Finally I have a taxi business even if it's just 4 taxis but it's something. We all have to start somewhere to get to the top. After busy weeks of registering My business and following every procedure now my taxi business is operating. Senzo is one of my drivers and I'm driving the quantum.

The other two drivers, one of them is that guy I saw at Porto with his girlfriend. I bumped into him this other day and offered him a job he was so happy. He was working in some Indian shop who was paying him peanuts. I'm sure with the salary that I am paying him he can take his girlfriend to Porto and buy her, her own full russian they don't have to share now.

Bab Gatsheni has been too supportive much to Mom's annoyance. She went ballistic when I told her that Bab Gatsheni is the one that helped me with the capital. I don't know when will she start supporting me. I'm making progress in my life and her support is the most precious thing that I want but I'm not getting any. Sigh.

The quantum is making so much money so far I think I'm going to add two taxis soon. People love it because I pimped it. It's yellow in color I call it 'mellow yellow' but people call it 'phinda mzala' because I plastered stickers on the back that's written 'phinda mzala'. I have 3 special load and one load is a long distance. People are hiring it left right and center. It has become a hiring quantum.

I am at shoprite searching for a trolley and I spot it and rush to it before someone comes and grabs it. I grab it at the same time as this beautiful lady pulls it.

"Haibo mkhulu it's mine"

She says with an attitude. I chuckle in disbelief did she just call me grandpa? Does her grandpa look like me?

"No it's not yours I saw it first"

I say

“I’m the one who saw it first”

I don’t say anything but push my trolley, she pushes it in the opposite direction.

“Haibo Sis go find your own trolley”

“You must go find your trolley this is my trolley!”

Now we are fighting over the trolley. She’s pushing to the other side and I’m pulling it away from her. People are looking at us now laughing and I don’t care. If she didn’t give me attitude I would’ve let her go with the trolley.

“Here’s another trolley”

Some lady says offloading her plastics. I can see that this girl is expecting me to take the lady’s trolley shame unyile.

“Asshole!”

She says and clicks her tongue as she goes and takes the lady’s trolley. I wink at her and walk away pushing my trolley. I take everything Mom wrote on the list and go to the queue. I feel my phone vibrating in my pants. I slide it out of my pocket and answer it.

“Cebi?”

“Hey, where are you?”

“I’m at Shoprite”

“Okay I’m coming there”

She hangs up. She sounds down I thought she would be happy to see her sister and Mom. I put back my phone and push my trolley as the queue keeps moving.

“Bhuti ngiyagcina lapho kuwe”

The cashier said handing me a tab that is written ‘till closed’

“Okay sis”

Miss Trolley comes and stands behind me since this is the shortest queue. Once it’s my turn to pay I swivel around and look at her

“The till is closed sis go queue on the next till”

“What the fuck is your problem huh? Leave me the fuck alone man!”

“Oho”

I say as I put the tab on my trolley and her jaw drops to the ground when she sees the tab written till closed.

“Why didn't you tell me all along?”

She yells attracting attention to us

“Bengikulaya sis” (its serves you right)

The people on the next till burst into laughter. She angrily pulls her trolley and go to the next till. I offload my things and pay for everything then take my plastic bags. I wave my hand for Miss Trolley with a big smile on my face making others laugh then walk out. When I get to the parking lot I load the bags in the boot and call Cebisile.

“I can see you”

It’s the first thing she says when she answers her phone.

“Where are you?”

“Turn around”

I swivel around and see her walking towards me. Her face is red and so are her eyes. I envelope her in my arms.

“How did it go?”

“She doesn’t remember me Nathi”

She says with a crying voice.

“Come let’s find a private place”

I opened my passenger door and she gets in then I jog to my side and get into the car. I drive to Amajuba Park and park over there.

“Come let’s seat on the back seat”

We both get out of the car go the back seat.

“Talk to me”

“She doesn’t remember me at all”

“Oh mami I’m sorry”

I pull her close to my chest and hugged her.

“Don’t cry I’m sure she will remember you as time goes on. I read somewhere that people who have cognitive impairment have memory problems, they might have difficulty recognizing people, places or things and they might find new places or situation overwhelming.”

“I know Nathi but it doesn't hurt any less”

“Askies sweetheart”

I comforted her until she calms down and frees herself from my embrace.

“Awusho how did you find them?” (Tell me...)

“I have my own ways”

I say wiggling my eyebrows

“Thank you so much Nathi. I’m so happy that I met them today after so many years. My sister and I talked about everything now we are working on our relationship”

“I’m glad I could help. Family is everything Cebi no matter how they wronged us at some point we have to forgive and forget”

“True.”

She looks at me with a twinkle in her eyes

“I miss you”

She says

“I miss you too”

She leans closer and we kiss passionately. In a twinkling of an eye I’m buried deep inside of her and fucking her hard. Once we reach our climax I take the wipes in the glove box and wipe myself as she does so then we drive back to town where she parked her car.

“Thank you once again”

“Don’t mention it”

She goes to her car as I drive home. I find the girls dancing in the kitchen while cooking. I like that they’ve become so close but at first Kwanza felt threatened by Thula. She confessed that she’s the one that answered my phone and told Thula I’m busy that day. I told her

that Thula is not here to replace her and no one can ever take her place in my heart. I'm glad that we sorted out.

“The war is brewing Mnesh”

Senzo says. It's 20:30pm now he just arrived and the other drivers have left.

“I know man I hope it doesn't get to that. Tomorrow there's a meeting and we will be discussing that”

“I'm not talking about Ndlela. I'm talking about you”

“Me?”

“Yes other drivers are threatened by you or should I say by Mellow Yellow. You see the special load yase Durban?”

“Yes”

“Those ladies hired Zola to drive them to Durban then they heard about Mellow Yellow and told Zola that they've found another taxi.”

He says

“Yhooo I didn't know about Zola and we can't force the ladies to hire Zola. They want Mellow Yellow”

“I know man but be careful many drivers are not happy. Everyone is going on and on about Phinda Mzala some don't even want to ride other taxis now.”

We laugh.

“People are crazy”

“Tell me about it”

“Thanks for letting me know man”

“Don’t mention it.”

The next morning I’m woken up by Senzo’s call.

“Boy”

“Someone stabbed mellow yellow’s tires bra and the windows are all broken.”

“What? No!”

“I’m sorry man I don’t know how did that person get in here because it doesn’t look like there was any forced entry”

“What if it’s Zola?”

“That thought crossed my mind too but we don’t have evidence”

“He’s playing dirty now and I don’t like it. I will transfer you money now to fix that taxi”

“Okay sure”

“Sharp”

I transfer him money and go take a shower. Once I’m done I lotion my body and get dressed into navy pants, white shirt , brown loafers and complete the look with navy blazer. I comb my cut and spritz my cologne then wear my wristwatch. I take my car keys and go to the main house to tell the girls that I’m leaving. Mom is at Bab Gatsheni’s house. Upon arrival at the meeting I put my phone on silent and sit down as I greet them. The chairman say a little prayer then the meeting begins.

“Ndlela has many ttaxis on Osizweni route there’s something that has to be done to accommodate everyone fairly”

I say

“Something like what?”

He asks looking at me

“Take out few taxis...”

He cuts me off

“Angeke ukubone lokho!” (Over my dead body)

“You make more money on that route than others and that is unfair”

“Dlomo is right Ndlela....”

“Haibo kahleni nina sesizozwa ngale ngane manje ifika nje?” (Are now going to listen to this child who just joined us?)

“But he has a point. I have only 5 taxis on that route while you have many it’s not fair at all. We all pay for that route”

Everyone seems to be agreeing with me and Ndlela has no choice but to take out a few of his taxis on that route but the look that he’s giving me says ‘This is not over’

I drive straight to Bab Gatsheni’s house after the meeting. It seems like starting my business is making me enemies Ndlela won’t let this lie down he’s going to strike when I least expect it that’s how he operates. I have to be prepared because it’s obvious that I have started a war with him.

The weather is changing now, the clouds are gathering it’s going to rain. I don’t see Mom’s car in the drive yard that means she went home. Good! I don’t want her to hear this because she will panic. This is my second home now so I don’t knock but walk in. I can hear the TV playing in the living room. I walk there and find the two having a steamy kiss and heavy petting on the couch.

“Is it safe to come in?”

I say covering my eyes with my hand.

“God Nkosinathi why don’t you knock?”

Mom shouts

“Since when do I knock? Should I uncover my eyes now?”

“Ufunani la?” (What do you want!)

“Ngizolanda wena awusabuyi ekhaya uthi sinceliswa ubani thina?”
(I’m here to fetch you who do you think is breastfeeding us)

I hear Bab Gatsheni laughing

“Ungazongibhedela wena!”

Mom says making me laugh. I can’t miss the annoyance in her voice.

“Can I open my eyes now?”

“Yes you can”

Bab Gatshen says. I open my eyes and see Mom’s behind disappearing through the passage.

“I need to talk to you I thought I won’t find mom here”

“She’s going to take a shower so we have some privacy for half an hour or so”

He says wearing his t-shirt. I settle down on the other couch.

“What’s going on?”

“It’s seems like starting a business is making me enemies”

“That's what happens vele when you are progressing in life so you shouldn't worry about that”

“It's more than just that Bab Gatsheni.”

I explain to him what happened at the meeting and what happened to Mellow Yellow.

“How come your friend didn't hear when they broke the windows?”

“I don't know”

“Something fishy is going on here”

I look at him

“Bad Gatsheni I hope you are not thinking Senzo is behind this”

“You know boy when you are progressing in life the people we trust are the ones that conspires against us”

I shake my head in disapproval

“Not Senzo Bab Gatsheni he will never do that to me. He's like a brother to me”

I tell him about what Senzo said last night.

“I'm not saying it's him but be careful my boy. As for Ndlela I will talk to him he owes me a favor, so don't worry about him.”

“You are very connected neh”

He laughs

“It's surprising that you only have 4 taxis but already people are hating on you. I think you need to protect yourself in every possible way. Others won't come for your taxis but they will come for you personally.”

“I’m not scared of anything and I do have a gun for protection”

“That’s a good thing but sometimes it will be already too late for you to reach for a gun”

“What do you suggest Bab Gatsheni?”

“I will take you to a powerful sangoma he’s going to protect yourself as well as your taxis.”

“Okay that’s a good idea. Thank you so much Bab Gatsheni your support means a lot to me.”

“I’m glad that you trust me enough to come to me whenever you need someone to talk to. It really means a lot to me Nkosinathi”

“You are a good father Bab Gatsheni. I should get going izulu liyeza futhi libukeka liza kabi” (...the rain is coming and it’s doesn’t look good)

“You can’t go without saying goodbye to your mom.”

Just then mom walks in wearing her dress now not Bab Gatsheni’s shirt.

“You are leaving with me right?”

I ask mom

“No”

“Kanti when are you coming home we miss you?”

“I will come back when I want to come back”

“You don’t love us anymore wena”

I whine

“Kahle ukutefa Nkosinathi umudala” (Don’t be a cry baby Nkosinathi you are old)

We laugh.

“If you are not back by tomorrow I will throw a big party for the girls and we will use all your tupperware, dishes and glasses that you have kept safe”

“Just dare me, you will see what I’m made of”

Bab Gatsheni and I laugh. I get up from the couch and hug them both starting with Mama then Bab Gatsheni before heading out. On my way home a lady stops me so I pull over next to her car and step out of my car. She frowns when she realizes that it’s me.

“Oh it’s you?”

“Yes it’s me”

I say with a smirk on my face

“Uhm forget about it you can go”

Miss trolley says making me laugh. She has a flat Tyre and it’s starting to rain but she has pride.

“Oho”

I say as I make my way to my car. The rain is getting heavy now.

“Don’t go!”

She shouts and I turn around and look at her

“Please don’t go”

She says, you can tell she doesn’t want to ask me but she’s desperate and nemvula ayizibekile phansi.

“My phone is off the battery is flat and I don’t have a charger here. Can you please lend me your phone I want to call My Daddy to come and fetch me”

I slide out my phone from my pants and give her. She takes it and makes a call.

“Arg voicemail!”

She says

“Do you have a spare tyre?”

“Yes it’s in the boot”

I take off my blazer and give it to her.

“Go to my car you while I put on the spare tyre for you”

“No I will stand here”

“You will catch flu. I won’t kidnap you if that's what you are scared of remember you are the one who stopped me”

She looks at me reluctantly with her hot chocolate eyes that compliments her chestnut skin tone and go to my car. I open the boot and take the spare tyre, the wheel tool and a jack. By the time I finish removing the flat tire and putting the spare tyre I’m drenched. The good thing is that my car has leather seats otherwise it would have been a mess.

“Thank you so much”

“It’s my pleasure Miss Trolley”

She frowns and I chuckle

“Here”

She gives me my blazer and my phone and steps out of my car.

“You owe me your name at least”

“Miss Trolley”

She says and closes the door then walks to her car. I wait for her until she drives off and follow behind her. There’s something about her man I can’t help but feel the need to know her. I hoot once we take different routes and hope our paths will cross again.

When I arrive at home I head straight to my bathroom and take a shower. I should have asked her numbers though I doubt she would’ve given me but trying wasn’t going to hurt. I finish showering and getting dressed into my sweatpants and vest. That rain has stopped now so I take my phone and go to the main house. The girls are watching a movie while stuffing themselves with junk food.

“I’m hungry what did you guys cook?”

I settle next to them and dip my hand into Lays chips and shove them into my mouth. They didn’t even hear me they are concentrating on the movie in front of them. I take the remote and switch off the TV to get their attention.

“Bhutttttiii Nooooo!”

They both scream

“Angisho niyangiziba” (You are ignoring me)

“Your food is in the microwave now turn on the TV”

Kwanza says. I switch ON the TV and go fetch my food. A thought crosses my mind as I’m eating. I take out my phone from my pants and call the last dialed number.

“Hello”

A deep but familiar voice says on the side of the line.

“Umm hi sir”

“Yebo”

“I got your number from your daughter. I’m the guy that helped her with her flat tyre today I just wanted to check if she got home safe?”

“Who are you?”

“Nathi”

“Yes she just arrived thanks for helping her..Aphiwe!”

“Ba!!”

I hear her voice in the background

“Phone!!”

The father says. I hear some shuffling then her sweet angelic voice comes through.

“Hello”

“Hey Miss Trolley”

“How did you...oh hey”

“I just wanted to check if you got home safe”

“Yes I did thank you for helping me”

“You owe me you do know that?”

“If you think I’m going to have sex with you then forget it mkhulu!”

“Kahle ihaba Miss Trolley I just want you to give me your tens”

“Why?”

“I want to call you”

“What if I don’t want you to call me?”

“Then I will keep calling your dad and tell him I’m sending my uncles to his house”

“Futhi wena uyisilima kabi ungakwenza lokho” (And you’d do that you such an idiot)

She says laughing ,she has a funny but beautiful laugh.

“Well it’s up to you”

“I’m going to give you because I don’t want you pestering my father.”

“Okay call em out ke”

I put her on loud speaker

“067 290 7786”

“Thank you hang up I will call you now”

She hangs up I save her numbers first and call her

“That’s my number please save them I don’t like explaining myself every time I have to call you Aphiwe”

“How do you know my name?”

“Does it matter Miss Trolley? I will call you later”

I say as I look up at Thula who’s walking in with Cebi.

“Bye”

“Sure”

I hang up and look at her.

“Hey”

She says I’m unable to decipher her facial expression

“Whatup ? ”

“Can we talk privately?”

I get up from the couch and lead the way to my back room.

“Kwenzenjani?” (what’s going on?)

She takes out something from her hoodie pocket and hands it over to me. It’s two white sticks that has two red lines.

“What is this?”

“I’m 13 weeks pregnant”

What?

Chapter Twenty Eight

I thought I was doing just fine without my family but honestly that was just a big fat lie seeing that I have always had this void in my heart that not even my husband was able to fill. I remember when it was umemulo ceremony for one of my husband's cousins.

The families of his brother's wives were all there except mine, I won't lie it got to me that I didn't even enjoy the whole ceremony. I just wanted to come back home and cry myself to sleep.

I don't know how will I ever thank Nathi for this. I don't think I would've found the guts to do this on my own, facing my family and humbling myself that is. He just made it easy for me even though I didn't want to admit that I need them. Happy doesn't begin to describe how I feel that I met my mom and my sister after almost 13 years, yeah it's been long hey. It stings though that mom doesn't remember me but I know that she's not doing it intentional, as time goes on she will remember me.

I have just received a call from my sister and she wants to come here and spend the whole Sunday with me but I haven't told my husband that my mom and sister are in town. I don't know how will I tell him without having to mention Nathi's name and he wasn't himself yesterday when I came back he seemed distracted and when I asked him he dismissed me. He will tell me when he's ready, he always does that.

I can't seem to find anything that I will wear today I have noticed over the past week that I'm gaining weight and I don't like it. I should join my husband in gym this is not on seriously. I'm not a petite woman I have a bit of plumpness already I don't need more.

“Why do you keep changing clothes are you going somewhere?”

My husband asks as he takes his cup of coffee and sips on it. I have made him breakfast in bed.

“My clothes don't fit me anymore I'm gaining weight Mphemba”

I say as I sit on the bed

“Manje uyakhala?” (So you are crying?)

Really is he going to ask me that stupid question. I can't stop my tears from falling.

“Okay I'm sorry take my card and go for shopping”

“I don't want new clothes Mphemba”

“What do you want dali wami?”

What do I want? I don't know but I don't like that I'm gaining weight. I shrug my shoulders.

“Come here”

I get up from the bed and walked to his side then sit on the little space on the bed and rest my head on his shoulder while he rubs my back.

“You are beautiful as you are even if you can gain weight you will still be beautiful so stop stressing for nothing”

“You are trying to make me happy”

“But it's true. I love you”

He kisses my head

“I love you too”

“You know if someone were to take you away from me I'd kill him with my bare hands”

I swallow hard where does this come from now?

“No one will ever take me away from you”

“It’s good to hear that my darling”

“I have something to tell you”

“I’m listening”

“My sister and I have been talking on Facebook and now she’s here in town and she wants to come here”

“Really? That’s great news dali”

“You don’t mind if she comes here?”

“Why would I mind she’s your sister nje”

“Of course let me send her the address then”

“What time will she come I have some errands to run today”

“I don’t know but you can meet her whenever”

I take my phone and send Thando my address.

“Let me have a bath now”

He puts the tray on the bed and I get up to make a space for him to slide out of bed. I throw in my robe and take the tray to the kitchen and then come back to make the bed and tidy up. Once I’m done I wear a denim short and simple white t-shirt. I don’t need to dress smart this is my sister after all and from here on, she's going to see me even on my worst days.

We all have those days we look ugly well for me those days happens when I have my periods. Speaking of periods when was the last time I had them? My my heart skips a beat. No it can't be, I mean I'd know right? Gaining weight doesn't only mean you are pregnant it could mean life is agreeing with me right? As for the fatigue come on I was born fatigued that's just me! Can your periods be 3 months late?

Mr Google always have answers. I take my phone and type my question with my trembling hands. Mr Google says: “Absent menstruation, or amenorrhea is the absence of menstrual bleeding. It happens when a girl hasn’t had her first menstrual period by age 16. It also occurs when a woman fails to menstruate for 3 to 6 months. Amenorrhea can happen for many reasons. The most common cause is pregnancy.”

Oh no I have been very careless with Nathi I can’t even remember the day we ever used protection. The joy of the possibility of being pregnant spreads within me but it doesn’t last long as fear, anxiety and guilt attack me. I type a text to my sister telling her buy me 3 pregnancy tests.

“Are you okay?”

My husband startles me.

“Ye..yes I’m okay why?”

“You look like you just saw a ghost”

I fake a smile as I respond to him

“I’m okay my love. You want me to take out clothes you will wear?”

“Yes please”

He reaches for his lotion and begin to lotion his body. I take out a jean and denim shirt with a white vest and black suede loafers.

“Thank you”

I watch him as he gets dressed when he finishes he takes his wallet and car keys then we both exit our bedroom.

“You said where you are going again?”

“I have some errands to run I will be back soon”

He kisses my lips and opens the door there stood my little sister who was about to knock.

“Oh hello!”

She says chirpily my husband makes a space for her to get in.

“Hey sis”

We share a hug. She’s looking very beautiful in a mustard short jumpsuit and black heels. Her makeup is on point and her weave is tied into a neat bun.

“Uhm this is my husband Moses, Mphemba this is my sister Zanothando”

Thando looks at my husband awkwardly not knowing what to say.

“Hello Thando nice to meet you”

My husband says stretching his hands for a hand shake.

“Nice to meet you too sir”

She meets his hands and they shake hands.

“Well let me love you and leave you ladies”

He plants a peck on the cheek and walks out. I look at Thando as she’s looking at him with facial expression that I can’t read.

“Is that really your husband?”

“What do you mean?”

I frown, she bursts into laughter

“Oh my God sis! He’s not only old he’s also faaat!”

She says laughing. Some things never change huh yaz to think when I left she was so young but I can see that she's hasn't changed one bit!

“Kahle ukuphapha Zanothando!” (Stop being forward!)

“I'm sorry I didn't mean to laugh but noooo sis uyibekezelela kanjani indoda engaka” (...how do you handle a big man like this)

She cackles. I don't know why I'm not even offended.

“Haisuka wena uyadelela!” (You are so rude!)

“Okay I'm sorry”

She wipes her tears. Yep she laughs until she cries.

“Iyavuka nje kodwa?” (Is he able to get it up)

“Fuseg!” (Fuck you!)

She breaks into laughter

“I can't believe you left us for that hippo!”

“That hippo loves me unconditionally and he would turn this world upside down just for me. I'd choose him any day”

“Wow I'm stunned to speak”

“Did you get my message”

“Oh yes! I also brought some food, snacks and wine for us. Come”

We walk out and go to her Renault Clio and offload the plastic bags from the boot.

“You bought the whole store moss wena”

“I don’t know what you eat and what you are allergic to, so I bought almost everything”

We walk to the kitchen with plastic bags and unpack everything then dish up what we will eat. I didn’t have much of an appetite when I woke up but now looking at this scrumptious ribs my mouth waters instantly.

“I bought these and one clear blue”

“Thank you”

I take the boxes of pregnancy tests and sigh I don’t think I’m ready to test now.

“You going to do it now?”

“I’m scared maybe later”

“Oh sis but you shouldn’t be scared I’m here and I’m sure your husband will be happy. You have a big beautiful house already there should be little hippos running around in this house”

Oh if only she knew! I take the tray and she takes glasses of wine and bottle of wine and follow me to the living room.

“I’m not going to allow you to drink let’s test first”

“Two glasses won’t hurt I’m sure”

“Okay only two”

We settle down on the couch and stuff ourselves with food as we engage in a conversation. Getting to know each other more. I gave up a long time ago that I would ever share such a beautiful moment with my sister. I swear I wouldn’t trade this moment for anything in this world.

“You should come visit us in Durban”

“You live in Durban now?”

“Yeah dad made a lot of enemies in Ladysmith so we relocated to kwaMashu”

“What enemies?”

“Arg it’s nothing you should worry about”

“Don’t tell me he started cheating on mama again?”

“I think he is innocent this time sis”

“I thought you said you didn’t know your Dad is abusive Thando”

“Of course I didn’t know he abused mama physically and he’s the reason for her condition”

“You do know abuse isn’t physical only. Does your father still abuse my mom emotionally?”

“If you are asking if he’s cheating on her then the answer is no that girl seduced Daddy and when Daddy told her to get off she spreads lies that Dad wanted to molest her. You know how fast lies can spread the community wanted to burn Daddy it was just a mess sis”

“Maybe the girl wasn’t lying”

“My father is not a rapist Cebisile!”

She retorts

“I didn’t say he is maybe it was a transactional affair, your father didn’t keep his promise and give the girl the money then she got angry and decided to spread lies”

“I believe Daddy”

We fall into awkward silence. I decide I’m not going to bad mouth her father anymore because I can see that it will cause a rift between

us before we even get close. It has started raining now does it rain in Spring?

“How’s Kehla? Is he still shy and introverted? Intombi yona unayo?”
(Does she have a girlfriend?)

She laughs okay at least she’s laughing now

“He’s smokes weed like a chimney and he has girlfriends in the whole of Ladysmith”

“You lie!”

“I’m telling you!”

“I never thought he would even have the guts to approach a girl!”

We laugh.

“Does he know that you guys are here?”

“Uhm yeah”

“And?”

“He’s happy!”

She fakes a smile

“Come on you can tell me”

“He said he only has one sister and that’s me”

Now that hurts deep in my heart but I don’t blame him. He was young when I left I’m sure he didn’t understand why he woke up the next day and I was not there.

“Don’t worry he will come around”

“Please give me his contact numbers”

I toss my phone to her and she punches the numbers then gives me back my phone. I save his number and pour myself a glass of wine.

“No no sis we agreed that it’s two glasses only”

“Ngimudala phela kunawe” (I’m older than you)

“Then you should be responsible”

I roll my eyes

“Come let’s get over this and done with”

“Eish”

We get up from the couch and go to the bathroom. I read all the instructions and do my business then we go back to the living room. She’s holding all three of them. Two of them are just ordinary pregnancy tests and the other one it’s clear blue that tells how many weeks.

“It’s time”

“What do they say?”

She looks at them and screams excitedly

“I’m going to be an Aunt!”

My heart sinks to the pit of my stomach.

“Let me see?”

I take all of them, the two has two red lines and the clear blue says pregnant 3+ which means I’m more than 5 weeks pregnant. I haven’t had my periods for full 3 months, there’s a possibility that I’m already in my first trimester and it’s only now I know that I’m pregnant. Oh God what am I going to say to Mphemba?

“Sis don’t be scared, please don’t cry you are stressing the baby”

I feel her arms enveloping my body. I didn’t realize that I’m crying.

“Sshhh don’t cry it’s going to be okay. I’m going to be here with you all the time and I can even relocate here just to take care of your cravings until you give birth then I will take care of my niece while you rest”

“That’s so sweet sis but I’m in big trouble”

“Come on you are 32 and old enough to have a baby plus you are a married woman”

“You don’t understand Thando”

“Then make me understand sisi”

“It’s not Mphemba’s baby”

“Who’s that now?”

“My husband can’t have children Thando he’s infertile”

“Woah!”

She pulls me back and looks at me with wide open eyes.

“So this means you...you cheated on him?”

I nod my head looking down as I sniff away my mucus

“Oh my God sis...Yhoo...so who’s the father”

“Nathi”

“Nathi? my Nathi?”

I look up at her

“Your Nathi?”

“You know what mean man. Oh my God. I should’ve known that there’s something going between the two of you I mean that’s why he went to the ends of the world to reunite you with us. Yhoo sis what are you going to do?”

“I don’t know Thando. This is just a mess. Nathi was my husband’s taxi driver that’s how we ended up having an affair. He treated Nathi like his son this will be a double betrayal to him”

“Yhooo kodwa nawe how can you cheat and not use protection?”

“I kept postponing to put an implant. Oh God”

I wail like a baby

“Askies musa ukukhala come here” (Sorry don’t cry...)

She wraps her arms around me and comforts me.

“I think you should tell Nathi he needs to know that he made you pregnant. You can’t stress alone”

“Yeah you are right”

“Let’s go”

“Now?”

“Yes the sooner he knows the better”

She wipes my tears then I go change into jeans and hoodie then we leave. She insisted to drive so I’m giving her the directions. The rain is not that heavy now it’s just drizzling.

“Pull over next to that gate”

She does as I say

“Call me when you need me”

“Okay”

I take my phone and the pregnant tests and head out. I knock on the door and wait anxiously. I pray that his mom is not the one that will open the door. I sigh with relief when I see Thula.

“Ma’am Mbhele come on in”

Yes she also calls me that.

“Uhm is your Mom here?”

“No she’s at my Dad’s place”

Thank God

“Nathi yena?” (And Nathi?)

“He’s here come in”

I walk in and she closes the door then I follow behind her as we walk to the living room. Nathi is on the phone and Kwanele is watching a movie. I greet Kwanele and wait for Nathi who cuts his call short when he sees me.

“Hey”

I say

“Whatup?”

He says looking at me. I can see that he’s surprised to see me

“Can we talk privately?”

He gets up from the couch and my eyes involuntarily dart to his visible bulge as he’s wearing a navy sweatpants and a vest showing off his rippling muscles. God I need Jesus in this difficult time I still

have time to ogle him. I follow him as he leads the way to his back room

“Kwenzenjani?” (what’s going on?)

It’s the first thing he asks when we get into his living room. I take out the pregnant tests in my hoodie and hand them over to him.

“What is this?”

He asks with confusion

“I’m 13 weeks pregnant”

He doesn’t say anything but he’s staring at me. I’m not sure if he heard me or what.

“Well I’m not sure that I’m 13 weeks pregnant but when I date back to the last time I missed my period...”

He cuts me short

“Woah what do you mean you are pregnant?”

Duh! Didn’t he do biology at school?

“Ngikhulelwe Nkosinathi!” (I’m pregnant Nkosinathi!)

“No! no! no! no!”

He says pacing up and down

“You can’t be pregnant I mean you said you will go to the doctor for contraceptives?”

“I didn’t go to the doctor.”

“What! Why?”

“I was busy...”

“Fuck off maan Cebisile ubusy wenzani huh!!” (...busy doing what huh!!)

He roars with anger

“Enjoying your dick!”

I say truthfully

“Haike sis uzozibona mina angifune ngane ukuba wangitshela ukuthi awakayi kudokotela ngabe ngagqoka ijazi lamkhwenyane!!!” (Ah well you are on your own I don't want a baby and had you told me that you didn't go to the doctor I would have used a condom!!)

“I'm sorry Nathi but the baby is here now and I...”

He cuts me off

“Sikhiphe” (Terminate it)

He says calmly as if he's saying anything not killing an innocent child.

“What?”

“You heard me!”

Wow I can't believe he just said that.

“You want me to kill our baby Nkosinathi?”

“Do we have any choice Cebisile? No we don't! If you keep this baby then you and I are going to get into trouble, No in fact trouble doesn't begin to describe it! Your husband is going to kill me!”

“I'm not going to kill my baby Nkosinathi! I have been longing for this chance to carry a little soul in my womb and now that the chance has presented itself I'm keeping this baby! He could be the only child that I will ever have!!”

“Don’t be selfish you are thinking about yourself only here! What about me huh? Your husband is going to kill me!!”

“You think he will kill you only? Then you don’t know him like I do. He will also kill me but you know what?? I don’t care! I rather die than kill my baby!”

“This is what you wanted huh? This has been your plan from the beginning? You wanted me to make you pregnant! You didn’t go to the doctor on purpose right?”

I chuckle in disbelief

“I can’t believe you think so low of me!”

“Then get rid of this thing!”

“Don’t you dare call my baby a thing!”

“Fuck you Cebisile! I can’t believe you do this to me after everything we have been through together!! You killed protecting our secret now you just gonna give it up for a foetus! Think woman! Use your head!”

“I’m not killing My baby finish and klaar!”

I open the door and walk out. I can hear him groaning in frustration as I walk away. When I get into my little sis car's I burst into tears.

“What did he say?”

“He wants me to kill our baby, can you believe him Thando?”

“Maybe he’s right”

I look at her

“I mean...”

“Just drive and shut the fuck up!!”

She doesn't need me to tell her twice. I can't believe Nathi wants me to kill our first child. I understand he's scared but suggesting to kill our baby without even feeling sorry is breaking my heart into pieces. I have 2 if not 3 hours knowing that I'm pregnant but I'm already in love with my baby. I don't know how will I get out of this mess but what I know is that I'm going to die protecting this little human inside of me.

Chapter Twenty Nine

I groan in frustration as I turn everything in my living room upside down. This is a fucked up situation, how can she be so reckless! “I was busy enjoying your dick!” What the fuck is that? She played me! She used me! It was all her plan from the beginning to lure me in so that I can make her pregnant. I was just a sperm donor in this.

Thiza’s death was all for nothing moss, the poor guy died in the name of protecting us now she wants to give it all up. I’m no different from a person who has blood in his hands. I stained my hands with blood because of her impulsive behavior. I would've found a way to deal with Thiza but what was done was done and there was no use to tell her that.

I had to take responsibility and help her because at the end of the day she killed protecting us both now that she got what she wanted she’s turning against me. I hate myself for being an idiot and trusting that she will die with our secret. The fact that I trusted a married woman who has been cheating on her husband with me shows what a stupid man I am!

I take a hoodie in my closet and wear it then change my push into sneakers. I take my car keys and drive away not knowing where am I driving to. I’m in a war of emotions right now and sitting in one place is going to drive me crazy. I find myself parked before Khazin’s Shisanyama. I take my wallet and make my way in. There way it’s packed you wouldn’t tell that it’s Sunday today and people are going to work tomorrow.

I walk to the bar and buy myself a six pack of flying fish and sit down by the corner enjoying my beer. They say a baby is a blessing but I think they lied because this one is not, how can it be a blessing when it’s about to destroy my life? She’s adamant that she won’t get rid of this baby, it’s clear that I won’t succeed in convincing her to get rid of it. What one can do when things are messed up like this? My mind can’t even think of a single thing.

“Hola”

Some guy says as he places his can of heineken on the table

“Sure sure”

He sits down in-front of me without even asking to join me but I don't say anything just continue swigging on my beer.

“I'm Joseph but you can call me Joe”

He says with a deep Zulu accent.

“Nathi”

I say rather uninterested

“This is a grand place”

He says looking around

“Yeah”

I shrug my shoulders. I think he notices that I'm not interested because he shuts up and drinks his beer. It seems like he has never been here before the way he's looking around.

“Is this your first time?”

I'm on my third beer now

“Yes”

“I see. Where are you from?”

“I'm from Emtshezi in Escourt. I just came here to visit my sister. I needed time to get away from her and get some peace of mind you know how women are.”

“I know hey”

“She likes to behaves like she’s my Mother”

“I’m sure it’s coming from a good place”

“True but sometimes she’s too much”

We fall into comfortable silence until he breaks it

“Wena? Angazi noma ngiyakuphaphela yini kodwa ubukeka ungeneme” (What about you? I don’t know if I’m being forward but you don’t look like you are happy)

“Life bra”

“Let me guess it’s about a woman”

“Yeah she screwed me over and now my life is in danger. I don’t even know what to do”

“Woman are untrustworthy bra”

“Tell me about it I shouldn’t have trusted her I mean if she was able to cheat with me while she’s married that says a lot about her”

“What did she do to you?”

“Her husband is infertile and I feel like she used me to make her pregnant and now she doesn’t want to get rid of the baby. I know how that sounds but bra this baby is going to get me killed.”

“How dangerous is her husband? Maybe you are just scared for nothing.”

“He’s a taxi owner”

“Yhooo run away boy run as fast as your legs can carry you”

“I can’t run for the rest of my life man”

I gulp down the last content of my beer and open another one.

“You are right. How far is she?”

“I’m not sure she mentioned 13 weeks”

“If she doesn’t want to get rid of it then you can’t force her but you can make her get rid of it without her knowing”

“What do you mean?”

“Buy something and pour it in her juice.”

I think about what he’s saying as it registers to me. He might be onto something but what if she’s already at the stage where she can’t abort and then I kill her by pouring something in her drink that will make her miscarry?

“I have to go man”

He says as his phone is ringing

“Thank you for the advice”

“Sure”

He gets up and walks out as he answers his phone.

“Don’t do it that guy is advising you nonsense!”

Says this beautiful light skinned woman as she gets up from her seat and comes to sit with me. Now that she’s closer I can see who she is. It’s true when they say izintaba azihlangani kodwa abantu bayadlangana. She places her brutal fruit on the table and looks at me.

“You knew what you were doing when you fucked a married woman without protection now face the consequences!”

I chuckle

“Hello Miss Shezi we meet after so many years or should I say Ma’am now that I see the ring?”

She frowns as she looks at me in confusion

“How do you know me?”

Do I tell her that I know her from school and I’m the guy she was always humiliating in front of learners with my low Mathematics marks.

“You don’t remember me?”

“Am I suppose to remember you?”

Yeah bitch if you call other women’s children all sorts of names and make fun of them in front of other learners killing their self esteem and confidence you should definitely remember them!

“Absolutely not. How are you?”

“I’m fine, I won’t ask you since I heard your conversation with that guy”

“It’s rude to eavesdrop didn’t your mom teach you that?”

“I didn’t eavesdrop you guys were talking loud enough for me to hear you”

“Mmh I see”

She’s beautiful and has grown funny enough I thought she was ugly way back. I think loathing her clouded my judgement. I always knew that she’s not that older than me maybe she’s 5 if not 6 years older than me.

“Don’t listen to him. I can’t believe he said that what a lame advise from a stupid asshole”

“Do you know him?”

“No why?”

“No the way you are talking it feels like you know him from somewhere”

“Ahh I don’t, I just took it personal because someone did that to me. Trust me it’s not a nice thing. I can’t have children now because of what that frog did to me so please don’t do it”

Now she sounds emotional it must have been a very painful experience for her. Maybe it’s punishment from God for what she did to me.

“I’m sorry that you had to go through that and you can’t have children now”

“Thank you”

Silence passed us as we swig on our drinks.

“So what a beautiful woman like you doing in this place on a Sunday?”

“Life has me by my nipples. I just needed a few ciders to clear my head”

“I feel you but hopefully things will get better”

We chat until we run out of alcohol so I get up to buy my flying fish and her brutal fruit. She’s a nice company I won’t lie but that doesn’t mean I will forget what she did to me. I think I have an idea how I will make her pay. I can see that le brutal fruit yehlela ngezansi kuye she’s sitting next to me now and she can’t seem to take away her hands from me. I can smell a thirsty wife from a mile away and this one is a thirsty wife.

These husbands are making us men look bad now like we can’t satisfy our women. I don’t know if it’s bad luck or what that these

thirsty wives likes to throw themselves at me. By 20:00pm I'm driving home with her, luckily she used a cab when she came here. The moment we get home I press her against the wall and open the pocket knife that is hanging on the key-holder along with all my keys. I can hear her swallowing hard as she looks at the pocket knife with fear. I slit her dress from her cleavage down to her stomach she gasps as her boobs fall freely.

Her already big eyes are popping out like they will fall on the floor. I kiss her , calming her nerves down and when her she responds with the same fervor I knew that it's working. I break the kiss and rip off the rest of her dress leaving her exposed. Not only she isn't wearing a bra, she has no panties on as well mmh! What an exotic body she has for a woman in her late 30s. Everything is so perfect, except the black forest down there I wouldn't be surprised if I can see lice coming out from there.

"I haven't got laid in a long time that I lost an interest to keep it shaved"

She says feeling embarrassed as she notices me staring at her bush. See what these husbands are doing to women mara? How can you starve such a beautiful Queen.

"You are undeniably the sexiest woman I've ever met."

I say trying to make her feel better about her bush and it works as she blushes. I kiss her thrusting my tongue inside of her mouth and moan as I taste the brutal fruit in her mouth which is making the kiss erotic. I make my way down to her breast planting wet kisses and gentle bites on her neck and shoulders that leaves her gasping for air. I can feel my dick pumping with blood and grows hard as I suck on her hard nipple and circling my tongue around it while my hand caresses her breast and the other one finds its way between her thighs and feel her warmth.

Oh damn she's so wet! Her legs involuntarily parted giving me an access to rub her swollen bean. The moment I dip my two fingers into her aching hole she moans loudly tightening her grip on my hoodie. I furiously pump in and out of her cunt with my fingers as

her moans turned into cries. I feel her walls clenching around my fingers and her body shuddering.

“It’s so close ohhhhh yessss!”

She releases all her juices into my fingers. I withdraw my fingers from her cunt and make her taste her cum.

“I want to be your fuck slut tonight”

That’s the first thing she says after recovering from her high. I pick her up and go to the bedroom then throw her on the bed, she giggles softly as she bounces a little on the bed.

“Touch yourself I want to see you playing with that little bean of yours”

I say undressing myself as I look at her pleasuring herself. I walk to my dresser and tap video recording on my phone making sure that I place it where she can’t see it before taking a box of condoms in my drawer.

“You are such a disobedient slut who told you to stop huh? ”

“I’m sorry”

“Suck my dick!”

She crawls towards me on the bed and I shove my cock in her mouth and hold her weave as she wraps her long fingers around my pulsating rod, sucking and licking it. Oh Damn she’s such a good cock sucker. I throw my head to the back groaning as I enjoy the feel of her mouth sliding up and down my length. I gyrate my hips in synchronization with her bobbing head forcing my dick down her throat and pull out when she gags profusely and tears running down the side of her face

“Come horny slut!”

She jumps down from the bed I bend her over and kick her feet apart.

“Touch your toes!”

I command and she obeys me like a horny slut that she is to her master. Her ass pops out exposing her bushy cunt between her parted legs. She squirms as I spank her butt and separate her ass cheeks. I run my tongue between her folds lapping up all her juices that are oozing out of her slit and thrust my tongue in and out of her hole.

“You taste so good!”

I take out a rubber from the box and tear a wrapper before sliding it into my cock. She cries out loudly as I ram into her tight slit. Oh fuck! I start thrusting in and out of her and the more I increase my speed her screams fills my bedroom.

“I said touch your toes slut!”

I pump her harder she squirms and touches her toes. Fuck I love how she’s at my mercy right now.

“Ohhhh...ahhh...ahhh”

She removes her hands from her her toes. I pull out and make one hard push again.

“Ahhhh!”

“Touch your fucking toes!!”

“Ohh God you are killing me Nathi!!”

I walk to my chest drawer and take my two ties

“You don’t want to follow rules so I will tie you.”

I push her and she falls on the bed. I tie her both wrists on the bed and and fuck her harder and harder as I remember each an every bad and insulting word she ever said to me and every laughter those children made every time she made me a mockery. Round after round and by the time she passes out we have used 3 boxes of condoms. I wrap the used condoms in a tissue and go to flush them in the toilet then come and save the video. I gently put her inside the covers and the moment my head hit the pillow when I get into bed I doze off.

The next morning I wake up first and look at her as she's sleeping next to me. Her wrists are bruised and it doesn't help that she's light skinned. I have no doubt that she also has other bruises on her body as well. Last night was a crazy night she stirs and blinks her eyes open I sigh with relief when I see her smiling.

“Hey”

She says

“Morning sleepy head”

“What time is it now?”

“It's 7:30am”

“Cha uyadlana yezwa I have never been fucked like that in my life”

“Did you enjoy?”

“Yeah all those things you did to me were an exhilarating experience”

“I'm glad you enjoyed. Look at me”

She looks at me

“Are you sure that you don't remember this face?”

She frowns as shakes her head

“You used to call out your learners Mathematics scripts from the highest mark to the lowest, do you remember that boy who always got the lowest mark? Every time when it was his only script left you’d ask the learners and say the lowest is? They’d respond and say “Nkosinathi!” and burst into laughter. That boy you called names and told him that he will never amount to anything in life because he’s a stupid brainless dark ugly boy?”

By the time I finish she has shock written all over her face

“Oh my God!”

She says as she sits with her butt covering her upper body with covers.

“He had dreams you know and you killed those dreams with your words but guess what? He fucked you the whole night and made you scream his name as brainless stupid dark ugly boy that he is, how does that make you feel?”

I say with a smirk on my face. The way she’s so embarrassed and shocked she doesn’t know what to say.

“Just so you know if go to the police and cry rape know that I have proof that I didn’t force myself into you”

She’s crying now and for the first time in my life I’m unmoved by a woman’s tears. I remember that I cut her dress and I did it on purpose.

“What am I going to wear you cut my dress”

“Angazi ntombi bona iplan” (I don’t know lady make a plan)

“Please Nathi don’t do this to me I’m begging you. I was young and stupid and..and..and”

She burst into a sob.

“Here take these and cover yourself usheshe uhambe ngifuna ukulala mina” (....and leave fast I want to sleep)

I throw her my tracksuits she rolls out of bed and gets dressed into them then walk out as I laugh with satisfaction. Now she knows how I felt!

Chapter Thirty

I smile nostalgically at the reflection of my gorgeous wedding band in my finger. It's still as stunning and sparkly as it was six years back when I walked through BAUNAT Antwerpen and fell in love with it instantly. I remember when I jokingly told my husband that I want him to buy my wedding band abroad and he simply said "okay". Imagine the shock I had when he just agreed without hesitation or doubt.

He always told me "Dali wami you are my world, the Queen of my heart I will go to the ends of the world to make you happy" I swear those words alone made me melt but when he actually proved his statement I was stunned. We specially took a trip to Antwerp Belgium as it's known as the diamond Capital of Europe. I knew that I will find my perfect ring because of its reputation as 'Diamond Heaven' and indeed I found it at BAUNAT Antwerpen which is one of the jewellery stores.

I can't believe that after the love this man has ever shown me in all these years this is me carrying another man's baby. Rubbing salt on an already bleeding wound that no matter what he can do he will never be able to impregnate me. I don't want to mention that this man is not just any man it's "the son he never had". How can I do this to him after everything we have been through together? Was Nathi's dick and those orgasms worth my marriage? Definitely not especially not after how Nathi reacted to this situation.

He wants me to kill our baby, our first bundle of joy, an innocent baby where's the humanity in that? He's such a coward! I hate that I still love him regardless of what he said. I don't know what will happen from now on but what I know is that I'm choosing my baby amongst everything else.

"You know what? I'm going to Nathi's place and give him a piece of my mind!"

Thando says as she gets up from the couch but I pull her down to couch.

“Please don’t do that”

“I can’t afford to lose my niece before I even hold her Cebisile”

“That’s not going to happen”

“If you are crying like this and stressing out it will happen sis”

“Okay I will stop crying”

I wipe my tears with the back of my hand.

“You can stop crying but you won’t stop stressing. Stress is not good for the baby. This is your first pregnancy sis you should be enjoying it not this”

“Mphemba is going to kill me Thando what am I going to do?”

“Oh sis I wish I had answers for you”

She pushes me to her bosom and wraps her arms around my body as I sob.

“I have been longing for this chance to carry a soul in my womb sis and now that it has come true , I don’t want to kill my baby”

“Eish sis maybe your husband will forgive you and will want to raise this baby as his own”

“Never not Mphemba this will break him beyond measure he will definitely kill both of us. I will never get a chance to raise my child”

“Now you’re scaring me sis if you are this scared of him then maybe you should skip the country. Go start a new life somewhere far away”

I think about what she's saying for a moment and it sounds like a good plan but am I ready to just leave my life behind?

"It sounds like a good plan sis but I don't know if I'm ready to just leave everything behind. Everything that I have built so hard. I've just met you and mama then there's Nathi..."

"What about him? He doesn't want the baby so to hell with him!"

I feel her intense gaze as I look down with shame.

"Wait? Why are you even including him in this when he's the one that got you into this situation and he's not willing to take responsibility?"

"He's just scared and..."

She cuts me off as I try to defend Nathi.

"Why are you defending him?"

"You defended him too and said maybe he's right by saying I should abort why it's wrong when it's me?"

She looks at me intently

"Oh noooo Cebisile!"

"What?"

"You love him?"

"No I don't!"

I retort

"Yes you do that's why you said he's off limits! Haaa Cebisile!!"

She exclaims as if I killed a person I just fell in love bathong!

“Don’t judge me I didn’t plan it . It just happened okay?”

“No it’s not okay, you are married you weren’t supposed to fall for him. Why did you even start cheating if you know you are the type that catches feelings?”

Trust her to ask me that!

“I just wanted him to give me orgasms that I can’t get from my husband. I didn’t know I will fall for him I have never cheated before!”

She chuckles and shakes her head

“I wish I got here sooner before you got yourself in this mess. I don’t know your husband the way you do and Nathi has proven that he won’t stick with you in this mess the only advice I can give you judging how scared you are is to leave the country. If this baby means so much to you then you got no choice sis.”

“I don’t know Thando I really don’t know”

“You still have time to think until you start showing. What time is your husband coming back? I don’t want to leave you alone, especially not when you are like this”

“It’s okay , go I’m sure mom is worried now it’s really late now”

I say as I check my time on the phone and it reads 20:30pm. I wonder what errands my husband had to run until this late. I try to call him but he’s phone sends me straight to voicemail.

“Let me call mom and tell her that I will come in the morning”

“I thought you said you guys are leaving tomorrow?”

“Yes but now we will leave on Tuesday”

“I want to see mom before you guys go but I don’t want to upset her”

“I think we should give her time sis”

I sigh

“You are right. So what will happen when she tells her husband about me”

“It’s no use to keep this from him sis you are family ,I think it’s time you two sort your differences and knowing him he will do anything to make mama happy. I’m just waiting for the day mom remembers you”

I don’t know if I’m already to forgive that asshole for what he did to mama.

“Do you think she will ever remember me?”

“Yes she will remember you”

“I wish she could remember me before my husband kills me. I just want to spend my last days with her”

“Hayi don’t talk like that sisi! You are not dying on me not when I have just found you!”

It’s midnight now and the husband is still not back. I’m worried now since I can’t reach him over the phone. I can’t sleep but my sister is snoring next to me. I’m glad that she didn’t leave me alone. Her presence means a lot to me. I don’t know how I fell asleep and luckily today it’s heritage day which means I’m not going to work. I wake up to the smell of bacon and eggs.

“Morning sleepy head”

Thando says carrying a tray in her hands.

“I made you breakfast”

I yawn covering my mouth with my hand and sit on my butt.

“You such a sweetheart mara yaz. Thank you so much”

I say taking the tray from her.

“You are welcome”

She says and sits next to me. She’s wearing my gown only and it’s so big on her since she’s petite.

“How did you sleep?”

“I tried wena?”

“I slept well. The husband is still not back does this happen all the time?”

“Actually it’s the first Thando I’m super worried now”

“You think he’s cheating on you?”

“I don’t know, you think he’d do that to me? ”

She shrugs her shoulders. The thought of him cheating on me sends a sharp pain right into my heart.

“You know what? Lets go shopping.”

“I’m not in the mood sis...”

“Come on you need new clothes, soon you will be gaining weight and we can also buy clothes for the babies!”

“Would you ever take no for an answer?”

“Absolutely not! I will go take a shower while you eat”

She gets up and disappears to the bathroom. I wipe my hands with a wet dish cloth and eat my food once I’m done I take the dishes to

the kitchen and go have a bath in the main bathroom. It took us almost two hours to finish as we look something for her to wear from clothes that I used to wear years back and doesn't fit me anymore. Finally we find a backless red mini dress and she wears with her black heels. I have to admit she looks very sexy and hot then there's me who's wearing a short velvet backless sleeveless dress with black heels. I don't feel beautiful due to weight gain but my sister says I look so sexy and I trust her.

The sun is out today and it's a beautiful day I can even smell festive. I lend her my other sunglasses we rock them and off we go. She's driving her car and I'm also driving mine because after our time together, she's going to drive back to the hotel. Upon arrival at the mall we start at Lina boutique, such beautiful heels they have there. I get myself two pairs of heels and Thando gets herself one. The next shop is Spitz there's this Kurt Geiger Studded Suede Pumps I saw last week and fell in love with them.

My heart breaks when they tell me that those shoes were the last one. One shop after the other before we know it we have two full big trolleys, we have bought baby clothes at Woolworths. There's nothing cute like babies clothes, the tiny little shoes and socks oh I'm in love people! I'm in love with my little human already and I can't wait to hold him in my arms. I'm tired now and hungry we decide to go eat at Spur as we are waiting for our food I see Nathi walking in with a beautiful lady hand in hand and giggling.

“What's wrong?”

Thando says looking at what I'm looking at.

“Wow! How can he go on with life as if nothing is happening in the moment!”

I swallow a painful lump in my throat it hurts so much that I can't even help it.

“I'm going to him”

“Thando don't”

Does she listens to me? No she goes to them and taps Nath's shoulder. They turn and look at her. She says something to them I can't hear since they are not that close. The lady also says something which infuriate my sister because now she's loud enough for everyone to hear.

“Don't you fucking dare test me bitch! I will moer you!”

Nath tries to calm her down but my sister is hearing none.

“Khuza isfebe sakho Nkosinathi ngoba ngizosigxoba yezwa! In fact ngizonibhanqa nobabili ngamakhandanda! Uyinja kabi wena umithise umtasekhaya ujika uthi akakhiphe isisu!! Gwala ndini fuseg masimbakho!!”

(Talk to your bitch Nkosinathi because I will fuck her up! In fact I will squash you together with your heads!! You such a dog you made my sister pregnant then you say she must terminate the pregnancy! You coward fuck you!!)

Oh my God what is she doing she's making a scene! This is getting out of hand people are watching and some are taking a video. I get up from my seat and walk to them

“Thando just leave them....”

“No sis ukuthi uyasinyela looo!” (...he's bullshitting us!)

She says poking Nathi's forehead with her forefinger and I see Nathi's jaws clenching.

“Thando maan! Stop it!”

I say and the lady walks away

“Aphiwe wait!”

Nathi says as he walks after her but Thando grabs his arm

“I’m not going to let you go without acknowledging the mother of your unborn baby! Stop being a coward and take your responsibility she’s carrying your first child!!”

“Ey wena fuseg maan hawu!!”

Nathi says yanking off her hands runs after the lady. I try to blink my tears away but they are falling relentlessly. I go get my trolley and walk out going straight to where I parked my car. How could Thando embarrass me like that Mara? I’m disturbed by a notification coming through in my phone. It’s Facebook notifications someone tagged me in a video and the caption says: SUGAR WIFE CHEATED WITH HER HUSBAND’S TAXI DRIVER AND FELL PREGNANT. I open the video my whole world just stops for a second. Oh my God!

“Thando noooo!!!”

I scream in anguish.

“What?”

Her voice says I look up at her and give her my phone.

“Look at what you have done Thando!!”

She looks at the video and gasps with shock

“Oh no sis I’m sorry”

“Nyory? Is that all you going to say! What the fuck were you thinking huh?”

I’m fuming and shaking with anger mixed with fear.

“I was angry I didn’t...”

She tries to explain but I don’t want to hear anything she will say because nothing will change. The possibility of this video reaching my husband’s eyes makes my inside cold. He’s not into social

networks but he's brothers are so are his friends. I take my phone and get into my car as she tries to apologize then drive home leaving her standing there. I try to call Nathi to inform him but he's not answering his phone. God Thando ungenzani!

My heart skips a beat when I see my husband's car parked in the drive yard. He's back I wonder where did he sleep and if he has seen the video? I steel myself as I walk inside with my shopping bags and put them in the bedroom. The house is so quiet where is he? I look for him in his office and I find him there sitting on his chair and still wearing yesterday's clothes..

“Sawbona sthandwa sami”

I say with a rather shaky voice. He looks up at me and smiles widely.

“Hello dali wami come here”

He doesn't seem like he has seen the video. I walk to him and he pulls me to his lap.

“How are you?”

He asks

“I was worried about you where did you sleep?”

“I'm sorry my battery died, I slept at Bheka's place we had drinks and I lost track of time and besides I wanted you to have some time with your sister alone”

“Oh okay”

It's only a matter of time before one of his friends or brother's call him and tell him about the video that is trending on Facebook maybe I should confess. I feel his hands caressing my shoulders.

“You are so tense sit down I will give you massage”

I get up from him so that he can get up too and give me a space to sit down.

“Thank you”

I say sitting down. He starts massaging me.

“You know the only thing I ever did right in my life is loving you”

He says tightening his grip on my shoulders that it hurts.

“Ouch Mphemba”

“It hurts?”

“Yes”

“I’m sorry my darling.... I want you to prepare a feast we have visitors today.”

“Who are they?”

“It’s a surprise”

I wonder who are they ? Once he’s done massaging me I go prepare dinner while he watches me cook which is the first. At 19:00 pm I hear a knock at the door and I’m done setting the table and cooking.

“I will go get it”

He walks to the kitchen to open the door my jaw drops when I see him walking into the dining room with Nathi. He looks at me and I shrug my shoulders of course we do this without the husband noticing.

“Mrs Mbhele”

“Hey Nathi”

“I thought you said it’s a braai Bra Mos, where are the gents?”

Nathi says looking at my husband with confusion

“I knew you wouldn’t come, I have been asking you to have dinner with us for two months now but you keep saying you are busy. I had to trick you to come take a seat.”

There’s another knock on the door.

“I will go get it”

He disappears to the kitchen

“What’s going on?”

Nathi asks with shock written all over his face.

“I don’t know, he just told me we have visitors I should prepare a feast”

“Do you think he knows?”

“I don’t know Nathi he’s acting weird today maybe he’s brothers told him about the video”

“What video?”

He asks in confusion I forget that he’s also not into social media but I thought his sisters will show him. Just as I’m about to tell him about the video Mphemba walks in with some beautiful curvy girl wearing a short hugging green dress with gladiators. Her face is so familiar but I can’t put a name on it.

“Omuhle? What are you doing here?”

Nathi says

“Hey baby I was invited by Mr Mbhele”

She says looking at my husband. Now I remember her she's the girl we found in Nathi's bedroom that night.

"How do you know each other?"

Nathi asks the same question I wanted to ask

"Let's sit down I will explain further I'm starving"

The husband says as he grabs a chair and sits down. The pretty girl does that too leaving both Nathi and I standing.

"Hlalani phansi sidleni" (Sit down and let's eat)

My husband says. What game is he playing? We sit down and I dish up for my husband while Omubi dishes up for Nathi and herself.

"Thank you Dali wami"

Moses says as I give him he's food and digs in. I'm waiting impatiently to hear how these two know each other but it seems like my husband wants to finish his food first before he tells us. There's light chatter going on mostly between Moses and this girl as we eat. They both seem to be enjoying the meal while Nathi and I are just poking it.

"Hawu dlanini bo...Nathi wachobezela nje ngathi intombi iqalwa ukushelwa dlana ndoda" (Eat guys...Nathi why are you blushing like a girl who's being wooed by a guy for the first time in her life. Eat man)

Omubi giggles making me nauseous.

"I ate at home...how do you two know each other?"

Nathi asks, clearly he has run out of patience now.

"We met months back"

Omuhle says

“How did you two meet?”

I ask too seeing that they don't want to explain further

“Hawu dali how do people meet kanti?”

“Nathi ithi ngiqedele lokudla kwakho vele mina nawe siyadlelana”
(Nathi let me finish your food, you and I eat each other's leftovers.)

Moses say taking Nathi's plate and dig in

“So awusho ndoda umnandi umfazi wami?” (So tell me man my wife taste nice)

I choke on my food and cough hard.

“What...what?”

Nathi asks with a tremulous voice

“Ngithi umnandi yini umfazi wami?” (I said does my wife tastes nice?)

He says with that straight look on his face at this moment my heart has literally stopped beating.

“Bra Mos I..I don't know what do you mean?”

“You don't know what I mean? Ngoba ngithi ngikhuluma isiZulu”
(...I thought I'm speaking isiZulu)

I see Nathi's adam's apple moving up and down as he swallows hard. I steal a glance at my husband and I see that he seriously wants Nathi to reply to his trick question from that moment I knew that he KNOWS! We are dead! It's over with us KUPHELILE!

Chapter Thirty One

I'm conflicted, the last thing I want is to damage Cebi's womb for life all I want is to be rid of this baby. I can't allow her to have this baby. I need more information about this and the person who can tell me more is Khaya since he's a nurse but we are at loggerheads I don't trust him to give me the right information. I didn't sleep after Miss Shezi left I made my bed and took a bath now I have just finished getting dressed. I remember that I didn't call Aphiwe last night so I call her. It rings for a while, as I'm about to hang up her voice comes through.

"Hello"

She sounds sleepy mind you it's almost to 9 o'clock now.

"Hey ,are you still sleeping?"

"Yes who am I speaking to?"

"Ahh yabonake Aphiwe I told you to save my number because I don't like introducing myself to you every time I call" (ahhh you see...)

"Oh it's you"

"Yes it's me why didn't you save my number?"

"I don't take orders from you mkhulu, you can't tell me what to do" (.....grandpa...)

I chuckle

"This is not how you talk to someone who helped you with your flat tyre when you were stranded"

I say rather calmly.

“Oh now that you helped me with a flat tyre you think you are the boss of me? Oh please mkhulu” (...grandpa)

“I’m not your fucking grandpa stop calling me that!!”

I snap finally.

“Don’t shout at me I’m not your child and you are disturbing me I’m still sleeping!”

I have noticed that she has an accent which makes me wonder what kind of tribe does she fall under.

“At this time you are still sleeping sies what kind of a girl are you?”

“Fuck you asshole!”

She hangs up on me. I chuckle in disbelief this girl is so fucking rude! Who does she think she is? I call her back but her phone doesn’t go through she fucking blocked me wow!

I don’t understand this interest that I have in her, knowing me I’d just tell myself that I will get her one day and make her pay just like how I did to Miss Shezi. It doesn't matter how many years can pass but one day I will get you and you won’t believe it but now here I am trying to call her father. His phone sends me straight to voicemail I wonder what I was going to say to her father. Damn this girl is making me lose my mind.

I call Senzo as I make my way to the main house to eat yesterday’s leftovers I’m starving but I find the girls making breakfast. What day it is today? Isn’t it Monday and they are supposed to be at school. Senzo is not answering his phone so I end the call and greet the girls.

“Hey Bhuti”

They chorus like preschool kids

“Why ain’t you two at school?”

“It’s the 24th today Bhutiza...sit down breakfast is almost ready”

Kwanza says pouring juice in the glasses.

“So if it’s 24 school is closed?”

“Durh”

Kwanza says rolling her eyes. Thula looks at me and laughs.

“It’s Heritage day Bhuti that’s what Kwanele is trying to say”

“Oh! Why didn’t you just say so?”

“I told you nje”

“Whatever”

I sit down on high chair and wait for them as they set our breakfast.

“What plans do you have for us Bhuti?”

Thula asks

“I’m sorry girls I have to meet up with Senzo. Someone smashed Mellow Yellow windows and tires”

“What? Who did it?”

Kwanza asks with shock

“I don’t know nana”

“I told you Bhuti that don’t let anyone drive Mellow Yellow except you”

“I have been busy Thula and money doesn’t wait for us I had to let Senzo drive Mellow Yellow while his cousins drives Senzo’s taxi”

They serve me my breakfast and sit down too then we eat our breakfast.

“Whoever did it is just jealous. Oh Bhuti I gave my principal your numbers. He wants to hire all your taxis to transport learners to the venue for Matric Dance”

Kwanza says and tosses a piece of bacon in her mouth

“That’s great news nana when and where are you guys going?”

“On the first of December. The Matric Farewell Venue is at Vulintaba then the after party is at Scrapyard”

“They even organized after party for y'all that's awesome moss. How much do you need?”

“I’m not going”

“What? Why?”

I ask

“It’s expensive”

“How much?”

“R800 then I have to buy a dress, heels and do my hair and nails, make up then there’s after party clothes ay! It’s just too much for one night”

“One night that only comes once in one's life nana and I won’t let you miss it”

“Really?”

“Yes”

She squeals with excitement and Thula joins her.

“Oh my God Bhuti thank you so much!!”

She comes to me and suffocates me in a hug.

“I don’t know what I’d do without you”

She plant kisses all over my face making me to giggle

“Jesus child can I eat!”

They both laugh then Kwanza sits down and eats.

“When is yours Thula?”

“They made us choose between Farewell and Trip to Cape Town most learners chose the trip. End of this month we are leaving.”

“How much?”

“Don’t worry bhuti Dad has made all the payments”

“Great then”

“Would you please put me in your luggage”

Kwanza says and we laugh

“Don’t worry sis I will definitely do that”

“Since you have plans today Bhuti how about you drop us at the Mall? I have to do some shopping for my trip”

Thula says

“Oh yes we also need money”

Kwanza adds on

“You two are going to bankrupt me!”

They laugh. Once we finish eating I wash the dishes while they take a bath and I know that they will take forever. I finish washing the dishes and call Senzo.

“Boy”

“Sure ntwana kuhambani?” (...boy what’s going on?)

“It’s not bad boy. The tires are not that damaged so I didn’t have to replace them but I repaired them which saved us money. Now they are replacing the windows”

“Ta ntwana. I’m coming to town now where are you?” (Thank you boy...)

“I’m at Autoboy but they are almost finished now. Call me when you get here.”

“Okay boy”

I hang up just then my phone rings. It’s Bra Mos I hesitate to answer him but I know that he won’t stop calling until I answer him.

“Bra Mos”

“Hey boy how are you?”

“I’m fine sir and how are you?”

“I’m not good my boy I haven’t seen you for weeks now but you promised me not to be a stranger”

He complains and I sigh.

“I have been busy Bra Mos I’m sorry”

“Tonight I’m hosting a braai for the drivers just to thank you guys please avail yourself”

At least there will be gents there I don't like to go there when it's him and his wife only.

“Oh okay I will come, what time?”

“At 19:00 pm my boy”

“Okay I will come”

“Sharp”

“Bye”

I hang up and wait for the girls, after what feels like forever they finally come out looking beautiful in matching yellow floral short dress and sandals. They've grown so close that they're always together and likes to wear matching clothes.

“You almost found me gone, you girls look cute though”

“Cute?”

They both asks frowning. I laugh at them

“Okay beautiful is the word”

They both smile. I shake my head as I take the toothpick and put it in my mouth then walk out with them following me. I go to my bedroom to take my car keys and go warm my car while they lock the house. I wait for them to get in the car after locking then drive to the mall while listening to them singing along Dj Maphorisa ft Nokwazi & kabza de small and Virgo Deep -Vula vala

♪♪ Haye aw haye haye haye aw haye haye haye

Usuzovala kant'uzovula

Usuzovala kant'uzovula

Usuzovala kant'uzovula

Usuzovala kant'uzovula

Myekel avule

Nangu nangu nangu sika bopha nangu

Nangu nangu nangu sika bopha nangu
 Nangu nangu nangu sika bopha nangu
 Myekel' avule 🎵🎵

I don't have cash with me and I don't trust these two to give them my card they will finish every cent so I go withdraw and give them money. They thank me and walk away leaving me staring at this girl that looks like Aphiwe.

“Phiwe?”

She swirls and looks at me oh damn she's so beautiful.

“God are you stalking me?”

“Stalking you? Don't flatter yourself”

“Then what do you want from me?”

“I..I just want to know you please”

“I'm not interested mkhulu” (..grandpa)

I look at her as she walks away swaying her hips side to side. The sound of her heels clicking against the floor is so loud. That tight blue dress fits on her like it's her second skin and all her curves are all out on display. I see some guys looking at her behind as she passes them when one of them approaches her I lose it and walk to them.

“Phiwe!”

I scream for everyone in the mall to hear me and she turns around and looks at me. What the fuck am I doing? Now all eyes are on me. I focus my eyes on her and start singing:

🎵🎵Aw sponono sponono noo eeh
 no no no no
 Manalapho ntombeee

Shindindin ntombeee
 Athi ngibeke amabiliiii
 Lendaba ivusa abaleleee
 Manalapho ntombeee
 Shindindin ntombeee
 Athi ngibeke amabiliiii
 Lendaba ivusa abaleleee
 Weeeh weeh

Kuthi angicof' angicof' angicof'umama
 Kuthi angicof' angicof' angicof' umama
 Ngithi tobetsa tobetsa tobetsa tobetsa
 Shindindi yehy yehy nguye lo nguye lo

Ngithi ubani looo
 Baby Girl Hellooo
 Muhle umntwana indaloo
 Avuleka amasangooo
 Vela wena kuleyontaba
 Woza sambe siyekhaya
 Uyakufun' umama
 Uyakufun' ubaba
 Ehy wena buya
 Yini ngathi uhambi' nyanga
 Yini ngathi uhambi' nyanga
 Sqandamathe sami

Manalapho ntombeee
 Shindindin ntombeee
 Athi ngibeke amabiliiii
 Lendaba ivusa abaleleee
 Manalapho ntombeee
 Shindindin ntombeee
 Athi ngibeke amabiliiii
 Lendaba ivusa abaleleee

Ngithi tobetsa tobetsa tobetsa tobetsa
 Ngithi ngithule ngithule ngithule ngithule
 Ngicabanga ngawe
 Ngithi ngithule ngithule ngithule ngithule

Ngicabanga ngawe

Yazi uyangicofa wena
 Yazi uyangicofa wena
 Yazi uyangicofa wena
 Yazi uyangicofa wena 🎵🎵

Everyone now has gathered around looking at me singing to Aphiwe who is not showing me any emotions. I can't believe that I just sang a song for a girl who has been nothing but rude to me and now she's about to reject me in in-front of all these people. I thought I was possessed by Cebi but no man this girl takes a cup. I hardly know her but here I am singing for her at the mall in front of these people.

I feel my heart beating hard as I steel myself for her rejection. She walks towards me and stands in front of me, she's standing so close. I'm taking in her sensual vanilla and musk scent and it's turning me on. Her gaze on me is very intense but I'm looking right back at her. I don't think I have ever seen such beauty in my life, everything is so perfect.

"Wow, I can't believe that you just did that. No one has ever done that for me"

She says innocently and you wouldn't think that this is the girl who was insulting me.

"I also can't believe I just did that you make me do crazy things"

I say truthfully. She giggles softly and takes off her bracelet from her wrists and puts it in my wrists. I break into a wild smile as I hear cheerings from the crowd. Honestly I didn't expect her to do this I mean she looks likes she's a model c and her accent is not helping at all.

"You do realize what does this mean?"

I ask, I want to be sure that she's aware of what she just did. She nods shyly and buries her head on my chest. I envelope her in my

arms holding her tight in my arms and from that moment I knew that I don't want to let her go.

“Siyakubongela bafo” (Congratulations bro)

The guy who was trying to approach her says.

“Thank you man”

“Ahhy ikhona lentokazi” (She's beautiful)

“Yebo kunjalo kodwa isingeyami” (Yes that true but she's mine now)

Laughter erupts through the whole mall.

“Let's go now apple butter”

She nods her head. I take her hand into mine then we walk away together. I can't explain the joy that I feel right now.

“I feel like telling everyone ukuthi uqeda kungiqoma manje”
(...you've just accepted to be my woman)

She giggles

“You are crazy wena!”

“You make me crazy, yaz when you blocked me this morning I called your father but his phone was in voicemail.”

She laughs loudly, I love her weird but beautiful laugh.

“You disturbed me in my sleep to bully me and shout at me you thought I was going to be nice to you?”

“I didn't bully you Phiwe”

“Yes you did Nkosinathi and no one tells me what to do”

“Well that’s about change missy I won’t tolerate your attitude I’m your man I need your respect. If you going to talk to me like I’m nothing asizukuzwana ntombi” (...we won’t get along girl)

“Haibo mkhulu I want a boyfriend not a father, even him he doesn’t tell me what to do and what not to do”

“First off all you need to stop calling me mkhulu I'm not your grandpa”

She giggles as we make our entrance at woolies.

“Are you going to need a trolley”

“Yes”

I let go of her hand and get the trolley for her, pushing it.

“Why are you getting offended by that? I call every male mkhulu and every female gogo”

She says

“Well I’m not every male you shouldn’t call me that and I see that we have a problem you want a boyfriend not a man. Lets just be clear with one another and not waste each other’s time. I’m a man Aphiwe and I want a woman not a girlfriend.”

She looks at me intently and releases a shaky breath.

“I can be anything I want but you gotta have to prove yourself to me. I can’t give it all to you and be your woman only to find out you just wanted a fuck a buddy.”

“Fair enough.”

I see Cebi and her sister in the babies clothes section. Oh Isiah she’s really pregnant for some reason I hoped this was just a lie.

“Are you okay?”

“Umm yes uzothengani vele la” (...what are you going to buy here)

“Grocery”

“Why buy groceries here let’s go to pick n pay or checkers they have reasonable prices not these ridiculous prices here”

“Oh no mkhu...”

I shoot her a serious look and she stops mid sentence and clears her throat

“I don’t like to buy my grocery where everyone buys their groceries. I hate crowded places”

“Oh because you better then everyone?”

“Levels ziyashiyana Inathi ” (Levels varies Inathi)

“If you are better than anyone then you might as well have your own mall where you can shop without any disturbance”

“Come on don’t be bitter about it, in life we will never be in the same level there’s always going to be those who are below than others”

I chuckle in disbelief I’m so disappointed. I breath with relief when I see Cebi and Thando walking out. Once she’s done putting everything she wants in the trolley we get to the till and she pays then we go to her car. She’s driving a different one today it’s red a TT. I load her bags in the boot.

“So where do you eat Miss Trolley?”

She shoots me a look

“Don't call me that”

“I will stop when you stop calling me grandpa”

“How is it possible that I’m talking to you, let alone agreeing to be your girl after you humiliated me like that?”

I laugh as we are walking inside

“You can’t resist my charms”

“Haisuka uyaloya wena!”

She punches me playfully on my chest

“Ouch inqindi ebuhlungu kangaka unezandla zendoda” (ouch! Such a mean punch you have manly hands)

She laughs pinching me

“Let me see your hands?”

“Ay”

I laugh

“Yini kanti vele ngathi ezendoda yini?”(what are they manly?)

“No! I just don’t want to show you!”

“Come on my apple butter”

“You will laugh at me”

“I won’t”

She shows me her hands they are so soft and beautiful with their very very short nails.

“You bites your nails?”

She nods ashamedly

“Don’t be ashamed there’s nothing to be ashamed about”

“Mom says its gross she even forces me to do nails but I don’t like fake nails”

“I don’t find it gross my apple butter”

I kiss both her hands and take one into my hand

“You said where do you want to eat?”

“Spur”

“Okay...you know for a second there I really thought you have manly hands”

We both giggled as we enter Spur. I have a thing for hands it’s one of the things I check in a woman. I always imagine them when they touch me and caress me you know. I don’t want a woman who has ugly , rough and hard hands like a man ziyayiwisa bhu phansi induku izandla ezimbi. (...ugly hands are an erection killer, it just dies instantly). I spot an empty table and just as we make our way there Thando comes out of nowhere and stands before us.

“How nice it is to be you Nathi busy gallivanting with whores while my sister is pregnant with your child”

“Did you just call me a whore? Heee who the fuck are you to call me a whore?”

Aphiwe says chuckling

“Don’t fucking dare test me bitch I will moer you!”

Thando screams dramatically attracting attention on us. What the fuck is wrong with this girl?

“I dare you try bitch you will see what I’m made of”

Aphiwe says rather calmly but I can see that she's boiling with anger.

“Khuza isfebe sakho Nkosinathi ngoba ngizosigxoba yezwa! In fact ngizonibhanqa nobabili ngamakhanda! Uyinja kabi wena umithise umtasekhaya ujika uthi akakhiphe isisu!! Gwala ndini fuseg masimbakho!!”

(Talk to your bitch Nkosinathi because I will fuck her up! In fact I will squash you together with your heads!! You such a dog you made my sister pregnant then you say she must terminate the pregnancy! You coward fuck you!!)

Thando screams making a scene at this moment I wish she was a man because I'd slap her hard. Cebi comes to us looking pissed.

“Thando just leave them....”

“No sis ukuthi uyasinyela looo!” (...he's bullshitting us!)

She says poking my forehead with her forefinger and I clench my jaw hard trying to control myself.

“Thando maan! Stop it!”

Cebi shouts at her sister and Aphiwe walks out

“Aphiwe wait!”

I call her out as I walk after her but Thando grabs my arm

“I'm not going to let you go without acknowledging the mother of your unborn baby! Stop being a coward and take your responsibility she's carrying your first child!!”

Habe ngaze ngavelelwa intombazane!

“Ey wena fuseg maan hawu!!”

I yank off her hand on me run after Phiwe as she's rushing out. I caught up with her at the parking lot next to her car as she's about to open the door. I press her against her car and hold her waist

"I'm sorry about that I can explain everything"

"I don't want your explanation this is not going to work! It's not even 5 minutes we started dating but already there's drama!"

"I know baby I know and I'm going to fix this please just give me a chance"

"Is that woman carrying your child or not?"

"Let's go to Eagle Peak Spur there's peace there. I will explain everything you"

"No Inathi I can't..."

"Please Phiwe I'm begging you"

I cup her face and make her looks at me

"I won't lie to you and say I didn't have life before I met you but I knew the moment you put this bracelet on my wrist that I have found the one."

She shakes her head in disapproval before she says anything I capture her soft lips into mine and kiss her, thrusting my tongue inside of her mouth. She welcomes it and intensifies the kiss as she wraps her arms around my waist. Damn she's the best thing I have ever tasted in my life. I break the kiss and look at her deeply into her now half hooded eyes.

"Let's go to Eagle Peak"

"Okay"

She whispers softly. I kiss her forehead and open the passenger door for her.

“What about your car?”

“I will fetch it later”

She nods giving me her car keys and gets into her car. I close the door and jog to the driver seat. I step in and start the car then drive to Amajuba Mall. I hear my phone ringing and slide it out of my pocket. It's Senzo shit I have forgotten about him.

“Boy”

“Are you still coming?”

“Umh something came up boy kuhambani”

“Everything is fine ntwana I'm at the rank now on the queue”

“Okay you know what? I will see you tonight”

“Okay ntwana”

“Sharp”

I hang up just then Cebisile calls. I put my phone into silent mode and pull over. I step out of the car and go open the door for her. I take her hand as she steps out of the car and close it then we walk into Spur. We find our table and settle down.

“Good day. I'm Phindile and I'm going to be your waitress for today”

The waitress smiles with a wild smile.

“Thank you Fikile we will call you once we have decided what are we going to eat”

I say. Aphiwe laughs as the waitress walks away

“Care to share the joke?”

“Don’t tell me you didn’t see that?”

I look at her in confusion

“See what?”

“She wants you and you just showed zero interest and to top it all you called her with a wrong name”

I shrug I didn’t even notice

“Didn’t she say she’s Fikile?”

“No she’s Phindile”

“Ah it’s the same thing”

We go through our menus and when we are done deciding I call the waitress.

“Can I have T-bone and buffalo wings. Calamari Strips and hake for her”

She jots down everything and looks at me

“Drinks?”

“Flying fish lemon and...”

I look at Aphiwe

“Cocktail Cranberry Cosmo”

“Any dessert?”

Aphiwe shakes her head

“No dessert”

She nods and walks away. I reach for Aphiwe's hands on the table and kiss them.

"Thank you so much for giving me a chance to explain. The truth is I was fucking my boss's wife and it was just fucking nothing more nothing less. Then this other day she told me that she has fallen in love with me. I don't know what did she expect me to say I mean she's married to my boss."

"Is it true that she's pregnant and you want her to abort the baby?"

I swallow hard and look at her as she's looking back at me intently.

"How can I tell her to abort when I don't even believe the baby is mine. There's a possibility that it's her husband's."

"Why would she lie and say it's yours?"

"Because she loves me and she wants to leave her husband for me. She thinks the baby can change the way I feel about her but it won't because if there's a person I want to carry my child is you apple butter"

"I hear you Inathi so what if she's really pregnant with your child?"

"Nothing will change"

"It's changes everything, baby mama's have drama I can't deal with such. I'm still young for that drama"

"I will make sure that she stays away from you but she's not a dramatic person. It's that sister of hers that got shit but I will sort her don't worry about that"

She heaves a sigh.

"I don't know Inathi, why should I enter a relationship knowing that there's a woman out there who's carrying your child and who loves you, clearly she won't let me be without a fight"

“She’s married”

“She wants to leave her husband for you”

“I don’t want her, I want you Phiwe. I’m so drawn to you woman I can’t even think straight”

“Those are just words that you say to every woman you meet”

“That’s not true because none of them have ever been rude to me but I’d still insist on talking to them, none of them have ever insulted me and blocked me but I’d still call their father even though I don’t know what I would to say, none of them have ever made me sing at the mall in front of people watching me like I’m a crazy man, none of them have ever made me cancel my plans just to be with them. If all of this is not showing you already that I’m serious about you then I don’t know what will”

Our food arrives we thank the waitress. I can feel her stealing glances at me as we are eating in silence. I have said my piece I don’t know what more I should say for her to believe me it’s all up to her now. If only she knew that the last time I ever felt something nearly close to this for a girl it was Buhle and I hate feeling like this because it’s makes me weak and do crazy things. I’m not the guy that tolerates anyone’s stinking attitude but here I am with her snobbish self. Once we finish our food I pay the bill and head out. The moment we get into her car she pulls me by my t-shirt and kisses me. I moan in her mouth as I feel her tongue massaging mine such a damn good kisser she is!

“I’m not letting you go Papito”

I break into a huge smile

“Oh yeah Mamacita?”

“Tell her and her sister that I kick ass they mustn’t try me”

I laugh

“And I have no doubt that you do baby”

She giggles and kisses me again. Fuck I can't get enough of her kisses. I think they're going to be my addiction after exchanging saliva with passion I drive to Newcastle Mall. I call the girls and they tell me that they are not done they will use a taxi I must go home. I drive behind Aphiwe until she pulls off next to this beautiful double storey house. I get out of my car and go to her car.

“Is this your home?”

“Yes”

“It's beautiful”

“This is nothing to the house I want, Mommy and Daddy needs some upgrade”

“It's beautiful to me. I want to call you when I get home but you've blocked me”

“I will unblock you”

“Unblock me now and save my numbers”

She looks at me and I give her a straight look. She sighs and takes her handbag from the backseat then takes out her rose gold iPhone.

“See”

She shows me as she unblock me and saves me with my full name.

“Ay I don't like the way you saved me”

She laughs

“You have too much demands Papito”

“Nkosinathi nje like I'm your parent's garden boy”

She giggles

“Okay I will save you as Papito”

“That’s my girl”

I also change her name and save her as Mamacita.

“Are you happy now?”

“Yes but I will be 100% happy if you kiss me”

She leans over and peck my lips

“I’m not a child Phiwe I want a real kiss”

“How old are you?”

“Turning 33 next month, wena?” (...You)

“Oh my God!”

“What?”

“You are 10 years older than me”

“Is it going to be a problem?”

“No it’s just that you don’t look that old I thought you are in your late twenties”

“Ah well”

I shrug my shoulders and kiss her like the world is ending that she moans in my mouth.

“I will call you later”

“Okay”

I get into my car and drive home while she drives hers into the yard. I can't stop smiling it's been a while since I felt like this. Damn Phiwe! The girls are still not back when I arrive at home. It's going for 5pm now where the fuck are they now? I call them but they are not answering their phones. I'm getting worried women are getting raped and killed in our country. I try Kwanza and she answers on the third ring

“Bhuti”

“Where the fuck are you two now it's getting late Kwanele!”

“We are coming Bhuti”

“Niyeza nikuphi ngininalande” (You are coming where I will fetch you two)

“My battery is dying Bhuti bye”

She hangs up. I call Thula hers send me to voicemail now. These two think I'm their grandpa. At 18:00pm I freshen up to go to Bra Mos's house, when I'm done I go wait for the girls. At 18:45pm they're being dropped off by a grey polo vivo. They walk in carrying a lot of shopping bags.

“Where the fuck are you two coming from now?”

“From the mall...”

“Don't you dare lie to me Kwanele you can't stay all day in the mall obviously there's somewhere you got held up”

They both look down and not say anything

“Thula!”

“We are sorry Bhuti we lost track of time doing shopping and by the time we realized it was already late so we took a cab”

I chuckle and shake my head

“A cap really? I’m not done with you two, you are going to tell me who just dropped you off and where you coming from. I’m going to Bra Mos's house so attend the drivers when they arrive. Tell Senzo I will come to his house before 10 o’clock.”

I head out and drive to the Mbhele residence. To tell you I’m shocked when Omu arrives would be an understatement. We sit down and eat but my throat can’t seem to down this food. There’s a huge lump clogging there. The conversation is flowing between Bra Mos and Omu as if they’ve known each other for years and they don’t want to explain further how did they meet. Cebi seems to be in the dark as much as I am. Nothing prepared me for the question Bra Mos asks.

“So awusho ndoda umnandi umfazi wami?” (So tell me something man, does my wife taste nice ?)

Cebi chokes and coughs hard as I look at Bra Mos shocked.

“What...what?”

I try to be cool but my voice betrayed me it’s shaking.

“Ngithi umnandi yini umfazi wami?” (I said does my wife taste nice?)

“Bra Mos I..I don’t know what you mean”

“You don’t know what I mean? Ngoba ngithi ngikhuluma isiZulu” (...I thought I’m speaking isiZulu)

He says with that intimidating look of his. I look at Omu, she has that knowing look on her face and I just knew that we are in deep shit!

“Yes or No”

“Cha” (No)

I say and Cebi looks at me with hurt in her eyes.

“No?”

Bra asks shoving a piece of meat in his mouth and looks at me.

“I say no because I have never tasted her Bra Mos so I don’t know what she tastes like”

He laughs very loudly and I shift uncomfortably in my seat. He knows I can see it in his eyes and Omu is the one that told him lies! I say lies because she only knows that I wanted to fuck Cebi that night but I didn’t since we found her in my bedroom.

“Are you sure?”

I clear my throat

“Yes Bra Mos”

He sucks his fingertips and drinks his juice and burps.

“The food was nice wifey thank you.”

He gets up from his chair and looks at us

“Follow me all of you”

Omu is the first one that is up I look at her she’s not giving me any eye contact. Cebi and I look at each other, she has fear written all over her face. I can see that she wants me to tell her something but unfortunately I’m scared as she is right now.

“I said follow me”

We both get up and follow him to his office. He closes the door and walks to his cupboard. He pushes it aside and we see another door I didn’t know existed. I look at Cebi and I can see that she also seems surprised. He presses a code and the door opens.

“Come in”

He walks inside and we follow him behind and the door locks itself. It's dark in here but it's so warm and I can see a fire in the middle.

“What is this Mphemba and how come I don't know about this room?”

Cebi says with a shivering voice. The lights turn on and Bra Mos is now carrying a gun my heart beats hard and my palms sweat instantly. There's single bed one side of the room, a TV on the little stand on the other side with a two seater couch. In the middle there's fire brazier also known as Imbawula in isiZulu and five different knives handles sticking out from the fire brazier holes.

“Baby why are you carrying...”

“Shut the hell up Cebisile!!”

He roars in anger not startling us only but his “friend” too Omu.

“Sit down both of you!!”

He points the gun at us and we sit down on the two seater couch leaving the two of them standing. Omu takes the remote from the bed and switches on the TV. Cebi screams with shock when a video of us fucking in my car plays. It's a recent video the day we fucked at Amajuba Park. The video is so clear as if whoever was taking it was also in the car. How is it possible? We would've seen if someone recorded us not unless if they put a camera in my car. Fuck!

“I asked you if you are sure, what is this Nkosinathi?”

“I'm sorry bra Mos it only happened once! I...”

He shoots my leg. Cebi and Omu screams in shock.

“I'm sorry Bra Mos”

I groan in pain

“Once? Once? You think I’m your fool huh!!”

He roars in anger as he points the gun at me.

Cebi stands up in front of me crying

“It’s my fault baby please don’t shoot him. I’m so sorry for everything....”

“Sit down!!”

“Mphemba please.”

Cebi cries I pull her down to the couch.

“I’m coming to you wena I’m still dealing with your boyfriend!!”

“I’m sorry bra Mos I....”

He cuts me off

“Sorry? Will your sorry un-fuck my wife? Will your sorry un-impregnate my wife? Will your sorry mend my broken heart? No definitely not! I trusted you bastard! I made you a boss even if it was just for a short period of time, I gave you my car a brand new car that I bought for my late niece who meant so much to me, I confided in you when my wife and I were going through a rough patch kanti you were just seeing a fool and laughing at me?”

“Cha Bra Mos...” (No Bra Mos..)

“That night that was her car right? It wasn’t your cousin’s car? She ran to you and you fucked her the whole night then looked at me in the eyes and lied to me the following day!”

“I’m sorry Moses...”

Cebi cries

“I suspected that something is happening between the two of the moment my guy unlocked the phone I found in the yard and I realized that it’s yours when I saw your pictures and your sisters but then I thought I could be wrong. Why Nkosinathi huh why? How could you do this to me?”

He points the gun at me

“Ngiyaxolisa Bra Mos”

I say groaning. I’m in serious pain and blood is oozing out my leg.

“Udla umfazi wami Nkosinathi uyamudla uyamphindelela qede lapho uyamithisa ngoba vele mina angikwazi ukumithisa” (You fuck my wife countless times Nkosinathi then you make her pregnant because I can’t impregnate her)

I see tears flowing down his cheeks this is my second time seeing him cry. If I could take back the hands of time I would. I feel so horrible right now that I think I deserve everything he’s going to do to me. I have already surrendered my life I hope mama and my sisters will forgive me for this. Cebi is crying next to me and Omu is standing there looking frightened.

“I’m sorry Bra Mos”

I say as if sorry will change anything as if it will mend his broken heart. I can see how deeply hurt he is, he must surely love his wife beyond measure and right now I can’t help but wonder what would I ever do if someone were to betray me the way I did to him. I don’t know if what I feel for Aphiwe is love but what I know is that it’s something that I have never felt for any girl. It doesn’t matter anymore though because our love started today and will end today.

“You fucked my wife I’m also going to fuck yours the difference is that I’m not going to hide like you but I will fuck here her in front of you”

“Nooo!”

Cebi screams

“Why are you saying no dali wami? You fucked him too then allow me to fuck his girlfriend it’s only fair right Omu”

“Yes daddy”

Omu says, this is not my Omu. Bra Mos holds Omu and kisses her.

“Omuhle no!”

“What Nathi?”

Omu asks

“You don’t have to do it. This is not you baby you are hurt I get that but don’t”

“You fucked her why can’t I fuck him too huh?”

“Because that’s not you baby girl I know you”

“No you think you know me but you don’t. I loved you, I gave all of myself to you but what did you do to me? You lied and cheated on me! I loved you Nathi and I hate that I still love you but you broke me beyond repair. I told you that my fear is that one day you are going to find a woman your age and forget about me, the immature 18 year old girl but you promised me that you will never leave. You promised me heaven and earth, you sold me dreams Nkosinathi but I never thought that woman would be someone’s wife. I never thought I was worth that little to you to cheat on me with someone’s wife. Maybe you are right I’m not that kind of girl but you made me like this”

By the time she finishes her face is wet with tears. She grabs Bra Mos and they kiss, groping each other. Cebi is crying hysterically , I look down. I can’t look at this it’s disgusting to me.

“Look at us Nkosinathi!”

Bra Mos yells but I don't look at them

“I want you to look at me fucking your girlfriend making her scream like you made my wife scream!”

Still I don't look at them but keep my eyes down.

“Look at us!!!!”

He shoots my other leg and I groan in agony as Cebi screams.

“Mphemba please ngiyakucela”

Cebi begs her husband desperately.

“Look at us Nathi or I'm shouting again”

“Okay I'm looking don't shoot”

I say groaning. I feel so weak right now and blood can't stop coming out.

“He's losing too much blood Mphemba please let him go he's going to die!”

Cebi cries Bra Mos doesn't listen to her but continue kissing Omu, within a second she's naked.

“Of fuck you are so damn sexy!!”

Bra Moses says as he spans Omu's big butt.

“Mphemba please i'm begging you”

That's Cebi again begging her husband to not fuck Omu. He bends her over and takes out his dick then shoves it into her, she screams with pleasure. Each stroke that he's making and each moan coming out of her mouth breaks my heart into pieces. It's only now I realize that what I felt for her is bigger than I thought.

Chapter Thirty Two

Never in my wildest dreams did I ever thought I would ever be subjected to live porn between my husband and another woman let alone an 18 year old girl. I feel immense pain deep in my heart as he's pounding her hard and sweating. Their moans are deafening. I can't stop my tears from falling and the funny thing about this is that I feel like I deserve this pain. Yes I deserve it not only did I cheat on him with his "son" but I fell pregnant which is something he can never be able to do. I don't understand why God made him infertile. If there's a person that deserves to be a father it's Moses, he has so much love to give.

I look at Nathi next to me he's getting weaker and weaker and he's losing too much blood. There's a pool of blood all over the floor. I can't help the questions that keeps popping in my mind. What is this room? How come I didn't know anything about it? Why did he keep this room a secret? Has it always been here all this time? Come to think of it, my husband had already had this house when we started dating. He has been staying here for as long as I remember I only moved in here after I graduated but I used to come during recess. It was just a bachelor house but I made it a home, he didn't even have furniture. I can't believe all these years I have been living in this house and never knew there's a secret room.

Finally they reach their high it feels like it's been ages, like that wasn't my husband who gets tired and ejaculate after two seconds. He slips out his dick from her and wipes it with his handkerchief that he always keeps it in his pants. This is the dick he swore in front of God to never share it with anyone except me but do I blame him? No I don't blame him I also shared the vagina I made vows to never give to anyone except him but It doesn't hurt any less. It's the worst feeling I have ever felt in my life. I can feel it even in my whole being.

"See I came, he made me cum maybe the problem was never with him bitch but it was with you. You just wanted an excuse to cheat."

Omuhle says after getting dressed and looks at Moses brushing his big belly

“Daddy you have a nice dick, it’s so perfect even the size of it, unlike someone I know that has a donkey dick you can’t even enjoy sex because all you feel is pain.”

That someone's dick you know is for woman not kids little whore! I’m so tempted to say this but I hold myself. It doesn't sound good, especially not in my husband’s presence.

“Bye fuckers have a nice trip to hell!”

She says as they both walk out. I shake Nathi who looks half conscious

“Nathi please stay with me don’t die please”

“I’m...so...rry”

“It’s not your fault just keep your eyes open please”

I slap his face lightly trying to keep him awake. He looks at me lazily. I wipe beads of sweat on his forehead and caress his cheek.

“Don’t die please I’m begging you. Hold on if not for me then for our baby and your family please”

I beg him as tears cascade down my face.

“Te..tell..them I..love..them..so much and I’m.. so sorry”

He’s struggling to speak

“No you are going to tell them yourself you are not dying! Nathi you are stronger than these two bullets. Don’t die please”

“Utha..ndi...we”

“I love you too”

“That’s..our..princess..name..Uthandiwe Dlomo”

I smile widely through my tears as my heart squeezes

“Tell her daddy loves her so much and I will haunt every boy that comes near her”

I giggle as I wipe my tears. Lord knows how much I have yearned to hear him acknowledge our baby.

“Don’t die on us. I’m begging you Mkhabela”

He fiddles his hand and holds my tummy then closes his eyes. No he’s not dying! He can’t die on us! The door opens and my husband walks in. I get up and kneel on the floor pressing my palms together as if I’m praying.

“Mphemba I’m sorry from the deepest of my heart. I deserve every pain for betraying you but please let Nathi go he’s dying”

“You think I care”

“You have made your point, you fucked that bitch we are even now please spare him his life”

He looks at me with so much pain in his eyes

“You really love them that much?”

“No I love you baby”

“Unamanga maan!” (You’re lying)

“I swear Mphemba I love you with all my heart....”

“Oh please stop lying to me! I see the way you look at him and how you melt at every mention of his name!! You fucking love him!!!”

“I love you I want us to fix our marriage baby...”

He cuts me off with a bitter laugh.

“Our marriage? You made our marriage a mockery Cebisile now the whole world is laughing at us, no at me actually. The video is trending on social network wonke umuntu uyazi bangidlele umfazi! You couldn’t at least keep this out of the public?” (...everyone knows that my wife cheated on me...)

“It was Thando....”

“It’s funny that you’ve never told me you wanted to reunite with your family but you told him and he found them! He’s the man, what do y’all youth say ahhhhh ‘The real deal’ yes he’s the real deal and I’m just a fool that can’t even satisfy you in bed”

“That’s not tru...”

“Shut up!!”

He roars in anger pointing a gun at me.

“All I ever did was to love you Cebisile with all my heart. I gave you everything you wanted, I respected you and treated you like a queen I thought you are but you are just a whore nje. I wasted 12 years of my life for a bitch. I don’t care how you justify what you did but what I know is if you loved me the way you claim it wouldn't have been so easy for you to open your legs for another man. You know what disgusts me is that you watched me fuck you that night I came back home while you knew you were fucking him! You disgust me!”

Drop of tears roll down his face breaking my heart even more. I swear I never meant to hurt him like this. I admit I failed as a wife. I was so selfish thinking only of my needs.

“I’m sorry Mphemba”

I say , yes ‘sorry’ doesn’t change anything but in this situation, is there really a thing to do or words to say that can change

everything? I don't think so, the damage is already done, I have to live with it if I will ever come out of this room alive. I look at Nathi

“Kill me and spare his life please”

“There's only one person that is going to walk out alive from this room and that's me”

I gulp the air, it's just the way I predicted. I should've ran away just like Thando said but still I wasn't going to be able to buy the tickets and prepare for my run within one day. It wasn't going to work either way I guess this is my fate.

“Get up and undress!”

“What?”

“Get up and take off your clothes!”

No he's going to force himself on me right after he just fucked that bitch? No my Moses would never do that, he may be anything but not a rapist. I get up and take off my dress leaving my undies.

“Lie on the bed and face the roof!”

“Why?”

“Do as I say bitch!!”

I don't need him to tell me twice. I lie on the single bed with my back. He cuffs wrists and my ankles.

“No no what are you doing?”

I cry

“Hey you bastard child!”

He smacks my tummy hard that I scream in anguish.

“I’m going to remove this bastard child!”

“Mphemba no please”

“Since I can't make you pregnant then no one has a right to! You are mine I own you do you hear me?”

“Please I’m begging you Mphemba”

He takes out a knife from the brazier hole , the blade is red with fire.

“It’s going to hurt just little dali wami don’t worry ”

“No no noooooo!!!”

I scream wiggling as he nears the hot knife on my tummy.

“Bra Mos!”

I hear Nathi’s voice and open my eyes. He’s carrying a gun I don’t know how did he get hold of Moses gun but I think he placed it somewhere when he was cuffing me.

“You going to shoot me wena?”

He laughs out loudly then suddenly his laugh ceases as he makes a strange sound as if he’s choking while holding his chest.

“What’s going on? Did you shoot him?”

It’s a stupid question because I would have heard a gun shot.

“I don’t know I think he’s having a heart attack”

“Oh no uncuff me please!”

Moses falls down on the floor as Nathi looks for the keys to uncuff me.

“Hurry up Nathi!!”

“I’m looking!!”

He limps around looking for the keys by the time he finds them Mphemba is not making any sound. He uncuff my wrists and also collapses on the floor. I uncuff my ankles and jumps down. I don’t even know who to attend first between these two men. God what have I done I killed them both! It’s all my fault. The ambulance yes! I search for Nathi’s phone in his pants and thanks God I find it.

There are so many missed calls from Mamacita, Ndlovukazi Yami, Nana, Baby girl and Senzo. All of them left multiple missed calls whatever they wanted him for must be really important. I call the ambulance and get dressed while I wait for it. They finally arrive and ask me questions of which I reply as they attend to them. The police also arrives shortly as Mphemba is being resuscitated. I see them shaking their heads then they cover him with a black plastic.

“No! What are you doing?”

I ask, tears are already rolling down my face.

“I’m sorry ma’am”

I burst into a loud sob, at least Nathi is being rushed away with a stretcher and they’ve already put an oxygen mask on his face. He’s still alive I hope he makes it, he has to make it. He can’t die too! Police with their questions even in a situation like this. I just lost my husband for fuck sake! I answer the questions though, truthfully we have nothing to hide already the video is trending and Nathi didn’t shoot Moses. It must be probably his heart that gave in. I don’t mention Omuhle though she’s just a heart broken little girl she doesn’t need all of this drama and I don’t know how much she knows it could be possible that she knows about Thiza. They seemed to know more than we thought they did. I have to pay her little visit just to be sure.

Once my husband is being taken to the mortuary I get into the ambulance with Nathi. On arrival they rush away with him. I still have his phone with me. I’m scared to call his mom how do I tell her

that her son was shot and his condition is very critical as he lost too much blood. I gather the strength and dial 'Ndlovukazi Yami' I know that it's his mom, 'Nana' is Kwanza and 'Baby girl' is Thula. I don't know who's 'Mamacita' and Senzo is his friend.

“Oh finally!”

It's the first thing his mom says on the other side. I try to speak but words are not coming out of my throat.

“Nkosinathi?”

I clear my throat

“It's me mama”

“Who are you ? Where's my son?”

“It's Cebisile”

“Give my son his phone!”

“I can't mama”

“What do you mean you can't? Heeeey wena ntombazane...” (...Hey you girl...)

I cut her short

“He was shot mama I'm sorry”

I say and burst into tears

“Shot? Did you say shot as in udutshuliwe?” (Shot?)

She asks with a shaky voice on the other side. I nodded my head then realize that she can't see me.

“Eya mama” (Yes Mama)

I hear a loud piercing sob then a voice of a man comes through, yelling.

“Who are you? What did you say to my wife that makes her cry like this huh?”

“It’s Cebisile baba , Nathi’s friend can you please come to the hospital, Mediclinic! Nathi was shot and the doctors are still busy with him”

“Okay”

He hangs up on me. I breathe out loudly at least one task is done now I have to wait for them to arrive and explain to them what happened. I still have to deal with my husband’s passing and informing his family. Oh God I need your strength right now please guide me.

“Mrs Mbhele what are you doing here? Are you okay?”

I wipe my tears and look at my GP

“Dr Zondo hi no I’m not okay”

“What’s wrong? Is there something wrong with your husband?”

“He..he..he’s dead”

“Oh my condolences darling...come here”

I get up and throw myself into his arms.

“I didn’t know he was hospitalized”

“No he wasn’t”

I explain to him what happened leaving few details here and there.

“Oh you went through such a horrific experience. I’m really sorry. My shift is about to end now but come let’s check if you are okay

and you are not hurt somehow. I will also give you something for shock”

“If it’s going to make me sleep please don’t. I’m still waiting for Nathi’s parents to come I have to be here to explain to them”

“No problem come”

He takes me to his office and examined me. I tell him that I’m pregnant so we do a scan. I smile through tears when I hear my baby’s heart beat.

“How far am I? The clear blue said I'm 5+”

“You are 14 weeks pregnant and there’s nothing wrong with the baby”

“Oh thanks God. Can you please print out these for me”

“Of course. Physically you are okay but psychologically surely you are affected. I’m going to recommend you to a therapist”

“I’m fine Zondo I swear”

“You just went through a horrible incident and you lost your husband Mrs Mbhele it's a lot to take in. You need to manage your health especially now that you are pregnant”

I know that he won’t take no for an answer so I agree. He gives me the therapist contact details and I make an appointment to see him tomorrow since he’s shift is over. I see Nathi’s mom walking in with her husband I assume as I’m seated down waiting impatiently for Nathi’s Doctor. I get up from my seat and greet them.

“Sanibona Ma no Baba”

“Where’s my son?”

She still looks beautiful as distressed as she is with her red swollen eyes.

“They are still busy with him”

“What happened? Who shot my son?”

Ask the father, I think this is Bab Gatsheni. I explain to them what happened not leaving anything to them. They deserve to know, their son is fighting for his life.

“Didn’t I tell you to stay away from my son?? This is your fault!! Why didn’t that husband of yours shoot you huh?? My son is laying in that hospital bed fighting for his life and you here not even scratched uyapepenyenya nondindwaaa!” (...you are parading bitch)

“I’m sorry mama”

She charges for me and slaps me hard on my face, as I steel myself for another one her man holds her.

“Butternut calm down please”

The husband says

“Get out of here!! I don’t want you near my son fuck off!!”

She burst into tears as her man wraps her in his arms and strokes her back. I walk out tears blurring my sight then I remember then I still have Nathi’s phone with me. I search for Thando’s contact and call her.

“What the fuck do you want?”

“Sis, it's me.”

I sniff

“Cebi what’s wrong? Are you crying? Where you? I m sorry”

“Please come fetch me at Mediclinic. I’m going to give back Nathi’s phone to his parents don’t call. I will explain everything when you get here”

I say with a crying voice.

“Hang in there okay I’m coming”

I return Nathi’s phone to his parents and go wait for my sister outside. The moment she arrives I jog towards her as she does the same and throw myself into her arms. She catches me and holds me tightly in her arms while telling me that she’s sorry and everything is going to be okay. Nothing will ever be okay Nathi is fighting for his life and Moses is dead and it's all because of me!

Chapter Thirty Three

“Ya uMnesh lo ngibusy uyakwazi okumele ukwenze”
(Hey this is Mnesh I’m busy you know what to do)

He said I’m rude but his voicemail is worse, I think it’s frustrating me more than the fact that I can’t get hold of him. I have been trying to call him but I keep getting the same results. At first his phone was ringing but now it’s off. I groan as I cover myself with my pillow. Gee! Aphiwe he doesn’t want to talk to you don’t you get the hint? He’s busy probably fucking one of his girlfriends or his baby mama!

There’s a sharp pain in my heart, why does it hurt? I mean I just met this guy I don’t know anything about him heck I don’t even know his surname! Pull yourself together Aphiwe you don’t get frustrated easily, especially not by a guy you just met. It doesn't matter how hot his kisses makes you and how weak his scent makes you. Breath in and out..it’s working....yes....keep going...Oh fuck who am I fooling it’s not working! I’m still frustrated as fuck and the thought of him being with another girl still stings like hell! Nkosinathi what are you doing to me?

“Knock Knock!”

“Come in!”

I shout and my door opens, she walks in with a tray in her hands. I told her that I’m not hungry but my mom never lets me sleep without eating. She knows I’m a foodie and I’m lucky because all the food I eat goes straight to my ass and hips.

“You didn’t come to the table for dinner so I brought dinner to you”

My mom is sweet though, I don’t know what I’d do without this woman. She’s my best friend, my first go to person, my sister actually she’s my everything.

“Thank you mama”

She puts the tray on the bedside table and sits on my bed looking at me biting my nails.

“What’s wrong are you sick?”

She touches my forehead

“Your temperature is normal and you were on your periods last week”

She knows me too well I can’t hide from her.

“It’s nothing mama”

I mumble against my nails

“Ay maan stop biting your nails and tell me what’s bothering you?”

She takes my hands into hers she doesn’t want me to bite my nails. Uthi it’s gross but I don’t care shame!.

“Who said something is bothering me?”

“First you never skip dinner unless there’s something really serious going on with you and secondly you bite your nails more when you are stressed out or hurt so out with it my girl”

I look down I don’t think I’m ready to tell her now I mean what’s there to tell? It’s still too soon and the last thing I want for her is to worry about me.

“Wewe”

She lifts up my chin and makes me look at her

“What is it baby?”

“Nothing mama”

She holds my hand as I'm about to bite my nails and looks at me intently.

“It's a boy isn't?”

Oh God is it that obvious? I nodded my head.

“Tell me more”

“There's nothing to tell”

“What do you mean there's nothing to tell?”

I shrug my shoulders

“Because there isn't mama”

She tightens her grip on my hand as I try to pull it away from her hand. The way she does all she can to stop me from biting my nails it's really hilarious I tell you. She even went as far as rubbing an aloe in my nails while I was sleeping. It didn't work because when I tasted bitterness in my mouth I went to wash my hands and carried on biting my nails.

“Where did you meet? How long have you two been dating? Tell me everything baby”

“I met him Saturday and we started uhm today”

She widened her big eyes.

“He's really that irresistible?”

“I don't know how it happened mama he made me feel all sorts of emotions within these 3 days. I was angry at him for taking my trolley and making me stand in a line when he already knew that he was going to be the last person the cashier was going to attend. I had to go queue on the other line which was so long. That's why I hate it when you send me to those crowded stores! Guess what did he say when I asked him why he didn't tell me? ‘bengikulaya sis’

yooo I wanted to strangle him to death especially when people laughed at me. He literally humiliated me in front of every Shoprite customers and workers!”

“He sounds like an arrogant rude ass baby”

Mom says with a disapproval faint smile on her face.

“Show me a man who’s not arrogant ? They all are and if you can handle Dad’s arrogance I’m sure I can handle Nathi’s arrogance. Back to how he makes me feel. Yesterday when I had a puncture he helped me. He allowed me to stay in his car while he removed the flat tyre and put on the spare. He didn’t care that his suit was getting wet from the rain, I know how men love their suits. It’s like us women when we have done our hair we don’t want rain to mess up our new hairstyle that’s how men are too with their suits”

“Oh! it’s that guy that called your father to check up on you?”

“Yes I used his phone to call dad since mine was flat and I didn’t have a charger.”

“Mmmmmh carry on”

She says I know that response it means she doesn’t approve. I lose the interest to go any further she doesn’t like him and this is why I didn’t want to tell her.

“You don’t like him”

“I don’t know him baby I can't say I don’t like him”

“But I know that look of yours mama.”

“Continue I’m still listening”

“I gave him my numbers then today this morning he called me when I was still sleeping. You know well that I hate to be disturbed in my sleep. He told me yesterday to save his numbers because he doesn’t like to introduce himself every time he has to call me. I didn’t save

his number because I didn't think he will call again but he did. When I asked him who was I talking to he asked me why I didn't save his numbers. I told him I don't take orders from anyone. To cut the story short our conversation this morning didn't end well that I blocked him. Boom there he was at the mall for a moment I felt like he was stalking me. He still humbled himself and beg for a chance to know me better but I didn't listen to him I walked away. You won't believe what he did after that. He called out my name and when I turned around he sang like it was just me and him in the mall. He didn't care about what people will say. I don't know that song I have never heard of it maybe he made it but I loved it. No guy has ever made me feel that special mama"

I smile as I think of him singing for me at the mall. No one has ever done something like that for me. You know what I like is that he didn't care that people would think he's crazy. I'm not going to tell mom about the possibility of him having a baby mama she already doesn't like him.

"Ooh baby that's so sweet but I want you to be careful okay?"

"He's not Bob mom"

"Of course I know baby but I worry about you and I won't stop worrying about you Wewe you are my only daughter"

"I know mom but I wish that sometimes you and Daddy can stop worrying too much. It's been 3 years now I have to move on at some point don't you think I deserve some little fun"

"Of course you do my baby"

She hugs me and kisses my forehead

"I love you baby"

"I love you too mama"

"I have to meet this guy"

“Come on mom I have just started dating him you want him to run away now”

She giggles

“Okay fine but before you go back to New York I have to meet him”

Oh Gosh this woman. Next of next week I’m going back which means I only have just two weeks to tell Inathi that my mom wants to meet him.

“Uzongibalikesela ngomendo mama”

“Hayi if he really loves you he will come, not unless if he wasn’t planning on staying long then he will run”

With that said she walks out. Wow! I slide out of bed and go to my en-suit bathroom to wash my hands then come back and eat while chatting on WhatsApp with my friends. Tomorrow we are going out, I haven’t seen them since I came back home. I have three best friends, two from here and one in New York. Stacey sends me a video

“Haibo chomme is that you?”

I view the video and gasp

“How did you get this video?”

“It’s trending chomma on Facebook. Are you dating a taxi driver now?”

Taxi driver?

“He’s not a taxi driver where did you get that?”

“Oh so you are dating him and you didn’t tell me. A taxi driver really Wewe?.”

I don't reply to her but login on Facebook. I have tons of notifications my friends are tagging me on the video. The caption catches my attention first: SUGAR WIFE CHEATED WITH HER HUSBAND'S TAXI DRIVER AND FELL PREGNANT. I read the comments.

'She's such a disgrace sies! 😬'

'I feel sorry for Bra Mos he thought he married a woman kanti she's just a whore 🚶'

'Yhooo I salute this guy, he's brave for messing with a taxi owner's wife 🙌😂😂'

'How can you bite the hand that feeds you. I so wish Bra Mos can kill this motherfucker! 🤬🤬'

'That's what these young wives do they cheat! What was Bra Mos thinking when he married a young woman old enough to be his daughter! 😬😬'

'She's my mathematics teacher I love her but I'm so disappointed in her'

'If I was Cebi I'd cheat too if my husband was fat like Bra Mos. I'm sure ayivuki nokuvuka 🍆😂😂'

'I hear what y'all are saying mina nje ngikhala ngo buti mageza empompini 😬😬. The things I'd do to him thixooo 😂😂🙌'

This comment has 1k heart reactions and 500 replies and all these women are lusting on my man some are even dropping their numbers for him to call them. Wow! Women are desperate out there and it's disgusting! Then we wonder why these men treat us like shit. What pisses me off is that they are not even acknowledging me. I move on to the next comment before I lose it and tell them my piece of mind.

'Kwanele isn't this your brother?'

This one 'Kwanele Dlomo' is mentioned but she hasn't replied. I view Kwanele Dlomo's profile and go through her wall and by the time I'm done I have confirmed that they're siblings and they seem very close. Now I know that his surname is Dlomo. I send her a friend request I don't know why I did that but hey there's no harm in it.

Once I'm done eating I take back the tray to the kitchen and go back to my to my bedroom. I find missed calls from Stacey and ignore her. I don't know what will I tell her honestly because I don't think Inathi is a taxi driver. He's not a taxi driver how can he afford Q7 and I'm talking about the latest Q7. The way he dresses and his scent you can tell it's not those cheap cologne. Even his behavior doesn't strike me as a taxi driver. No I'd definitely know if he's a taxi driver.

I switch my phone off and sleep I will face her tomorrow maybe by then Inathi would have contacted me. The first thing I do when I wake up the next morning is to switch on my phone. Tons of messages and WhatsApp messages comes through and they all from my friends. I was expecting to find Inathi's at least. My heart sinks to the pit of my heart. I fight the urge to call him he will think I'm desperate. He's the one who should call me, you know what let me just block him. I'm done with this guy he can't be stressing me like this when we've only started dating for a less then a day.

I slide out of bed and go take a shower once I'm done taking a shower and getting dressed. I go downstairs I'm famished I hope Rebs is done preparing breakfast for us. I find her in the kitchen still making breakfast.

"I thought by now you would be done with breakfast"

"Good morning Wewe"

What is good about this morning?

"I'm famished make it fast."

I can hear Mom, Dad and My Brother talking in the dining room. I join them as they are gathered around the table.

“Morning family”

“No more kisses today?”

Dad asks. I’m not in the mood but I get up from my chair and kiss them then sit down. Rebs brings our breakfast.

“Thank you Rebs”

Mom says. We call her Rebs but her full name is Rebecca and she’s our stay in helper but she lives in the back room.

“This milk is cold since when do I eat cereal with cold milk?”

“You don’t stay here Wewe I’m sure she forgot”

Zenzele says. He’s my older brother and I think he’s fucking Rebecca the way he’s always defending her. I’m not talking to him sekaya fakaza mxm!

“The way you are always talking for her I wouldn’t be surprised if you are fucking her”

Rebecca gasp and Zenzele clenches his jaw.

“Wewe!”

Mom shouts

“What?”

“Rebecca please go warm up the milk sisi”

Rebs nods and walks away

“She should do it by herself mama”

My brother says

“Haibo then what would your bitch do? That's what she's being paid for!”

“Wewe mind your language we are eating for crying out loud”

Daddy says.

“Dad the drivers are worried about their jobs since you are taking out a few taxis on Osizweni route.”

“I'm not going to take out any taxis who does that boy thinks he is? telling me to take out my taxis”

“But everyone agreed with him don't you think if you don't do this it will cause a war?”

Mom asks with worry. Daddy owns a chain of businesses and a taxi business is one of them, hence I say I'd definitely know if Inathi is a taxi driver. Why am I even thinking about him argh! Mom is a housewife she has never worked in her life and she never will. Daddy will never allow her to work even if she wants to.

“If the war begins so be it! This boy is new and he comes here with stupid demands. It's not my fault that I have many taxis then theirs. I bought all these taxis for business! What should I do with these taxis now?”

“These drivers works long hours and it's dangerous not only for them but for the passengers as well I think cutting off a few taxis will give them time to rest. They must have shifts”

I always wonder how far mom would've been if she didn't choose to be a housewife and enjoy Daddy's money. She's very smart and business minded.

“That will mean we have to decrease their salary and I don't think they will like that” - Zenzele

“Don’t cut off their salaries you guys are paying them peanuts already come on that’s unfair” - Mom

“Then how will these shifts work mama if we don’t cut off their salaries? We will lose more money moss. Dad is right we are not going to be cut off whoever that guy is must go to hell. All along no one had a problem now that he raised this everyone is supporting his stupid idea udakiwe!” - Zenzele

“That’s my boy we are the Ndlelas and we don’t take orders from anyone especially not a wannabe be taxi owner!” - Dad

“Aw Nondela there has been peace for a while now, why do you want to start a war now? I hate taxi wars because once they start they never end” - Mom

They keep going back and forth about this and I’m not interested because I know nothing about taxis but what I know is my dad goes an extra mile for our protection. Should this war escalate to something very dangerous we will always be protected. Rebecca brings my milk I make my cereal and eat once I’m done I eat English breakfast and wash it down with mango juice. Don’t look at me like that I did say that I’m a foodie. My phone beeps it’s a Facebook notification. I login Kwanele has accepted my friend request. There’s a recent post on her timeline someone tagged her on it. It’s a picture of Inathi, his baby mama and a fat man I assume is that husband people were talking about. Caption:

‘THE ALLEGED TAXI OWNER, MOSES MBHELE (52) HELD HIS WIFE CEBISILE MBHELE (32) & HIS FORMER EMPLOYEE NKOSINATHI DLOMO (33) HOSTAGE IN HIS HOUSE LAST NIGHT AFTER FINDING OUT THEY WERE HAVING AN AFFAIR. HE DIED AFTER SHOOTING THE LOVER OF HIS WIFE, NKOSINATHI DLOMO (33) WHO IS FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE AT NEWCASTLE MEDICLINIC PRIVATE HOSPITAL. THE DEATH OF MOSES MBHELE (52) IS STILL UNKNOWN AND UNDER INVESTIGATION.’

“Oh my God!”

“What?”

Mom asks , they all look at me in anticipation. I can't tell them this and I'm grateful that all of them are not into social networks because they would have seen the video that is trending but that's the least of my worries now, Inathi is the one that I'm worried about.

“Nothing I have to be somewhere”

I get up and rush upstairs to take my car keys.

“Where are you going?”

Mom shouts as I walk past them.

“I will be back.”

I run out and hop into my car and drive to Mediclinic. What if this is not true, I mean we can't believe everything we see in these social networks. I dm Kwanele luckily she's online,

“Oh hey you yes it's true. I'm at the hospital right now with my parents waiting for the Doctor. His life is in a crucial condition and he needs a blood transfusion. My parents and I just tested we are waiting to find out if our blood matches his.”

Oh God I was really hoping that she will tell me it's a lie Inathi is okay.

“Thank you I'm on my way”

I type and throw my phone on the passenger seat and focus on the road. The traffic is a nightmare it doesn't help that I'm not used to drive. I have a chauffeur in New York.

“Fuck!!”

I arrive at the hospital after what feels like forever and run inside the hospital like a mad woman. I inquire and the lady on the reception desk shows me where Inathi's parents are waiting. Now

that I'm here I'm nervous I can spot Kwanele as I approach them slowly. They are talking to the doctor.

“Please give us the good news doctor”

The mom says

“Unfortunately none of you are his match”

“Oh God”

Cries the mom and the father pulls her in his arms.

“How is possible that my blood doesn't match my brother. Mom does this mean we're not blood related?”

Kwanele says

“Kwanele what are you insinuating?”

The mothers asks with an accusatory tone

“I don't know you tell me!!”

“Woah family calm down. There's a possibility that siblings may have the same blood groups and there's also another possibility that siblings may have different type groups. Everyone inherits two alleles of the genes from each parent. The combination of your two alleles determines your blood type. For example, if you inherit a B allele from your father an A allele from your mother your blood type will be AB. Two O blood type parents can produce a child with only O.”

The doctor explains

“Mr Dlomo has a rare blood type AB negative which is known as golden blood due to its rareness”

“So this means you going to let my son die isn't it your job to save people's lives?”

“It is ma’am but here there’s nothing I can do until Mr Dlomo receives blood transfusion”

The two girls burst into tears as they cuddle each other.

“You can take mine Dr I’m an AB Negative ”

I say and they all turn and look at me surprised

“Who are you?”

The mother asks

“I’m Aphiwe Ndlela.”

“Ndlela? Mbuyiseni Ndlela’s daughter?”

The father asks

“Yes”

“Why do you want to donate blood for my son? You are coming from a wealthy family so obviously you are not doing this for money. What’s in for you?”

The father asks again looking at me questionably.

“Does it matter Boyabenyathi the girl want to help come closer my child”

Says Inathi’s mom with a faint and hopeful smile on her face.

“Butternut we can't accept any blood from a stranger, only to find out that she has hidden agenda.”

The father interjects

“I don’t have any hidden agenda sir. I want to help Inathi because I care about him a lot”

“I think she’s Bhuti’s new girlfriend Daddy”

Kwanele says

“Come closer my child”

I walk closer to them.

“Butternut....”

“What now? You heard the doctor that my son has a rare type of blood if we refuse this girl to help us then my son will die!”

The mother is raising her voice now.

“I know but....”

“There’s no but Mphikeleli it’s easy for you to say that because it’s not your son who’s lying there on the hospital bed and at the risk of dying if he doesn’t get blood transfusion!”

This is getting deep now. The father opens his mouth to say something but he stops himself and walks out.

“Doctor please get on with the process” - Kwanele

The other girl frees herself from Kwanele and walks out too.

“Miss?”

The doctor asks looking at me”

“Ndlela”

“Yes Miss Ndlela are you sure you are AB- ”

“Yes I donate blood regularly but we can check”

“Okay come”

The process takes 10 minutes then I go join Inathi's family as we wait for the results. The father and the girl are back now but the tension is thick you can cut it with a knife. It was never my intention to cause any tension I just wanted to help Inathi. The doctor comes back and confirms that my blood matches Inathi.

"Oh thank you so much my child! I owe you my life"

Inathi's Mom cries as she squeezes me in her arms. She smells lovely and her hug is so warm and full of love.

"You don't have to thank me Mama I did what anyone would've done"

"Oh you're so kind"

I smile through my tears. I don't know why I'm crying now.

"Sssshhh don't cry he's going to be fine"

She wipes away my tears with her thumbs and hugs me. Now we're waiting for the feedback on Inathi's recovery. It feels like they are taking forever now. We have been sitting on these couches and my butt aches.

"Uhm anyone who wants something to drink or eat?"

The father asks. I want water but everyone says they're fine so I get up and go get my purse in my car to buy myself bottled water. I find tons of missed calls from my friends and remember that we were supposed to go out at 11am now it's 12:30am. Shit! They will be mad at me. I take a huge breath and call Stacey back.

"Where the fuck are you bitch?"

"I'm sorry darlings I can't make it can we go out tomorrow I got held up...."

“Really Wewe you are only telling us now! We have been waiting for you here!”

“I’m sorry I...”

“Is this got to do with that taxi driver? How do you even know him? When did you two meet?”

“Saturday he’s the trolley guy and no he’s not a taxi driver Stacey”

“I don’t know what he told you but clearly he lied to you because he’s a damn a low class uneducated rude taxi driver!”

I know when she’s like this she won’t stop talking until Jesus comes back.

“I have to go Stacey bye!”

I hang up. God Inathi is not a taxi driver! He’s in a private hospital for crying out loud! I even forgot why I’m here. I lock my car and jump with fright when I see someone standing behind me.

“I didn’t mean to startle you sorry”

The girl says

“It’s okay”

“Im Thula by the way”

“Aphiwe”

“Yeah you introduced yourself earlier”

“Oh yes”

There's an awkward silence

“Listen I really appreciate what you did for My Brother but I really don’t like that your help is causing tension between my parents. I really hope your intentions are genuine”

I can’t miss the iciness in her tone.

“Why would I have bad intentions?”

“I don’t know maybe you are working for your father”

Huh?

“Look girl you don’t know me and I also don’t know you so please let’s not step on each other’s toes”

I walk back leaving her standing there like that. I don’t understand what she and her father have against me. What is that they know about my father that I don’t because it’s seems like the problem here is that I’m Mbuyiseni Ndlela’s daughter. I get in just the moment the doctor tells them they can go see Inathi. I decide to stay behind but Inathi’s mom tells me to come with them as she hooks her arm around mine. Thula is also following behind us.

There he is lying on the hospital bed with an oxygen mask on his face and IV line connected to him. He seems to be sleeping peacefully. I feel my cheeks getting wet with tears as I look at him. Gee Aphiwe when did you become such a crybaby!

“Hey baby it’s mom, we’re all here with your father and your sisters. There’s also Aphiwe here and she saved your life. You have to wake up and thank her.”

She wipes her tears and kisses his forehead. I see his eyelids fluttering but his eyes doesn’t open.

“He’s eyes are moving!”

Kwanele says with happiness in her voice

“Vuka mfana wami” (Wake up my son)

“Cebi”

It’s first word he says when he opens his eyes. I swallow a lump in my throat.

“Oh welcome back my boy! How are you feeling? I’m so happy you are awake” - Inathi’s mother

Inathi looks at us blankly after removing oxygen mask

“Bhuti can you see us?” - Thula

“Do you remember what happened?” - Kwanele

“Let me go call the doctor”

The father says and walks out.

“Are you in pain my boy?”

“Cebisile Mama where is she? Is she okay?”

I can’t help but notice how concerned he is and I feel a sharp pain of jealousy.

“That whore is fine Nkosinathi. The person you should be asking is Aphiwe who saved your life.”

He looks at me with confusion

“Saved my life how?”

His mom explains to him. He looks at me and breaks into a smile, I can’t help but return it. The doctor walks in with the father.

“Mr Dlomo welcome back.”

“Thank you Doc when am I going home?”

“You waste no time huh you just woke up already you want to leave”

We laugh

“I don’t like hospitals doc”

“No one does. Do you remember what happened?”

“Yes. I do”

“Are you in pain?”

“Yes my legs are painful”

“I’m glad you can feel something which means your legs are working perfectly however you going to use crutches until you fully recover.”

“Doc are you sure my legs are going to recover soon ey phela I make a living with these legs”

“Oh are you an athlete?” -The Doctor

“No I’m a taxi driver” - Inathi

Oh God he’s really a taxi driver!

“Don’t worry your legs are working just fine. I will send the nurse to give you something for the pain” - The doctor

“Thank you doctor” - The father

The doctors nods and walks out. They talk about what happened and Inathi is so hurt that the husband died. My mind is stuck on the part that he’s really a taxi driver. Finally they give us a space. He sits up straight making a space for me to sit next to him. I sit down and he wraps his arms around me and I rest my head on his chest. I could stay like this forever I swear his arms are my sanctuary.

“Thank you so much for what you did for me I owe you my life”

“I have never been this scared to lose a person in my life Inathi. How is it possible that I have only known you for 5 minutes but It’s feels like I have known you for a long time?”

“You know last night I really thought it was my last day on Earth and the thought of dying when I’ve just found a reason to live killed me. I definitely know how you feel it’s so strange and scary”

Did he just say I’m the newly found reason for him to live? Oh man I’m melting like ice cream but guys he’s a taxi driver!

“Inathi?”

“Mmh”

“Are you really a taxi driver?”

“Yes why?”

“How come? I mean you don’t look like a taxi driver”

He makes me look at him

“How does taxi drivers look like?”

He asks with a raised brow

“I don’t know how to explain it but they certainly don’t look like you”

“I don’t know if I should take that as a compliment or an insult”

God has never loved me stru nasi if he’s not making me fall for a psycho it’s a guy who’s not a man of my caliber! A whole Mageza Empompini can you imagine? Gaaad! I’m bewitched seriously!

Chapter Thirty Four

“It’s not fair he was her husband and they were married in community of property! You can’t take everything and throw her out of her house like she’s trash!”

That’s my sister screaming at the Mbhele's as they are chasing me out of my house. The only place I ever known as my home.

“Take all your shit and leave bitch!!”

Says one of Moses aunts throwing my clothes, bras and panties outside. We’ve just gotten back from the cemetery to lay my husband to rest. His burial was so dignified and everyone made it, the whole taxi rank, the taxi association people, the community, his other business partners, family, friends, strangers. It’s no doubt that he was very well known and loved. I’d say may his soul Rest In Peace but I know he will never rest in peace until I get my punishment. People are watching me crying and picking up my belongings. I see the Aunt’s children fighting over some of my clothes.

“She’s not getting this it’s mine!”

“I took it first it’s mine!”

“Udakiwe!”

My sister helps me pick up my clothes as people are taking a video of us, we put them in her car boot. They say they are going to give me my car because it was bought by my husband’s money. I’m only leaving this house with my clothes only and they’re just doing me a favor as if I have never bought clothes with my money.

“You the Mbheles are so cruel! I can’t believe you are doing this to my sister!”

“Oh please whore take your bitch sister and leave my brother’s house! It’s her fault my brother is dead! If she didn’t cheat on him he would be still alive!”

Eve says and to think we use to get along so well. Yes she’s the lady my mom in law said she would make a good couple with Nathi. I don’t blame Eve though I think I’d react the same way if not more if I were in her shoes.

“Haisuka you blame my sister for cheating what was she supposed to do with a man that can’t get it up? She has needs phela!”

“Hey you girl don’t you dare talk like that about my brother!”

Eve retorts with anger.

“Vele ebengavukelwa ubhuti wakho and it’s not only that he was also infertile!” (Its true that your brother couldn’t get it up...)

My sister says laughing as people gasp with shock.

“Angisho ebelibelwe ukufuqa ukudla nje kuphela amithisela ke amadoda anembewu evundile” (He was busy stuffing himself with food while men with fertile seeds made his wife pregnant)

Eve charges for my sister but her brother holds her. I guess violence runs in the family.

“I’m not scared of you bitch come!”

“Thando stop it maan let’s go!”

He was my husband I loved him I don’t like that she’s making a mockery of his situation in front of people. It was not his fault either that he was infertile. We walk out of the gate as the Mbhele Aunts are throwing derogatory remarks at us. I sigh with relief when we drive off before they even get violence.

If there’s one thing that I’m grateful for towards them is that they allowed me to sit on the mattress for my husband for the whole

week until his burial. Yes they made it unbearable for me to stay with them as they were throwing insults at me left, right and center not that I blame them but I'm grateful that they tolerated my presence and allowed me to mourn my husband until his burial. I'm glad that they gave me a chance to say goodbye to him even though I didn't deserve it.

It's my fault that he's dead if only I didn't allow temptation to get the better of me none of this would have happened. I failed as wife and that will forever haunt me for the rest of my life. The autopsy report said he died of a heart attack so my name as well as Nathi's were cleared even though we weren't suspects as yet but the police questions sounded as if we killed him.

Speaking of Nathi I haven't seen him ever since he was shot and his mom made sure that I didn't get near her son but he called me yesterday and told him that they discharged him the day before yesterday and he won't make it to the funeral for obvious reasons but he's with me in spirit. We even talked about our princess and I told him how far I am. I think he's warming up to the idea of us having a child together.

“Don't cry sis it's going to be okay”

Thando says squeezing my shoulder. I have been staring at the window crying that I didn't even realize that the car has stopped moving. I look ahead of me and I see that we are parked at Black Rock parking lot.

“Come”

“Don't, I need to do all the necessary booking and payment before they reserve a room for me”

“Don't worry about that you are going to stay with me. It's not like I would've allowed you to stay alone”

Mom had to go back home with her nanny and Thando stayed behind. She's been a blessing!

“Woza.” (Come)

We step out of the car and make our way into the hotel heading straight to her hotel room. She opens the door and we walk in.

“Make yourself comfortable in the couch. I will call for room service”

I kick off my heels and settle on the couch

“I’m not hungry. I just want to take a cold shower and sleep”

“You haven’t touched anything today Cebisile I know it's hard but you won’t starve my niece. Go take a shower while I call room service I’m sure by the time you finish the food will be here.”

She has been making sure that I eat and taking care of myself for the sake of the baby. I walk to the bathroom and undress leaving my clothes on the floor then step into the shower. Everything is still in her car so I’m going to use her toiletries we have the same taste though that's what I have noticed.

I stand there and allow water to wash away my tears as they keep coming out relentlessly. How did I get here? What have I done? I so miss my husband I have been praying that all of this was just a horrible dream that I will wake up from any moment but as the days keep passing by, I realize that it’s real, he’s really dead and it’s my fault. The final realization was seeing his casket descending into the ground and a part of me died a thousand deaths. I will never ever forgive myself for this. I feel Thando’s arms wrapping around me as I sink to the floor, letting out a gut wrenching sob.

* * *

This is it! I’m done calling her and I won’t run after her like I’m a love struck teenage boy. I toss my phone away and flip through the channels but nothing seems to catch my attention. I’m not even a

TV fan urg! I was discharged the day before yesterday, Friday and today it's Sunday It was Bra Mos's funeral, it's the taxi rank rule burying on Sunday that is.

I really wanted to be there but obviously I couldn't put my life at risk like that. I know many taxis owners who were close with him are gunning for my life. I'm a dead man walking and I won't lie I'm so scared for my life. If I could I'd take my family and move to another country because as long as I live here I will always be looking over my shoulder.

I find myself dialing her again and my call doesn't go through. I have been calling her for the passed days after making a promise to myself that I won't call her again. I can't seem to hold myself, I miss her so much. I don't know what have I done to her. I last saw her that day I woke up at the hospital and found out she saved my life by donating her blood for me. I think it's her blood that is running through my veins that's making me miss her more.

I don't know what wrong did I say to her that made her block me and never came back to visit me again. Kwanza said she had sent her a friend request on Facebook that night everything happened and she accepted it but now she can't see her account she thinks she deactivated it. I'm very worried I need answers at least why she's shunning me.

“Wow I'm glad you didn't go to the funeral Bhuti look what the Mbhele's did to Ma'am Mbhele”

Kwanza says as she walks in with her phone in her hand. She settles next to me on the couch and shows me a video of Cebi and her sister picking up her clothes. The Mbhele's are chasing her out of the house and throwing her clothes outside. I clench my jaw as my blood boils with anger.

“Couldn't at least they waited until the people leave really urga maan!”

I want to call her

“What are you looking for?”

“My phone I want to call her”

“You are not calling her Nkosinathi haven’t you caused enough damage?”

Mom says snatching my phone away before I reach for it. I don’t even know when she made her way in.

“Mom give me my phone I have to call her...”

“You are not calling that whore! Nkosinathi a man died because of your shit , busy sleeping with a married woman knowing very well, where’s your remorse in this huh?”

“What Bhuti did is wrong but if he didn’t die my brother was going to die Mama we should be grateful!”

“Ey wena shut up I’m not talking to you!! Wena Nkosinathi you better stay the hell away from that whore can’t you see the damage you two have caused already huhh?”

“Mom I acknowledged what I did and I so wish I could take back the hands of time but I can’t stay away from Cebisile she’s carrying my child your first grandchild”

I say rather calmly

“What?”

Mom yells at the top of her voice. Yes she doesn’t know , I asked Thula and Kwanza to not tell them because they are not aware of what’s going on social media. It’s funny that I’m not even on one of these social media stuff but I’m all over them.

“Uhm yes she’s pregnant Mama and you need to stop calling her a whore she’s the mother of my unborn child, your grandchild respect her because she will forever be part of our lives now.”

“Ave uyisilima somfana! You fucked another man’s wife without protection what the hell were you thinking huh?” (You are such a stupid boy!...)

“I wasn’t thinking...”

“Damn right you weren’t and how do you know it’s your child?”

“Bra Mos was infertile mom”

She heaves a heavy and looks at me with teary eyes.

“I have never found peace ever since you became a taxi driver. Im always scared that I’m going to be called one day to identify your body due to these taxi violence not that it would be because you couldn’t keep your dick into your pants Nkosinathi. The Mbhele's are not going to let you get away with being the cause of their brother’s death. Moses taxi owners friends won’t let you get away with this boy. You are a dead man walking and you brought all of this to yourself for a PUSSY, ingquza Nkosinathi? I might as well make peace with your death because you are going to die my boy like a dog that you are”

She wipes her tears as she walks out leaving me shattered in pieces. I swallow a thick painful lump in my throat and rub my eyes that are burning with tears.

“Don’t mind her Bhuti she’s just stressed that there’s tension between her and Daddy”

Yes now she calls Bab Gatsheni Daddy she has accepted their relationship and Bab Gatsheni is really a good father. I have noticed that there’s attention between Mom and him and I think it’s deep because even Thula went back to her home.

“What happened?”

“I don’t know what Daddy knows about Aphiwe’s family and he didn’t want Aphiwe to donate blood for you because he thinks she has ulterior motive whereas Mom was just happy that Aphiwe came

through for us. It was so intense that Mom said it's so easy for Daddy to refuse help because you are not his son. That broke Daddy's heart Bhuti and even Thula was sad"

"Oh that's why she left?"

"Yes she said she missed her home but I know that she wasn't ready to go back to that house."

I sigh heavily. I don't like that they were fighting because of me and I don't like that it happened in front of the girls look now it's affecting Thula.

"I will fix this okay"

"Please I miss her so much"

"Don't worry she will be back"

I kiss her forehead and take my crutches then gets up.

"Where are you going?"

"I will be back"

"Bhuti the doctor said don't overwork your legs. If you want to take a walk then I'm coming with you so that I will monitor you"

"I'm not taking a walking but don't worry I will be fine"

"Bhuti...."

"Ay maan Kwanza!!!"

I close my eyes momentarily and sigh then look at her.

"I'm sorry I didn't mean to snap at you I know you care but don't worry I will be okay nana"

She smiles faintly and watches me limp away after taking Mom's car keys from the coffee table. I'm going to use hers because it's automatic I don't have to change the gears and hurt my legs more. They're still painful but I'm a man and I will survive. Bab Gastheni's car is parked in the driveway. I pull over next to it and gingerly step out of the car then make my way to the door with the support of my crutches.

"Bhuti hey"

Thula says after opening the door for me, she seems happy to see me. She hugs me.

"Hello baby girl, how are you?"

"I'm fine you drove yourself here?"

"Yes"

"Wow that's great!"

"Where's your father?"

"Watching his boring show in the living room"

She rolls her eyes and I chuckle.

"I will see my way to him"

"Okay do you want anything to drink"

"Don't you have beer?"

"Nop Daddy doesn't drink beer there's Mom's wine and Daddy's whiskey here"

I'm glad that she still calls Mom 'Mom'

"Just bring me juice then"

“Okay”

I walk to the living room and greet Bab Gatsheni as I sit down.

“Aw ndodana” (hey son)

He seems surprised to see me

“How are you Dad?”

He looks at me and breaks into a huge grin, well I have never called him ‘Dad’

“I’m fine my son and yourself?”

“I’m also okay, who are you with?”

“I’m alone”

“You drove yourself here?”

“Yes”

“I hope you are following doctor orders Nkosinathi and not straining your wounds.”

“I’m fine don’t worry”

“What’s wrong why are you here?”

He asks looking at me with concern

“Ouch does this mean I always come here when there’s something wrong?”

“No that is not what I mean Nkosinathi....”

“No you are right Dad I always come here when I’m in trouble and need your help.”

“If you don’t come to your father then who would you go to? Talk to me”

I sigh

“I know you and Mom are not okay”

He looks at me sighs as he leaned his back on the couch relaxing.

“I don’t want to be the child that gets involved in his parents affairs Dad but I know your fight involves me and I won’t sit and do nothing. This tension between the two of you is not only affecting you two but the girls too and I don’t like that. Thula left home and...”

I stop mid sentence when Thula walks in with a tray. She puts it on the table and poured the juice on the glass and gives me the glass together with the plate of biscuits.

“Thank you baby girl”

She nods and walks away. I look at her until she’s out of sight.

“As I was saying Thula left home because of this tension between you and Mama and I know that she wasn’t ready to come back here.”

“She told me that she missed home I didn’t know that she came because of that”

“I don’t want the girls to feel like they have to choose sides whenever there’s tension between You and Mom. They’re still young, it’s not easy for them to mind their business when their parents are fighting.”

“You are right my boy Your Mom and I have to sit them down and talk to them. I promise you this is the first and the last we will ever argue in front of them and You for that matter.”

I nod and drink my juice

“I’m sorry about what mom said she didn’t mean it she was stressed”

“I know but she was supposed to give me a chance to explain. Nkosinathi you are my son as much as you are hers I was also scared of losing you just like her but as a head of this family I’m not supposed to react based on my emotions. It’s my job to protect and take care of you guys. I have my reasons and I had to make sure that we’re not making a big mistake by letting the girl help especially not after she told us that she’s Mbuyiseni’s daughter”

He’s right in every sense and I have no doubt that I would’ve done the same. I chew the biscuits and sip on my juice before I ask him.

“What do you know about her father Dad?”

He clears his throat and presses his elbows on his knees.

“That girl is Ndlela’s daughter Nkosinathi”

Huh?

“Ndlela, Ndlela, Ndlela?”

“Yes it’s quite questionable that after you made the taxi association people see that Ndlela is making more money than others on the Osizweni troute her daughter offers you her blood remember we don’t know anything about this girl and you haven’t told us about her”

“Wait so you think her donating her blood for me she has ulterior motives and her father is involved”

“Yes that's highly possible”

“Well I would’ve said the same too but she’s not Dad”

“How do you know that and how did you meet this girl?”

I explain to him how I met Phiwe and he nods but he's doesn't seem convinced

“What if this was all their plan?”

“Dad come on I mean Aphiwe didn't want me and she was so angry and humiliated about that trolley saga”

“I don't know son I really don't know”

“But you said you will talk to Ndlela nje what happened to the favour he owes you?”

“I haven't got time to talk to him but you need to stay away from his daughter if you really want him to let this go Nkosinathi”

“Ay Baba usho kanjani manje” (No dad what do you mean now)

“Stop whatever you two are doing you can't expect Ndlela to let this go and be okay that you are fucking his daughter no ay Nkosinathi it doesn't work like that. If you want him to not come back for you then you have to leave his daughter alone”

“There's no other way though?”

“No there isn't Nkosinathi”

“I think I love her Baba”

“Oh clearly she doesn't feel the same way because she hasn't come to see you since that day”

“Maybe something happened to her. If she didn't love me she wouldn't have saved my life.”

“Jesus Nkosinathi why do you like trouble huh? Your life is already in danger because of what you did with Moses wife now you want to cause another trouble. Even if you didn't open the taxi association people eyes you really think Ndlela would allow you to date his daughter?”

“Yeah what’s wrong with me?”

“There’s nothing wrong with you but that man is pompous and arrogant, he won’t allow his daughter to date just a new uneducated taxi owner nakhona who owns 4 taxis forget about her my boy”

That hit deep!

“Wow you are undermining me Baba?”

“No I’m not I’m just telling you what kind of a man Ndlela is. He expects his daughter to date the Son of the minister of finance who’s studying a degree if he’s not already working”

“Haisuka bangcono ngani lomtwana vele ngimphethe kumanje”
(Haisuka they’re not better than us already I’m dating that girl)

“Wena na! Ingakho engaphindanga weza wazokubona esibhedlela”
(Is that why she never came back to see you at the hospital?)

“Really Dad?”

“I’m just asking”

He laughs mxm this old man!

“You don’t want me to prove to you that, that girl is my girlfriend as an uneducated taxi owner that I am”

“No no no boy just forget about that girl”

I guess it runs in the family Aphiwe is also like that. She’s so full of herself and thinks she’s better than anyone else in this world. You know the funny thing is that this gives me more reason to date her.

Chapter Thirty Five

I'm having a great Sunday with my friends stuffing ourselves with snacks and drinking champagne. The folks went to the funeral of that taxi owner, Inathi's baby mama's husband. It's such a tragedy what happened to him really but I think his death was a blessing in disguise. He was still going to face charges of kidnapping and attempted murder but he was the one who was betrayed not unless if he was going to kill them both and bury them where they were never going to be found. Nothing is hurtful as betrayal and I think the world would be a better place if there was also a charge for 'betrayal'

I wonder how does his wife feel? Is she remorseful or celebrating her husband's death? Was cheating worth it in the end? I feel for her husband even his death I don't think there's anything painful as being betrayed by the people you love and trust. It's the pain that never gets better, it destroys one's life immensely. You end up not trusting every single thing that is breathing in this world and pushing people away, in the process you lose the ones who you truly matter to.

Imagine losing the people who really cared and loved you for people who were in your life for their selfish reasons. There's always something good hidden in every bad. It's those kind of people who are in our lives for their selfish reasons that makes us acknowledge those who we truly matter to. It doesn't necessarily mean that people have to backstab you first for you to know who you truly matter to. You choose your happiness and success by choosing your circle. Choose relationships that will reflect the high value that you have for yourself. Surround yourself with people that will better you, teach you and appreciate who you are.

The blocked number incoming call notification pops up in my phone. Does he ever get a hint? I don't want to talk him urg! I can't date a taxi driver ay ngeke bafethu how did I even miss it? He's way too low for my standards but I have to admit though that he's managing his life very well that you wouldn't tell he's a taxi driver.

Ever since that day at the hospital he told me that he's a taxi driver I ran as fast as I could. The whole Aphiwe Ndlela dating a taxi driver, Umageza Empompini never! I cut all communication with him. I even deactivated my Facebook account for the time being since I'm friends with his sister.

"Who is that?"

Stacey takes my phone from me and looks at it

"It's that taxi driver?"

I nodded my head and sip on my champagne. I'm already tipsy so are the girls.

"Gosh doesn't he get a hint? You know what unblock him and let's wait for him to call you will tell him to come here then we will beat the hell out of him!"

Stacey with her colored tendencies.

"Beat a taxi driver are you listening yourself Stacey?"

Zonke says rolling her eyes

"Yes why not? He's being a nuisance now can't he see my girl is not interested in him?"

I told them he's so hot for a taxi driver and I allowed him to take me out for lunch not that I already agreed to be his girlfriend and I even kissed him. Oh his lips though! Thank God people didn't take the video of us in the mall when he was singing for me.

"That means you should beat him up? Come on Stacey don't you learn? Awunazinyo nje yiyo lento yakho yokuba uphuma silwe" (You don't have a tooth because of that violence tendency of yours)

Zonke says and I can't help but burst into laughter. She's right though Stacey is all about violence. This other day we were at some pool party her boyfriend invited us actually. Came this girl and

planted a peck on her boyfriend's lips after they shared a warm hug. Stacey asked no questions and pushed the girl into the pool. The girl came out of the pool fuming with anger and beat the hell out of Stacey it was just a mess I tell you that's how she lost her tooth. Guess what? The girl turned out to be her boyfriend's sister. Cabanga akasanazinyo nje ngento engekho but at least her boyfriend still loves her as toothless as she is. Thinking about it now makes me laugh hard and Stacey is looking at me angrily.

“Sorry I didn't mean to laugh”

I say pressing my lips together to stifle a laugh.

“This taxi driver needs to get the message and stop pestering our girl” - Stacey

“Okusalayo uyababa shame umona phansi!” (He's so hot jealous down!) - Zonke

“Hot oh please he's dark and ugly plus he's a taxi driver” - Stacey

“You like them light skinned like you obviously you won't see that he's hot. Dark is beautiful! That guy is a dream the thing is he's just a taxi driver” - Zonke

Tell me about it!

“He's the kind of guy that you can ride in the darkness” - Me

Zonke and I laugh

“Oh my God sies! I can't believe you just said that!” - Stacey

She has a frown plastered on her face making us laugh more. It's always nice to spend time with my girls, it's a pity that we don't do this often as we would like to because our schools are miles away from each other but we are all doing our final years though. Stacey is at UCT studying Fine Arts, Zonke Architecture at Wits and I'm studying drama at the Juilliard School in New York. We have been friends since high school till now. Where's Rebecca? Can't she hear

there's someone at the door? I groan as I get up to attend whoever that is. No no it can't be possible! It's a prank.

“Hello Mamacita”

He says with a little smile on his face.

“Inathi what the fuck are you doing here?”

I whisper

“Ngizobona isithandwa sami noma sengaliwe yini?”
(I came to see my love or have I been dumped?)

He flips his toothpick to the other side of his mouth. I have noticed that he always has a toothpick in his mouth and weird as it is that is one of the sexiest things about him. Gosh why am I smiling to a taxi driver?

“Please let me in”

“No you have to go Inathi my father...”

He cuts me off

“I know your parents are not here”

“Wewe!”

Stacey shouts from the living room. Oh shit!

“You have to go Inathi!”

I close the door but instead of pushing his foot in he pushes his clutch.

“Why are you doing this to me Aphiwe what have I done?”

“Nothing I'm no longer interested in you!”

“Then you shouldn’t have saved me because meeting you gave me a reason to live”

There’s deep emotion in his voice that can’t be missed. I sigh and open the door for him.

“I can’t talk to you now Inathi”

“Then I will sit here until you talk to me”

Lord this guy!

“Wewe bring some champa....Oh”

Oh shit that’s Zonke, she looks at me then Inathi.

“I wanted to say bring some champagne”

“Take it in the fridge”

She walks to the fridge slowly not taking away her eyes from Inathi. Bitch is ogling my man...I mean argh forget what I mean.

“Zonke!”

She giggles as she takes the champagne from the fridge and walks away. I wait for her to be out of sight and look at Inathi before me. His hairy muscled arms are on display as he’s wearing a short sleeved tee. The yellow color of his tee accentuates his dark complexion and those jeans clinging on his thighs damn! He’s a taxi driver Aphiwe! I snap out of my ogling session and give him a straight look.

“You see I have company we can’t talk now”

“I have all the time in the world don’t worry I will wait”

I catch a whiff of his lovely spicy but sweet scent as he limps his way to the high chair. This guy doesn’t take no for an answer does he?

“Inathi....”

“Go to your friends or you want me to join you guys sithin konje isilungu: the more the merrier” (...what does English say again:....)

He asks with a smirk on his face. What would I do with this guy bathong? If Stacey can see him idrama ezoba la. I can't allow her to see him.

“Sit here don't move Nkosinathi”

I warn him and he chuckles and spanks my butt as I walk to the living room. I turn around to give him a deadly look but stupid me is a giggling mess. What the fuck is wrong with me?

“Behave Mr Dlomo!”

He bites his lip lower and winks at me. I walk to the living room and Stacey is looking at me.

“Ain't you supposed to be sad?”

Huh?

“Uhm I was telling Stacey that the person on the door is one of the drivers he's here to drive you to Vryheid your grandma is not well. Your parents are already on their way there so we have to go”

Zonke says giving me a look. Oh I could kiss her honeypot right now. Well everyone knows that my grandma and I are so close, I'm her favorite grandchild.

“Oh yes I'm sorry girls that we have to cut our good time short”

“No babe don't be sorry go to your grandma we will keep her in our prayers”

Stacey says as she gets up and pulls me to her arms, we share a hug. I mouth a 'thank you' to Zonke as I'm facing her. She winks at me

and mouths back 'You owe me'. Stacey breaks the hug and passes me to Zonke.

“Tell gogo I wish her a speedy recovery and I love her”

“Thanks baby, will do”

“I'm taking this ”

Stacey says taking a bottle of champagne and makes her way to the kitchen but we stop her.

“Let's use this door”

I walk them out and we share hugs once again then they leave. I wait for them until they're out of sight and walk inside the kitchen but Inathi is not here. He's also not in the living room where did he go now? I see Rebecca walking down the stairs.

“Your boyfriend is in your bedroom”

“My bedroom?”

“Yes I thought you said I must show him your bedroom?”

“I said that?”

“Yes that's what he said to me, oh my God I'm sorry Wewe I thought...”

Nkosinathi is something else yaz

“It's fine Rebecca next time confirm with me first before you do something!”

I go take my phone and walk past her and head straight to my bedroom. I find him resting on my bed with his back leaning on the headboard.

“You have a beautiful bedroom Apple butter”

“Thank you but you are not supposed to be here. I told you to not move”

“What kind of a host are you? Go get us something to eat and drink. I’m starving yaz”

“Haibo Nkosinathi usuka kini uzolambela la awudlanga ngani kini”
(How can you be hungry when you are coming from home why you didn’t eat at your home?)

“You should speak Zulu more often it really sounds nice with that accent of yours”

I shake my head, you know I should be mad at him right now right? but I’m unable to can.

“Hamba phela baby uyolanda ukudla” (Go baby and fetch food)

I walk to the bed and sit next to him. He looks at me with a serious look on his face

“Ngikwenzeni vele ?” (What have I done to you?)

“Nothing”

“Then why are you hurting me like this? You’ve never came back to check up on me at the hospital ever since that day and when I try to call you my calls doesn’t go through. I have been worried sick about you thinking maybe something happened to you but here you are drinking champagne with your friends clearly it’s me that you don’t want to talk to. Tell me why you agreed to be my girlfriend if you are going to treat me like this”

His gaze on me is so intense that I can’t keep mine on him.

“Look at me Aphiwe and tell me why are you making me your fool? Do you know how much you are hurting me by doing this?”

I'm still looking down. He lifts up my chin with his index finger making me to look at him. Damn his scent is making me weak.

"I'm sorry that I gave you false hope but you and I can't be together, we are living in two different worlds Inathi"

"And when did you realize that because as far as I know you and I know nothing about each other. We are still on the first stage of our relationship which is getting to know each other"

I heave a sigh, how can I tell him this without bruising his ego. Why do I even care about his ego?

"Even if we do live in different worlds that's okay, it's going to challenge us to get out of our comfort zones that's how we learn new things and grow. You might find my world interesting because I know that I already love yours"

"Nkosinathi..."

He cuts me off before I even go any further

"Maybe love is a big word for now but look at me in the eyes and tell me that you don't feel anything for me"

He runs his thumbs on my lips staring deep into my eyes. There's this something that I can't describe in his eyes. I can feel my breathing changing, my heart is jackhammering and my palms are sweating. He nears his face to mine, I feel his warm breath fanning my face.

"Tell me apple butter, tell me that you don't feel anything for me I promise I will respect your decision"

I feel warmth spreading throughout my whole body as he sticks his tongue out swiping it over to his kissable lips without dropping his toothpick. How did he do that? The desire to kiss his lips grows within me. Gosh what is happening to me? Is this what characters in books mean when they say they feel foreign things. I don't know when did he spit out the toothpick but our lips now are fusing

together and his tongue plunging into my mouth massaging mine and awakening butterflies in my stomach. His beard feels so soft against my palm as I caress his cheeks oh what a bliss, so magical and beautiful. We break the kiss and look at each other, his eyes are red and half hooded .

“Ngiyakuthanda MaNdlela” (I love you MaNdlela)

“Nami Ngiyakuthanda Dlomo” (I love you too Dlomo)

Noooooo what did I just say? He breaks into a huge grin.

“Ngampela?” (Really?)

“No I’m kidding”

He frowns and I giggle

“Let me call Rebecca to bring us food what would you like to eat Papito?”

That huge smile is back again.

“Anything”

“Drinks?”

“Beer, flying fish if it’s available”

I call Rebecca and tell her to bring us food and drinks. Flying fish for Inathi and champagne for me. She knocks a few minutes later.

“Come in”

I say, she gets in with a tray in her hands and gave it to me.

“Uhm Rebecca...”

“Yes Sir”

“Don’t call me sir I’m Nkosinathi”

“Hayi he’s Sir to you Rebecca!”

He looks at me with a frown and looks at Rebecca.

“Can I please have ice cubes I’m on medication and I’m not supposed to be drinking any alcohol”

“Okay Nkosinathi”

I shoot her a look

“I mean sir”

She walks out, closing the door behind her.

“Baby why are you so mean?”

“I’m not mean she’s just a helper here she must know her place”

“But she hasn’t done anything that shows that she has forgotten her place and being a helper doesn’t mean you should treat her like trash. She even looks older than you show some respect!”

Wow did he just shout at me?

“Don’t bore me Nkosinathi....”

“Yazini I don’t know what your parents teach you or what’s happening in your world but in my presence please don’t treat people like trash because I won’t watch you belittling and degrading other people. If you think you are better than anyone in this world it’s fine but don’t make other people feel like they’re nothing, they’re also human like you and they have feelings.”

One word WOW!

“You have no right to say that you don’t know me Nkosinathi”

Why am I'm so calm about this? He's judging me but he doesn't even know me!

"I may not know you yet but I have noticed how you treat people. Is that the bathroom? I want to pee"

I nod my head and watch him as he gets up from the bed and limps to the bathroom. Rebecca comes back with the ice.

"Let me know when my parents comes home and don't tell them about Inathi"

"Okay"

She walks out just as Inathi walks in. He sits next to me resting his legs on the bed as he leans his back on the headboard. He takes the tray placing it on his thighs and wipes his wet hands with a dish cloth. Rebecca cooked seven colors food it's my dad's favorite. He digs in six full spoon and shoves them into his mouth seamlessly before taking a bite of his meat

"Say a"

I giggle

"I'm not a baby Inathi"

"You are my baby open your mouth"

I opened my mouth he feeds me and gives me a piece of meat to take a bite. We eat his food together and when it's finished we eat mine while chatting. So he not only has the same blood type as mine he's also a foodie like me. What is the universe trying to do here?

"Why are you drinking alcohol while you are on medication?"

I ask as he dips ice cubes in his beer and gulps on it.

"I'm thirsty baby"

“Then you should drink water or juice Inathi. We don’t want to delay your wounds from healing”

“Don’t worry, it's just one glass”

I go put the tray on the pedestal then snuggle closer to him with my head on his chest and his other hand is caressing my arm while the other is holding his glass of beer. I’m also sipping on my champagne. We talk about everything and nothing. I’m enjoying his company and I don’t want this moment to end. His fingertips that are caressing my arm are suddenly sending the message to the wrong places now I don’t know if it’s champagne or what.

He presses his lips against mine sharing his mouthful beer with me through the passionate kiss. I moan as I swallow it. He takes my glass and places it on his bedside table together with his and captures my lips. My insides ignited into a flame as his tongue strokes against mine . I don’t how and when but now he’s on top of me and I can feel his hard on pressing on my mound. The feel of his smooth hands brushing over my thighs sends an electrifying sensation through my body. No man has ever touched me like this before, in a way that I feel my blood burning through my veins. He takes off my vest and throws it carelessly on the floor while looking at my boobs, his eyes are red with arousal.

“You have beautiful twins baby”

He says squeezing them into his palms before leaning over to take an ice from his glass and put it in his mouth. I see a frown on his on his face, he must have hurt his legs when he leaned over.

“Are you okay?”

He nods with his head and kisses my neck running the ice on my neck slithering down my breast, zeroing on my nipples making me gasp none stop and squeeze my covers into my palms. I feel heat and cold excitement rushing through my body as he makes his way down my tummy encircling the ice all over my skin. He takes off my denim short and throws them carelessly on the floor then strokes his fingers against the wet fabric of my panties feeling my warm

cunt underneath before stuffing his head between my thighs inhaling deeply.

“You smell so amazing baby”

The vibration of his voice against my mound ignite a fire deep in my core. He pulls up his head from my thighs and takes off my panties and slides it into his jeans pocket. What the fuck? As I’m about to say something I feel a hint of coldness on my pubic bone and gasp for air as the cold liquid runs between my folds down to my anus. He comes back to my lips and we exchange the ice cube melting it down in a sultry kiss.

He kisses my cheek grazing his lips across my jawline going down to my neck , nibbling and sucking his way down to my breast. I can’t keep my moans in control now they are getting higher and my nipples are hard and aching. They’re begging for more attention but he’s torturously caressing the area around my nipples and giving my boobs teeny nibbles except the nipples.

“Babbby”

I moan with need.

“Mmhhh”

He mumbles against my breast

“Suck my nipples”

“Teach yourself to say the magic word Mamacita”

He says looking at me with a smirk. Magic word what the hell is he talking about? I think he notices my confusion

“Say please”

He has me on his mercy and I have no choice but to beg him.

“Please my Papito”

“Your wish is my command Mamacita”

He envelopes his mouth on my nipple, flicking his tongue and suckling on it. Oh my God it's freaking good. I run my fingers through his hair as he switches the nipple giving the other one the same attention creating a deep intense yearning in my core.

“Ahhhh Inathii”

“Come sit on my face”

I sit on his face with both my hands balancing on the bed to get a clear view of his face. Nothing drives me crazy as watching a man eating my pussy. He sucks on my bud and teases it with his tongue. I cry out at the delicious sensation as he explores every fold and every edge of my cunt, his tongue thrusting in and out of nun. His one hand is pinching my nipple and the other one kneading my butt. Damn I have never felt such ecstasy in my life. I grab his head with my hand as I give in to the desire to buck my hips.

His growl sends me over to the edge, stars cross my vision as my toes curl and my body convulses. I explode filling his mouth with my juices. Oh damn that was epic! He licks me clean drinking every single drop of my juice. I thought it was going to get down now but he wants us to cuddle not that I'm complaining but man I haven't ridden a dick in 3 years! It's not helping that I can still feel it's hardness on my mound as I'm lying on top of him still naked and he's running his fingers on my back while the other hand is on my butt.

“I have to go home now before your parents come back and find me here”

He says eventually

“Can you stay a few minutes?”

“Mamacita...”

“I’m leaving in a week Papito”

“You are going where?”

“The Big Apple”

“Is that a new planet or?”

Geee Aphiwe what did you just get yourself into mara heh?

“The Big Apple is New York baby”

He makes me looks at him

“New York as in Overseas?”

“Yes Inathi. Im doing my final year at Juilliard School. I only came her for few weeks to see my parents.”

“Oh”

He says with a low voice and I’m not sure what I see in his eyes it's sadness.

“What are you studying there and when are you going to come back?”

“Drama and I’m going to come back in December”

“What? No Phiwe don’t do this to me please how am I supposed to breath 3 months without you?”

“I’m sorry baby at least it’s my final year just be patient for these 3 months futhi it’s not even 3 it’s 2 we are almost at the end of September”

“Yhoo Aphiwe izikolo zingaka mara la eMzansi uzokhetha le phesheya kolwandle” (We have plenty schools/universities in Mzansi you chose one in overseas)

Is he sulking right now?

“Don’t be a baby I will be back”

“How will I know that you will really come back?”

“Of course I will come back baby my home is here remember?”

“With you one can’t be so sure. One minute you agreeing me to be my girlfriend the next you are not interested in me anymore. I have to go now”

He sounds really sad now.

“I will come back for you I promise”

I say and kiss his lips but he’s not kissing me back. I don’t give up though until he gives in. Lord I can’t believe I’m dating umageza empompini! This is a dream someone wake me up please!

Chapter Thirty Six

“Haibo driver ngiya emabhodini!”

A lady shouts behind me as I’m driving pass train station. WTF? I furiously hit the brake as other passengers exclaims.

“I asked if there’s anyone going to emabhodini and I didn’t get any response sis ubulele yini?” (...were you sleeping?)

I ask trying to be calm but man I’m super mad!

“Yebo ubuzile impela umshayeli ntombazane” (Yes then driver did asks girl)

Says the old lady with annoyance.

“Whuuu sis uyasibambezela shame ngijahe clicks kungaze kuvalwe!” (Whuu you are delaying us sister I want get to clicks before the store closes!)

Complains another passenger

“Aw I didn’t hear you”

I look at the headset hanging on her neck and that makes me more angry. See this is what I’m dealing with almost five times a month.

“How will you hear me when you have headsets on sis?”

I take out her R15

“Here’s your money get out of my taxi”

She blinks her eyes superfluously and gets up from her seat. I give her the money then she gets off of my taxi closing the door behind her. I bring the engine to life and continue with my drive to town after checking time. I’m running late with 5 minutes. Cebi has an

appointment with her doctor I promised her that I will be there. I have been physically and emotionally present for her during the past few weeks making sure that she takes care of herself.

It's been hard for her she blames herself for the death of Bra Mos but I'm trying my best to support her throughout this pregnancy. I don't want anything bad to happen to her or my baby. In the past few weeks I have come to realize that I allowed my fear to get the better of me the first time I heard about this pregnancy. I love my baby and I'm so happy that I'm going to be a father.

We are in the last week of October and it's been a crazy couple of weeks. People are doing Membeso ceremonies, some are attending Memulo ceremonies and parties, some are going on holidays with their friends, some are going for matric dances, the list is endless and guess who has been hired to cater these events in terms of transportation? You guessed right the love people have for Mellow Yellow is amazing! Kwanza created a Facebook page for Mellow Yellow. She explained to me how it works, I still don't get it but what I know is that's how I've been getting special loads after special loads.

Well as expected, many taxi drivers and a few taxi owners are not happy. I know they're trying to take me down but they won't succeed because Bab Gatsheni took me to this powerful sangoma. I'm well protected so are my taxis. Business is going well so far and if it continues like this, I'm going to take my mom's little restaurant to the next level and add more taxis. Imagine if I can have more taxis like mellow yellow I'd make more money.

“Fuck you bloody swine!!”

I say to this other white man driving nonsense in front of me and he has the nerve to show me the middle finger when I give him a taste of his medicine. I have been in a mood honestly today and it's because I haven't heard anything from my apple butter today. Yes we're still dating and we talk every single day. Can you believe that she made me download WhatsApp so that we can chat. I miss her and to think there's still November before I see her! She was right that we're living in two different worlds, she's a spoilt snobbish diva

and I'm a bit surprised myself that it's not making me let her go, instead every day my love for her is growing.

“Cela ukwehla e Porto driver!”

I pull over next to Porto shop and the guy jumps out then I continue with my drive, dropping people on their desired destinations until the taxi is empty. I drive to Cebi's doctor and find them already waiting for me. I greet first before I apologize.

“I'm sorry I'm late”

“I thought you forgot”

Cebi says smiling with a wild smile on her face. I think uthandiswa mina shame she's clingy but I succumb to her every demand she's carrying my precious little princess. Yes I want a daughter but she wants a son. I love girls, boys are naughty not that I will love my son any less though if it's a son.

“Daddy will never forget you guys”

Her chubby cheeks turns red as she smiles, she's getting fat each day but she looks cute.

“Oh well let's begin since you've arrived Mr Dlomo”

The doctor says. I help Cebi up and lead her to the bed then help her lie on it with her back. She pulls up her blouse exposing her bump it's very visible now.

“This will feel a bit cold”

He says applying a gel on Cebi's tummy making her wince. I hear a beating sound as the doctor moves that thing on her tummy.

“Can you hear that Nathi?”

“Yes, what is it?”

I ask squeezing her hand.

“It’s the heartbeat of the baby Mr Dlomo”

“Wow”

I gasp in awe and Cebi is crying as the doctor shows us the hands and feet of the baby but honestly I don’t see anything.

“There’s nothing wrong with my little princess daughter?”

I ask that’s all I want to know

“Yes your little princess is doing very well and she’s growing Mr Dlomo”

“It’s a girl?”

Cebi asks as she wipes her tears.

“Yes”

My heart leaps with joy and I can’t stop smiling.

“I told you it’s a girl”

I say to Cebi

“Haisuka awungiyeye!” (Leave me alone!)

I laugh

“Uthandiwe ka babazi wakhe nzena”

I say and plant kisses on her tummy after the doctor has wiped the gel. I take her to King Pie after we finish with the doctor to feed her cravings. I have a huge appetite I know that but no Cebi now is worse. Can you believe that she’s eating a 3rd pie now.

“What?”

She asks with her mouthful and chews vigorously.

“Musa ukuphanga kangaka uzobanjwa” (Don’t eat greedily you will choke)

“Mxm kanti uyabheda go buy me another two” (You are silly...)

I pop my eyes out with shock

“Hay Cebisile umtanami uzoqhuma phela manje kade udla” (No Cebisile my baby will burst now you are eating too much)

“Ngikunike uzithwalele yena?” (Should I give you and you will carry her yourself)

Yhooo when she’s like this I choose to shut my mouth because she will end up crying and I don’t want that. I get up from the chair and go buy her two steak and cheese pies. She eats one and save the other one for later. I walk her to her car and make sure she’s buckled up and okay.

“You are going back to the rank?”

“Yes”

“I miss you”

“I will pass by your apartment when I knock off”

The Mbheles took everything from her including her house and car she’s renting an apartment here in town. I gave her the Q7 because It was her husband’s car after all.

“But you are own boss Baba ka Uthandiwe you can do anything you want”

“I know mama ka Uthandiwe but I have to work so that our daughter will be well taken care off”

“She will always be taken off her mom is a teacher and her father is taxi owner please come with me”

“I....”

My ringing phone disturbs me. I slide it out of my pocket and answer it.

“Ndlovukazi..”

“You have to come home now Nkosinathi”

My heart skips a beat

“What’s wrong mama?”

“Woza phuthuma” (come hurry)

She hangs up on me without explaining.

“I have to go something is happening at home”

“What is it?”

“I don’t know mom didn’t explain”

“Maybe she has people watching us and you know how she hates me”

“Mom doesn’t hate you Cebi”

“Whatever. Let me go”

“I will call you yezwa”

She nods, I kiss her forehead and rush to my taxi. I hope whatever that is happening it’s not something bad. My heart skips a beat when I see an unfamiliar red Porsche parked at the gate. I jump out of my taxi and run inside the house.

“Maaa!”

It’s dead quiet in here, it seems like there’s no one in the house. I search all the rooms but I can’t find anyone.

“Kwanza! Thula!”

There’s no response, what is going on here? Where’s my mom and sisters? I take out my phone and call mama but her phone is ringing in the living room. I feel hands covering my eyes from behind. It’s Kwa....no I know that scent and I have been longing for it.

“Apple butter?”

She giggles as she removes her hands from my face. I turn around and look at her thinking maybe it’s a prank.

“Papito”

She throws herself in my arms and I catch her whisking her off the ground and swirl with her as she giggles our noses rubbing together. I put her down and pull her face close to mine by the back of her neck and claim her lips. Damn I missed her juicy lips. I moan as our tongues tangled in a duel and feel my rod expanding in my pants.

“Hambani nomuncana le kude ay kwami!” (Go suck faces far away not here in my house!)

We hear mom’s voice and break the kiss. Phiwe looks down on my visible bulge and chuckles with a smirk on her face. I put my hands into my pocket trying to hide it.

“Uhm sorry mama”

Phiwe says to mama looking down. The way mom loves her I don’t blame her though there’s nothing not to love on this gorgeous lady of mine well until she shows her snobbish side. That’s one thing that is a big turn off.

“Mom I came as fast as I could what’s wrong?”

“Nothing is wrong I-cherry yakho yaphesheya ikushayele ijika ndoda” (...your girlfriend from overseas is here for you man)

Phiwe and I burst into laughter. Don't ask me where did she learn tsotsitaal because I also don't know.

“Well I have spoken to your mom and she agreed to borrow me you for two days. Don't worry about clothes and toiletries mommy dearest here has packed everything for you. I will give you a chance to say goodbye to mom”

They share a hug and cheek kisses then Aphiwe walks out leaving me still stunned.

“What's going on? Where is she taking me? Don't I have a say in this? I'm working remember?”

“Come on Nkosinathi the girl came all the way from New York for your birthday tomorrow just to spend time with you the least you could do is not disappoint her”

My birthday I even forgot about it.

“Oh”

“Don't say Oh go she's waiting for you and please don't make another baby you've already got one on the way”

I chuckle

“So I don't even have to take a bath?”

“No you bathed this morning moss go!”

She pushes me to the door, my mom though. I take my wallet in the taxi and head out to the car parked outside the gate.

“Buckle up baby”

Phiwe says as I get in the car.

“Where are you taking me to?”

“You will see”

She starts the car and drives to only her knows where.

“When did you arrive?”

“This morning”

“And you didn’t tell me?”

“I wanted to surprise you. How have you been my Papito?”

“I have been missing my Mamacita”

She flashes me a smile and gives me her hand. I take it and kiss it then squeeze it.

“I miss you too sthandwa sami I couldn’t miss your first birthday since we have been together”

Oh man I’m blushing right now.

“Wait is he blushing?”

I look at the other side hiding from her and that makes her laugh at me. I notice that she’s taking the N3 now.

“Where are we going Phiwe?”

“Durban”

“What?”

“I just wanted you to spend your birthday away from Newcastle.”

“Uzongipha yini igqe?” (Will you give me some pussy?)

I ask with a smirk on my face she looks at me and laughs, oh that laugh it always tugs at my heartstrings.

“Baby!”

“What?”

“You are something else yaz!”

“Yizwa ukuthi u-Your Majesty ukufuna kanjani”

I take her hand and put it on my bulge. Her presence alone is making me hard. Yes we haven't had sex and boy I'm so craving her. She gasps and squeezes it making me to release a throaty groan.

“He feels big”

I have never cared about the size of my dick, I wasn't even aware it's that big until Cebi told me that's it's nine inches but what Omu said that night got to me I won't lie. Sex should be nice to both parties I can't help but wonder if all the girls I have ever fucked in my life were faking to enjoy it like Omu. I know that most women say they want big dicks but the question is how big? Maybe mine is that biiiiigg.

“Earth to Nkosinathi!”

Phiwe snaps me out of my trance.

“What's wrong?”

I fake a smile

“Nothing is wrong my love. You know what? let me drive I can't let you drive a long distance and I'm sure you are tired from long hours in a plane”

She doesn't protest, sometimes she surprises me. Phiwe is always protesting just because she's Aphiwe Ndlela. We switch seats and I

allow her to rest her feet on my thighs. The trip is fun and exhilarating well not that I didn't expect that , every single second with her is the best moment of my life. I'm not easy to love but Phiwe man she's making it so effortless to love her. It's been weeks, five weeks to be precise since we have been dating and we only spent time together for a week only but already I know that I don't want to spend my life without her. By the time we arrive in Durban we are both exhausted and sleepy, the good thing is we ate on the way so we retire to bed.

I moan as I feel a gentle caress in my balls and blink my eyes open, there she is between my legs. I didn't even feel her taking off my boxers was I that dead asleep?. Gently she touches my balls with her fingers, massaging them and rubbing them. My rod expands as her warm fingers runs up and down my shaft. She rings my cock making the OK sign with her thumb and index finger and starts stroking it making me gasp with every stroke. I moan when she takes my balls in her mouth kissing and sucking them, my hand is gripping on her weave right now.

“Ahhhhh”

I moan softly at the exhilarating sensation, she kisses her way up to my lips and kisses me traveling her lips to my earlobe and nibbling on it then moves down planting wet kisses on my neck. Gruff groans escapes my lips as she strokes her tongue on my adam's apple, Fuck I didn't know that is one of my pleasure zones.

“I love your body”

She says running her hands all over my body as she makes her way down, her gaze locked with mine. The lust in her eyes is driving me wild. She settles between my legs stroking and kissing my dick before blowing gently on my head.

“Fuckkk!”

She licks the tip of my head in circles taking all my pre-cum and runs her tongue along my cock while her thumb is gently flicking the tip of my dick. I hold her bobbing head as she sucks on me hard,

taking my hard length inch by inch down her throat. Damn many have tried to deep throat me but they always failed lomntwana une skill sokumunca umpipi!(she has dick sucking skills) Electric pleasure shoot straight to my balls and my dick spasms deep in her throat.

“Ahhh shitt Phiweeee!!”

I jerked violently as I fill her throat with my cum, stars clouding my vision. She swallows and crawls on top of me as I catch my breath. Her lips pressed against mine and we share a heavy and hot kiss.

“Happy 33rd Birthday Papito”

I smile and cup her face. Now this is the best birthday ever.

“Is it tomorrow already?”

“No it’s today already”

I tickle her and she giggles

“Thank you sthandwa that was amazing!”

“I’m glad you enjoyed it”

“What time is it now?”

She leans over and checks the time on her phone then puts it back

“It’s 1:15am”

“What time did you wake up? I was so exhausted”

“Your baby mama woke me up at 11pm she has been calling that I ended up switching off your phone.”

I was supposed to call but I forgot.

“I have to call her”

“Why is she even calling you at night Inathi?”

“How will I know moss I’m here with you?”

“Mxm!”

She rolls down from me and I lean over taking my phone then call Cebisile.

“Hello”

She says with a crying voice. I sit up straight on the bed.

“Why haven’t you been answering your phone?”

“I was sleeping I’m sorry”

Phiwe is looking at me.

“Sleeping while I’m worried sick about you and horny”

I look at Aphiwe and presses the side button lowering the volume.

“Nkosinathi are you still there?”

“Uhm yes I’m fine you don’t have to worry about me.”

“Come please I can’t sleep I’m so horny”

“I’m in Durban”

“Durban? Doing what?”

“Huh Cebisile I don’t report to you just sleep okay!”

I hang up.

“What does she want?”

“We were at the doc when mom called so she was worried”

She looks at me intently

“Inathi is that all?”

“Yes why don’t you believe me?”

My phone rings it’s Cebisile. Motherfucking Isiah! I’m not going to answer her she’s becoming a nuisance now yerrr.

“Answer her”

“What?”

“I said answer her Inathi and put her on loud speaker”

Yhooo!

“Uhm hello”

I say crossing fingers that Cebi doesn’t say anything that will upset Aphiwe.

“Why did you hang up on me I was still talking to you?”

“Sis weee Inathi has a girlfriend and she really doesn’t appreciate you calling him at this time of the night can you please let us go back to our second round”

Oh shit!

“Nkosnathi who’s that huh? Ngihleli mina angilele ngiqhanyelwe ngenxayakho wena you are busy fucking around!!” (.....I can’t sleep I’m horny because of you....)

I hang up the phone this is getting out of proportion now.

“Why did you hang up and what does she mean you are fucking around? Are you an item?”

Phiwe asks with a shaky voice.

“What? No! How can you ask me that?”

“Then what does she mean Nkosinathi?”

“You want me to tell you the truth?”

She nods her head looking at me in anticipation.

“She thought since her husband is dead, we can be in a relationship now and I told her that I’m with you and I love you. Now that I have been supporting her throughout the pregnancy she thinks there’s a chance that we can be together”

“I want to believe you I really do...”

“I’m telling the truth my love please believe me. You are the one I love Aphiwe and she knows that. Ngiyakuthanda MaNdlela please believe me when I say that because it’s true. I will never hurt you on purpose” (.....I love you MaNdlela...)

I caress her cheek as she looks into my eyes like she’s searching my soul.

“I have fallen for you hard Inathi my heart will break into pieces if hurt me”

I sigh with relief.

“Soze my love trust me” (Never...)

We share a deep and passionate kiss then we cuddle while talking about anything and everything until we doze off. The next morning I wake up first and look at her sleeping next to me. I remove her weave on her face just to get a glimpse of her beauty. I so fucking love her and I don’t want her to know that I have been fucking Cebi.

The thing is Cebi is always horny and I don't want her to sleep with another man while carrying my child never! It's only just for until she delivers the baby. I'm trying my best for her to have a healthy pregnancy as possible as she can. I plant a peck on her lips and slide out of the bed to take a shower.

I find her talking on the phone as I walk back from the bathroom. I'm done taking a shower now. I drop the towel and lotion my body while she's gawking at me. I decide to give her a show and model for her.

"Ohhh damn baby!...what? uhm no no cuz goodbye I will call you later"

She hangs up and looks at me as I laugh at her

"What you are doing is not right yaz"

I sit on the bed next to her and give her a kiss.

"I haven't brushed my teeth Inathi"

"I don't care. Sondela ngithi manqa" (...come closer I want to kiss you)

She giggles while covering her mouth with her hand. I tickle her she wriggles and giggles as I try to kiss her.

"Inathi...stop!.."

I don't stop until she gives in and allows me to kiss her.

"Your stinking breath is making this kiss more erotic"

I wink at her

"Gosh Inathi!"

I giggle as she pushes me off and runs to the bathroom. I take my phone to check the time just then a video call comes through.

“Hey nana”

Their four faces appears on the screen, they sing happy birthday song and boy I’m smiling like an idiot.

“Yippee Yippee” - Thula

“Wureeehhhh” - The family

“Una one?” - Kwanza

“Ehhhheee!” - Them

I laugh, now this is for kids. I can’t believe that Mom and Dad are participating in this. They sing until they reach my years.

“Una 33”

“Yeahhhhh”

“Really Mom and Dad you are also participating in this unangaki thing?!”

We laugh

“There’s nothing wrong about it Bhuti hawu” - Kwanza

“It’s for kids not for indoda endala njengami” (...a grown ass man like me)

“It’s fun okusalayo” - Thula

“Happy Birthday my boy we love you so much. Enjoy your day” - Mom

“Thank you guys nami ngiyanithanda” (...I also love you guys)

“Where’s makoti” (daughter in law)

I laugh

“Mom you’re going to scare her off by calling her that.”

“Haisuka women are not like you men we like long term commitment gestures” - Mom

“Then marry me” - Dad

Mom laughs but Dad is serious

“Come on my everyday snack I...”

“No I’m serious butternut”

Mom gasp with shock

“Say yeeesss Mommy!” - Thula

“Don't say yeesss without a ring mommy!” - Kwanza

We all laugh Kwanza though!

“Yes I will marry you my everyday snack” - Mom

“Noooo what if he never buys you a ring Mama!” - Kwanza

“Don’t worry Kwanza I will add a million for that on her lobola”

We laugh. I love my family. They wish me a happy birthday again then I hang up. Mom deserves to be happy, in fact all of us deserve to be happy.

“You have such a lovely family”

Phiwe says with a smile on her face. I didn’t see her waking in.

“They’re the best”

Once we are both done dressing up we drive to an expensive Restaurant. It's seems like they were expecting us because we are being ushered to the secluded romantic set up table. I pull the chair for her to sit down then sit down too.

“This is beautiful baby”

I say admiring this beautiful romantic set up.

“I'm glad you do babe.”

I take her hands into mine and kiss them. I have never had a girl who has ever done this for me I feel so special really. The waiter brings our food and drinks. I look at the food in front of me and frown.

“What food is this?”

“Sea food my love eat you will love it”

I see the waiter and call him.

“Is there something wrong sir”

“Angizidli izinkalankala mfethu ngifuna ipapa nenyama” (I don't eat crab bro I want pap and meat)

“But sir this is a seafood restaurant”

“Take your food my brother hhayi kabi neh thatha nale juice mhlampe kwayona nje umchamo we nkala nkala” (.....no offense but take this juice maybe it's also a crab's urine)

“Inathi!”

“What?”

The waiter apologizes and walks away with the food. Phiwe is looking at me with a look I can't describe

“What?”

“You are embarrassing me!”

I chuckle and shake my head

“Well I will leave ke and let you eat your food in peace”

“You are so ungrateful Nkosinathi I did this for you, the least you could do is pretend to like the food. I wanted you to try something new for once but hey umageza empompini will always be umageza empompini”

“Don’t you dare call me umageza empompini Aphiwe!”

She’s pissing me off now. I get up and walk out. I need some air to breathe. I walk to the nearest store and buy myself a pack of Stuyvesant and a lighter then walk out. I light one cigarette and smoke. Once my cigarette is finished I throw the cigarette butt and step on it then walk to the car. My heart breaks at the sight of her crying when I get into that car. I sigh heavily and try to comfort her but she yanks me off.

“If I knew this is how you will react I wouldn’t have bothered. You know that I was supposed to come back in December but I came just to spend time with you on your birthday and make it a special one and this is the reaction I get?”

I swallow thick spit in my mouth. Okay maybe I overreacted.

“I’m sorry baby I overreacted you are right I was supposed to pretend at least I like the food but I didn’t think being truthful is going to do any harm. That was just me being me and you made it clear that I embarrass you by being myself. Why are you with me if I embarrass you Aphiwe?”

“I never said you embarrass me in general I was talking about what your reaction”

“You called me umageza empompini Aphiwe!”

“Are you not a taxi driver?”

Wow this girl's rudeness is on another level!

“Wake wangibona ngigeza empompini?” (Have you ever seen me bathing in a communal tap?)

She shakes her head no

“Wake wangibona ngingcolile futhi nginguka?” (Have you ever seen me dirty and stinky?)

Again she shakes her head No

“Then why are you insulting me? Is this because I refused to eat your food or it's more than that?”

“What do you mean?”

“Let me ask this do your friends know that you and I are dating?”

“Uhm no”

“Why?”

“Come on our relationship is still new Inathi”

“So when are you going to tell them?”

“When the time is right”

I shake my head in disbelief

“Maybe you can wait until the time is right to tell your parents but I know your friends are the first people to know about a new certain guy in your life. That's just how you girls are, you share everything with each other but you can't do that because you are ashamed of me, you are ashamed that you are dating a taxi driver angithi?”
(.....isn't it?)

She doesn't reply but looks down.

“Exactly! That's why after I told you I'm a taxi driver at the hospital you never came back and you blocked me. I have been observing you Aphiwe yes I know that our relationship is still new but you don't want people to know that you are dating me. That's why you chose us to come here because no one knows you here.”

Still she's not saying anything to defend herself.

“Tell me why are with me if you are ashamed of me?”

No response

“Haibo I'm not a lunatic don't make me talk alone!”

I bang the dashboard with my fist.

“It's because I love you dammit! I tried I really tried to get away from you but my heart couldn't let me! My heart doesn't care that you are a taxi driver! It doesn't care that you are way below my standards! It wants you no matter how I try to convince it but it flat out refuses and keeps calling out for your name!”

I'm battling to swallow the bitter truth as much as I knew it. I guess her admission hurts more.

“No you don't love me Phiwe.”

“I do love you Inathi...”

“You don't! If you love me you wouldn't be ashamed of me. You wouldn't be ashamed to tell the world that you love me. You wouldn't see me as a man that is way below your standards. If love you me you would've loved me much more than your high standards. I won't be with someone who's ashamed of me, someone who doesn't value and respect me, someone who doesn't see me worthy of her love because I'm a taxi driver.”

“Wha..what are you saying to me? Are you breaking up with me”

“This is not going to work Phiwe as long as you think you are better than me because you are coming from a well to do family, you are studying overseas and you own a boutique”

“No baby please don’t say that I will tell the world that I love you”

“This is not about the world don’t you get it? It’s about you Aphiwe you are a snob....”

“I’m not a snob!”

She retorts

“I don’t like to buy my groceries in stores where everyone buys their groceries at, I hate crowded places, levels ziyashiyana nywe nywe nywe”

I say mimicking her voice

“That doesn’t make me a snob I...”

“See how It’s stings that I say you are a snob. You know why it stings? Because it’s not nice to be labeled. Umageza Empompini is not a nice word to call me or any other taxi driver because it mocks our personal hygiene and suggests a lack of civility and education. It’s not nice the same way as being called a snob but the difference here is that you chose for yourself to be a snob while I got the label just by being a taxi driver. At the end of the day we all choose how to live our lives and we shouldn’t be judging one another but hey in this life it doesn't work like that.”

“Exactly you also have not right to judge how I live my life.”

“Then don’t be offended if I call you a snob because that who you are and you like it. I don’t want to be called mageza mpompini because that’s not who I am.”

“I’m not a snob!”

“You think you are better than anyone else in this world just because you are rich forgetting that the wealth that makes you thinks so highly of yourself and low on others is the taxi business that your father has. Yes he has other businesses but the taxi business is also contributing towards this wealth. You are living a lavish life because of those taxi drivers who are working 16 hours every day without rest. They’re working hard to provide for their families as much as your father is working hard to provide for his family. No one is better than the other we all need each other.”

She has started crying all over again and sniffing.

“I wasn’t aware of how bad my behavior is I’m sorry baby. I will give up everything that is depriving me to be with you. I don’t know how it’s possible that in these past few weeks you have become a special part of my life that I don’t want to let go. Please give me a chance to prove myself to you that I love you so much and I’m going to change for you”

I look deep in her teary eyes searching for sincerity of every word she said. There it is deep in her hot chocolate eyes not even a blind person could miss it. I free my hands from hers and wipe her tears before framing her face with my palms.

“I don’t want you to change for me baby I want you to change because you see it as a need to. I want you to change for your own reasons not because you want to keep me in your life. Our self improvement is our own choice.”

“You are right but you give me a reason to change”

“I love you”

She breaks into a wild grin

“I love you so much more”

I pull her face close to mine and we kiss our tongues dancing together.

“Let’s go back to eat those crabs”

She laughs

“No the birthday boy should get what he wants. Pap and meat is what you will get”

She drives us to this shisanyama she seems to know this place very well.

“You seem to know this place very well”

“My friends and I come here often”

We find our table and settle down just chatting and stealing kisses here there until our food and drinks arrives. I don’t waste anytime but dig in I’m famished.

“I have something for you”

She says after we finished eating, giving me a gift bag.

“What is it?”

“Open it”

I take out a big box and when I open it there are 3 small boxes inside. I look at her and she smiles nervously. I open the first small box. There’s a MK watch personalized N. Dlomo.

“Wow baby it’s for me?”

“Of course it yours silly!”

I look at it smiling relentlessly and remove the watch that I’m wearing then wear the new one. It looks so good on me like it was just made for me.

“Do you like it?”

She asks nervously

“I love it!”

She heaves a sigh I can see that she thought I wouldn't like it. I open the second box it's a MK wallet that also has my name and the last box has a beer opener personalized with my name as well. Wow this is so beautiful.

“I have noticed that you love beer so Mr no more opening your beers with your teeth”

I laugh

“I'm lost of words to say, thank you so much MaNdlela. This is the best thing anyone has ever done for me. Ngiyakuthanda” (... I love you)

She blushes and leans over for a kiss. I feel so special she really went all out to make my birthday super special. Our day starts at the beach, I can't help but crave her she looks so sexy in her bikini. After a great time at the beach we take a Gondola ride , two hours in a romantic gondola ride, floating down the canals without any care in the world. I wouldn't trade this moment for anything in this world.

I have been holding myself the whole day now I can't take it. I devour her lips the moment we get into our hotel room and when she responds with the same energy I knew that she wants me as much as I want her. The thirst, longing and hunger is overwhelming we can't control it. Our clothes are flying in the air.

I pick her up and she clamps her legs around my waist as I walk to the bedroom where I throw her on the bed and crawl on top of her. We are both left with our underwear only now. The feel of her warm flesh against mine is pure bliss. I kiss her lips before moving to her earlobe whispering sweet nothings in her ear, kissing and nibbling her.

My hands find their way underneath her and unhook her bra releasing her breasts. I give her boobs the attention they deserve sucking the beautiful flesh deeper into my mouth and circle my tongue over her nipple while groping her breast in my palm. She moans loudly running her fingers into my hair.

I can't get enough of the texture of her skin and the scent of it. I feel my crotch pumping with blood and grows hard in anticipation. I trail my fingers on her stomach going down her thighs and reach the apex of her thighs. She squeals when I touch her damp panties and arches her back off the bed. I stroke my fingers on the wet panties feeling the warmth of her flesh underneath.

“Ohh fuck baby you are so wet!”

I pull down her panties taking them off, my dick spasms at the sight of her glistening folds and her bud peeking out of its hood.

“I love your pussy baby it's so beautiful”

I dip my head between her inhaling her intoxicating womanhood scent and feast on her cunt, drinking and licking up her juices not wasting a single drop. Damn she's the best thing I have ever tasted in my life. I look up at her and her eyes are closed but her lips are parted. She pulls her lip between her mouth and bites on it as I run my finger along her folds moving it slowly until it reaches her clit.

She squirms and jerks as I circle her bud with my wet finger and lapping up her juices. I feel an electrifying sensation shoots through my body as her juices hit the taste bud on the back of my tongue. I slide my hands underneath and lift her ass so that I can dive my tongue deep into her core.

“Ohhhmy Gaaaaawd Inatthiii...ohhh...fuckkk...I'm going to cum”

“Yes cum Mamacita...come for your Papito.”

Her whole body vibrated as she releases a high pitched moan and fills my mouth with her delicious juices. I crawl on top of her and kiss her letting her taste herself in my mouth.

“I want your dick inside of me baby”

She mumbles against my lips

“The magic word baby”

“Please Papito”

I enter half of my dick into her without breaking the kiss, she screams in my mouth and bites my lips that I taste blood in my mouth. Fuck she’s so tight now I’m scared of hurting her with my big cock. I don’t move but continue kissing her.

“Move baby please”

She says rolling her hips for more friction. I pump into her very slowly and steadily still with half of my dick into her. She moans with each thrust as she grips on my butt, trying to pull me deeper into her

“Oohhh Papito..ahhh...yess harder pleaseee!”

I have her at my mercy the magic word is slipping out of her mouth easily and that’s so not like her. I sink all the way into her deeper, she screams louder clenching on my arms. I lose control of my groans and they fill the room together with her screams. I feel her legs clamping around my butt and drive my cock into her faster and deeper. Damn she’s so amazing, a scrumptious buffet ever! She bucks her hips meeting my thrusts as her grip on my arms tightens that it hurts.

“Ohhhh my God your dick so good baby..I’m so fucking in love with it!”

That fuels me, I hump into her harder and faster, my balls smacking on her wet slit. We switch positions and she gets on top of me and turns around facing away from me. I gasp as she slowly directs my shaft into her tight warm cunt. She rolls her hips gradually growing her pace, seeing her big booty bobbing up and down drives me wild.

I spank her butt, she moans as she rides and grinds my dick like her life depends on it. Shit! I can feel my orgasm building up but I don't want to come now. It's like she read my mind she turns around and presses her sweating body against mine then kisses me. I make her kneel on the bed with her hands balancing on it and ram into her from behind, she squirms. My balls smack against her making a slapping sound as I pump her hard.

“You like that baby?”

“Yess fuck me hard like a dog!”

I obey her command and fuck her hard while pulling her hair and sinking my nails deeper into her waist. I feel her muscles gripping on my dick, she's so close so am I. I hump into her as much as I can growling like wounded animal. My balls tighten as I feel her spurting my dick with her cum triggering an intense orgasm in me.

“You were so amazing baby!”

We are now cuddling on the bed and she's drawing patterns on my chest. The mixture of our scents and sex odor is lingering in the air.

“So are you love and I'm so happy you enjoyed”

I say truthfully, I was worried that she might find my dick uncomfortable.

“What's wrong?”

She asks. I look down on her.

“Nothing why?”

“You are lying Papito, I saw that look on your face just a second ago”

“I was just worried that I will hurt you. someone once said the size of my dick makes sex uncomfortable and painful”

“Oh well baby you have nothing to worry about now because your woman can take it as huge as it is and she loves every inch of it.”

She says stroking it in her warm palm and that turns into another steamy session followed by another until her body couldn't take it anymore and passes out. It's indeed a happy birthday for me!

Chapter Thirty Seven

Difficult times leads to better days but how long does one have to wait for those better days? It's been a very difficult couple of weeks. Despair is a heavy weight on my heart. I'm battling to go on with life like nothing happened when I know that I'm responsible for the death of two souls. One wrong decision spiraled out of control and the damage is beyond repair. If only I didn't succumb to my temptation everything will still be fine. My husband and Thiza would be here. I have no one but myself to blame for this immense pain I'm feeling right now.

I wipe my tears as I look at them kissing and giggling. They haven't seen me but I have been here for a while now just looking at them. He loves her, I can see it in the way he looks at her like she's the only thing in this restaurant. She's beautiful I have to admit and very young I guess that's where the joke is on me. I cheated on my husband with a young sexy man and now the sexy young man is with another sexy woman younger than me. He has been posting her and their pictures together on WhatsApp. I wouldn't be surprised that she made him download WhatsApp but I failed. You can tell that they really had a beautiful time in Durban.

The bitch even bought him a MK watch, wallet and beer opener for him on his birthday. I have been stalking her on social media she owns a boutique and is studying drama in New York. Ihaba ugirl shame I mean there are plenty of universities and colleges in Mzansi that has drama studies. AFDA is the best filming school in SA but no Miss Ndlela chose The Juilliard School. It's not like whatever series or movie she will be acting on will have their own special designed TV just for Miss Ndlela argh dramatic much! She's 23 years old which makes her 10 years younger than Nathi. My late husband never loved her father. He used to say he's full of himself and thinks he owns the world.

It's been two days since they came back from Durban, Nathi hasn't come to see me or even called me. I have been trying to call him but he's not answering my calls and on WhatsApp he blue ticked me. To

think I lost everything because of this man breaks my heart to the core. I gulp my glass of juice and get up from the chair. Yes I'm going to them I tried to give him a chance to explain to me but he's been ignoring me now I'm going to demand answers. I need to know where I stand with him. He's the one that sees me first and his eyes pops out.

“Hey love birds”

Aphiwe looks at me

“Hi baby mama wethu uyakhula u Nana?” (Hi our baby mama is our baby growing?)

She lifts her hand to brush my tummy but I slap it

“Don't you dare touch me!”

“Hawu I was...”

I cut her off

“I'm not here for you so shut the fuck up!”

“Cebisile you are making a scene”

Nathi says through his gritted teeth

“You think I care? No in fact let's give them a movie! What the hell is this? What happened to us raising the baby together huh?”

“Cebisile stop it maan!”

“No I want to know Nkosinathi! You promised me that we going to raise our baby together as a couple that you are going to be there for us through thick and thin now here you are sitting with this bitch!”

He stands up immediately and looks at me angrily

“Don’t you fucken dare call her bitch uyangizwa!!” (...do you hear me!!)

“I will call her whatever I want!”

“Just dare call her bitch again you will know what I’m made of!”

Seeing him being so overprotective of her added to what I saw when I was sitting there that he really loves her and that tears my heart apart. I can’t stop my tears they are flowing down my face.

“What are we huh? Are you with her or me?”

“We? There’s no we, you just lost your husband for crying out loud you should be mourning him and stop this nonsense!”

Wow! He said he loves me that we are going to raise our child together and I believed him.

“You said.....”

“You have been an emotional wreck and your doctor said you shouldn’t stress. I didn’t want to add stress on you but honestly Cebisile I love Aphuwe, she’s my woman and I need you to respect her as much as she will respect you as the mother of my child”

No he can’t do this to me! I’m suffocating and my heart feels like it will stop beating any moment.

“You can't do that to me after everything I have lost because of you and you going to tell me that you love another woman hell NO!!!”

I even killed because of him dammit! Of course I can’t say that in public people may be taking a video of us right now as I’m speaking after all my life has become a social media playground.

“I didn’t force you to sleep with me woman don’t you dare guilt trip me for the decisions you made on your own. Wuwe owangiphuphuleza wangisantuzela I’m a man what was I supposed

to do?” (...you are the one who was seducing me and opening your legs for me...)

I can't believe he said that! I see his bitch stifling a laugh.

“Papito people are looking at us now” - Aphiwe

“I regret the day I slept with you I can't even have brunch with my woman nxa let's go baby” - Nathi

“Baby mama drama shuuu!” - Aphiwe

Yhoo kunini ngimhalela smakade uThixo uyaphila! (I have been holding in the urge to fuck her up and now God lives) I slap her hard she cries touching her cheek.

“What the fuck are you doing Cebisile huh?”

I take the juice on their table and pour it on his face.

“Fusegani msunu yenu!”

I walk out just as the manager tells us to get out. I get into my car and drive to my apartment with tears flooding down my face. How could he do this to me after everything we have been through together? It hurts deep down in my heart. To think how happy I was when said he loves me and he's going to be with me every step of the way. God knows how long I yearned to hear those 3 words coming out from him kanti he was just bluffing. I don't know why am I surprised Nathi has never loved me and he never wanted this baby.

It's just me and my baby girl against this not so perfect life. He said he regretted the day he slept with me so am I because I wouldn't have killed Thiza and my husband would still be here. That man really loved me unconditionally and no man will ever love me like him. I lost a gold there while chasing an Orgasm. I have learnt the hard way that whatever that we find ourselves in it's what's really meant for us but our desires never ends we keep chasing after things that were never meant for us. Don't be a fool like me and lose

what was meant for you while chasing after what was never meant for you.

* * *

I remember early this year when my grandma told me to open my heart and give myself a chance at love again I was skeptical. This love thing has shown me real flames I wanted nothing to do with it well until I met Inathi. God this guy is making me feel all sorts of things I never knew in my whole life. It's been weeks since we have been dating and the one week I got to spend with him made me yearn for more. It was his 33rd birthday two days back, I had to be there with him. I wanted it to be special for him and I'm glad that he enjoyed it though things got tense when went to the restaurant for brunch.

It all started with him not wanting the sea food and the next moment he was breaking up with me, my heart literally stopped beating. It took me that moment to realize that he has become a very special part of my life that I don't want to let go of. The things he said about me hurt me to the core, at first I felt like he was guilt tripping me for coming from a wealthy family but then he got deeper and made me realize that I need to make some changes about certain things in my life.

I felt how he despises to be called 'Umageza Empompini' and to be honest I didn't know how degrading and disrespectful the word is until he shared that with me. I thought it was just another word to call the taxi drivers. Now I know how taxi drivers feel every time we call them that. He said he doesn't want me to change for him but for myself ah well he gives me the reason to change. One of the things I love about him is that he doesn't sugarcoat things and he's the first man to tell me of how much a snob I am.

However we had an amazing time in Durban everything was just so perfect I don't want to even mention the sex Gosh! My man knows how to quench the thirst of 3 years. The first night we did it we were at it until I passed out. I never pass out during sex I'm freak in bed

and all my exes knows but damn Papito has stamina for days. We made love and fucked until we came back and we still continued where we left off in Durban. My parents don't know I'm here they think I'm in New York. They were going to ask me a lot of questions that I wouldn't have known how to answer and besides that I wanted to spend every single minute with my Papito.

The only person who knows about this is my cousin, my mother's sister's daughter. We vibe very well and she's the one who helped me make my Papito's birthday special. He hasn't been to the rank since we came back all we do in his house is to fuck, make love and fuck and make love again and fuck again. It's been pure bliss I tell you. I found out that he's a taxi owner, actually he just started his business months back. I asked him why he told me he's a taxi driver his response was "what difference does it make" Durh a taxi driver and a taxi owner is not the same!

Today we went to the doctor to put me on contraceptives I opted a 3 months injection. The last thing I want is a baby I still have a lot to achieve before I think about having a baby and I'm glad we are on the same page. After seeing the doctor we went to Rocco Mamas to have brunch. We were having a good time then his baby mama showed up and caused a scene, she even laid her filthy hand on me now I'm crying against his chest and he's comforting me. I can hear his heavy breathing I know when he's breathing like that he's angry. I'm also angry that bitch is taking me for a ride! It's not my fault that Inathi doesn't want her and he wants me. If she wasn't pregnant I would have beaten the shit out of her! Okay I'm kidding I'm scared of fighting ngiyigwala nje (I'm just a coward).

"Shhh ngiyaxolisa sthandwa sami ngicela ungixolele" (Shh I'm sorry my love please forgive me)

He's stroking my back with his hand and I'm sniffing his lovely scent. I love being in his arms, they make me feel loved, protected and safe. No other man has ever made me feel like that except for my Dad.

"Let me take you to the doctor"

Doctor for a slap he's too much now.

"I'm going to be fine baby"

"Let me see how bad it is"

He pulls me back and looks at my cheek then plants a peck on it.

"Kuzophola yezwa" (It will get better)

I nodded my head yes then bury my head on his chest. We are in my cousin's car by the way, the Porsche I borrowed when we were going to Durban.

"Inathi?"

"Baby"

"What did she mean when she said you promised her that you guys are going to raise the baby together as a couple?"

"I told her I'm going to be there for her and the baby and she thought as a couple. I didn't want to stress her because the doctor had complained about her high blood pressure so I didn't tell her that I didn't mean as a couple"

He says and it doesn't sit well with me.

"You said to me she knows that you are with me Inathi"

"I lied baby I'm sorry"

I pull back and look at him

"So you kept our relationship a secret to her and pretended to be her boyfriend?"

"I did it for the sake of my child sthandwa sami please try to understand that I want her to have a healthy pregnancy"

I feel my heart breaking into pieces tears threatening my eyes. Does this woman even feel guilty for what she did. Her husband died 5 weeks back already she's jumping on my man!

"Did you fuck her?"

"What? No baby I didn't!"

"You are lying Nkosinathi I know that a pregnant woman is always horny! If you couldn't resist her seduction for the first time then what would stop you now?"

It's only a matter of seconds before I break down. How can he do this to me? I really thought he's My Shona Ferguson looking for Connie.

"Baby calm down I didn't sleep with her I swear I always gave her excuses that's why that night she said she's horny."

I don't know what to believe anymore and tears are streaming down my face. Why does he makes me so weak!

"Please believe me. I will never do you like that sthandwa sami and I'm so sorry that you got caught up in her drama but I promise you that it was the first and the last time she laid her hands on you."

"I don't know what to believe anymore Inathi. Today you say this and the next you say another thing. You said you want a woman but it looks like you are not ready."

He wipes my tears with his thumbs and holds my hands in his.

"That's not true baby I'm ready please forgive me for lying to you I was supposed to tell you the truth from the beginning. I promise from now on I will tell you nothing but the truth. My life revolves around you, now I'm only yours and I will forever be yours till eternity and even beyond. I love you with all my heart and soul"

Now I'm a blushing mess. He's the only one who can make me feel all sorts of emotions within five minutes. I was angry and sad just now but now I'm smiling like an idiot.

"I love you so much more"

We share a kiss then we step out of the car and go to the front seat. Yes we were at the back seat. I feel like someone is watching us I look ahead of me. My heart skips a beat and the hair on my back stands! No it can't be possible! He's dead! That's not him! Breathe Aphiwe breathe.

"Baby what's wrong?"

Inathi asks and you can't miss the worry in his voice. When I look ahead of me there's no one there. What just happened?

"Phiwe khuluma nami" (Phiwe talk to me)

He holds my shoulders looking at me with worry written all over his face.

"I'm fine let's go, that stain on your t-shirt doesn't look good on you people shouldn't see you like that"

It's the stain of the juice his baby poured on his face.

"You are worrying me what did you see vele?"

"Nothing let's go"

He looks at me intently and opens the passenger door for me. I get in he closes the door then goes to his side. We drive in silence I'm thinking about what just happened. It can't be possible that, that was him I know that he's dead, I even went to the funeral for closure. I feel a gentle squeeze on my thigh and look at him. He look so worried I give him a smile.

"I'm okay sthandwa sami"

He's not convinced and I don't want to talk about this. We arrive at his home and the girls are not back yet from their schools but it's midday after all. I haven't seen his mom ever since we got here from Durban two days back he said she's hardly around here, most of the time she's lives with his stepdad. I like Kwanele , she and I vibe very well. Thula doesn't like me I don't know why. I want to ask my Dad what beef does he have with Thula's father but he will ask me questions then I will have to tell him about my relationship with Inathi.

I'm not ready yet. Dad is overprotective of me especially after what my ex put me through. As for mom I lied to her and told her that I thought I'm ready for a relationship but I realized I was not she said I should give myself time. I don't know what time is she talking about I haven't been with anyone for 3 years, isn't that a long time? If I knew better I'd say she doesn't want me to be in a relationship anymore I don't blame her though she almost lost her only daughter.

“Woza la” (come here)

He says patting a space on his bed next to him.

“I want to take a shower baby...”

“Woza” (come)

I sigh and crawl on top of him on the bed snuggling on his chest.

“What's going on?”

God can he let this go please.

“Nothi...”

“Don't say nothing Aphiwe something happened and you haven't been the same since then please tell me”

“I saw my ex but it can't be possible because he's dead. You see? It's nothing”

“Oh”

“Yep”

“What happened to him?”

“He was running away from the police and they shot him”

“What crime did he commit?”

“Holding me hostage”

He makes me looks at me

“He did what?”

“My Dad and his were business associates that's how we met and our parents were happy when we started dating and they approved of our relationship. He was loving, sweet, and caring so perfect but along the months he started changing, he became so possessive, controlling and aggressive I turned a blind eye because I loved him until this other day he saw me hugging this other guy we used to go to the same high school. That day he slapped me and apologized saying he didn't mean to I made him to do that to me. Few days later the guy was found dead. I received texts warning me about him and whenever I tried to call the numbers the calls didn't go through. Some girl came to me this one time and told me she was his ex and he's monster I should leave him but she didn't want to explain further. I asked Bob about the girl and he said she was a hoe that cheated on him and now that I was with him he wanted to destroy our relationship. I believed him, a few days later the ex was all over social media. She was also found dead in the same bush that the guy from high school was found. That's when I started getting worried. There was this room in his house that was always locked one day he forgot to lock it and I went in, dead people's pictures were plastered all over the walls including the ex and the guy from high school and all these people died in the same way. I knew right there and then that I had to leave him. He found me in that room and he was angry he beat the hell out of me until I passed out I

woke up naked and fastened on the bed on my wrists and ankles. I told him that I won't tell anyone he must let me go but he wouldn't let me go. He said he owned me. For 3 weeks I was locked up, he gave me food and water other days he would force himself on me. I just wanted to die Nkosinathi...."

I choke on my tears as he holds me tightly in his arms. I can hear his breathing accelerating.

"I don't know how Did my brother find out but I know that he's good at digging information and that's when they found out that Bob had a mental illness but he didn't want to accept his condition and take his medication. The police raided his house, he shot two police officers and tried to escape but they shot him. He died and left me broken"

I let out a gut wrenching sob he tightened his hold around my body and rocked me back and forth like a baby. I cry until tears couldn't come out anymore. His t-shirt is wet with my mucus and tears. I try to pull back from his arms but he holds me tightly. His breathing is the only thing I can hear at this moment.

"Where is his grave?"

"Arbor Park, why?"

"I want to dig him and kill him again!"

I push him and look at him he's deadly serious. His eyes are filled with rage and darkness.

"Baby No! You can't go around digging people's graves that's so wrong and...."

"I don't care okay I really don't care I just hate what he did to you! He didn't deserve to die, he was supposed to suffer first before he dies for the pain he caused to all the people he hurt and mostly for the pain he caused you."

"He was mentally ill..."

“I don’t care Aphiwe, he knew he had a condition and the danger of it but he didn’t want to accept. He was so selfish and put the lives of the people he was close with into danger!”

That is what I always say, Bob knew but he didn’t want to accept. It was all on him but I forgave him. Yes it wasn’t easy but for my own healing I did. My therapist said I shouldn’t allow him to take up so much space in my life that I end up losing my own powers of healing.

“I’m sorry that you had to go through all of that and I’m sorry I wasn’t there to protect you. I’m anything but not that, I promise you. I will never hurt you intentionally and I will protect you no matter what. You are a strong woman ever for surviving that trauma my love. I love you so so so much”

I’m crying all over again he has his way of saying things and make me emotional.

“I love you more baby”

He kisses me and I can taste the salt of my mucus in our mouths but he doesn’t seem to mind.

“What is his name again?”

He asks after breaking the kiss. I look at him

“Baby no you want to dig his grave”

“I won’t, it’s no use my love usegqoka ipitikoti ka mfazi wasathane le ka hell loyo” (...that one wears Satan’s wife’s underwear in hell)

I can’t help but burst into laughter there’s never a dull moment with this one.

“Baby!”

“Ufaka nama kwayi kwayi wa mfazi kasathane” (he even wears Satan’s wife’s heels)

I laugh harder mxm this guy! I don't know how he does it but as you can see just a moment ago I was crying and emotional but now I'm laughing. He kisses me his hands wondering all over my body. In a second our clothes are lying on the floor and he's humping on me. Each stroke is reaching to the depths of my soul. I can feel our souls, bodies, minds and hearts connecting telepathically.

Chapter Thirty Eight

I steel myself against the pain it causes to see that she's not the person I'm looking for. The way she's looking at me I can tell she's terrified I'm sure she thinks I'm trying to rob her.

"I'm sorry sis I didn't mean to grab you like that"

"What do you want from me?"

She asks with a shaky voice. I swallow a painful lump in my throat.

"I thought you were someone else sis ngiyaxolisa" (I'm sorry)

She's not convinced and I'm not going to explain any further I glance at her baby and walk away. Where do I begin? To the reason why I've just traumatized the poor woman I thought she's Cebisile, that bitch disappeared into thin air with my baby. It's been 6 months which means she already gave birth to my daughter and she must be two months old now. I went to check up on her three days after that scene she caused at Rocomamas and I found her gone. She didn't even leave a note nor a message. I know I hurt her but she has no right to keep me away from my daughter.

It was wrong of me to play with her feelings like that knowing that she loved me but I did what was best for her and the baby. I didn't want to stress her she was an emotional wreck and the doctor had complained about her high blood pressure. I had to make her believe we were in a relationship and we were going to be a family but she made me angry by calling Phiwe a bitch and slapped her. I don't understand why was she blaming me for the decisions she took. She's the one who decided to seduce me while she was married and I succumbed to temptation. She knew very well from the beginning that what we had was never going to last.

It's a pity that things transpired the way they did and she ended up losing everything. I also feel guilty for the death of Thiza and Bra

Mos but life has to go on. I thought she ran to her home in Durban but she wasn't there and they also said they don't know where she is. I thought they were hiding her from me especially Thando, but she really doesn't know where she is and she's worried that her sister is out there alone. We have been looking for her but she's nowhere to be found and her contact number doesn't exist. I'd say the Mbheles did something to her but she took all her clothes and she left with the Q7. I even asked Senzo to ask the guy who found her family but it seems like he also can't find her. How is it possible that a person can disappear just like that without a trace?

Every time I see a woman carrying a baby my heart pains. I wasn't there throughout the whole pregnancy to bond with my daughter and feel those kicks. I wonder if she's dark skinned like me or she's light skinned like her Mom. I will never forgive Cebi for doing this to me, one day we're going to meet and she will regret depriving me a chance to be in my baby's life. I didn't know that Mom was happy and couldn't wait to be a grandma seeing that she didn't like Cebi until that day I told her Cebi ran away. She blamed herself and said maybe if she tried to reach out to her for the sake of the baby she wouldn't have left.

I have been miles away with thoughts that I didn't notice the plane has landed. I see her first before she can see me, the moment she sees me she runs to me. I open my arms wide for her and She throws herself in them. I catch her and whisk her off the ground she giggles. Damn I missed her, she's glowing and has grown so much there's even weight gain a bit. Kwanza has always been petite I guess studying in Cuba is agreeing with her. I put her down and look at her

“You have grown so much and you are so beautiful twirl for your brother nana”

She twirls for me

“Tshissaaa you are flames nana!”

She giggles

“Thank you Bhuti”

I take her bag and lead her to my car. I bought a car, it's not fancy it's just a Nissan Almera. I want to expand my business first before I buy my favorite car. I put it in the boot and get inside the car. I find her already choosing a song to play.

“So how have you been?”

I say as I drive out of O.R Tambo International Airport. I was so worried about her, the first two months were difficult for her. She used to call me crying saying she wants to come back home.

“It's not that bad now I'm getting used to the new environment and independence”

“Well I'm glad nana you know that I'm proud of you right?”

She breaks into a smile

“Yes Bhuti and thank you so much”

“Are you hungry?”

“No”

“Cool I hope no boys tried their luck coz I swear I will break their legs”

She laughs

“There are boys of course but I told them my brother kick ass”

We laugh

“How things have been between you and Aphiwe?”

“Okay I guess”

“You guess?”

She gives me the look

“Things between us are okay it’s just that her parents don’t approve of our relationship.”

“Hawu why?”

“I think her father is still sore that I made him cut off a few of his taxis because he was making more money than others”

“Haisuka he must get over it”

I don’t see it happening but I won’t give up on Phiwe I love her so much. It’s been two months since she introduced me officially to her parents and the dinner didn’t go well. “Uyangeyisa mfana ukhipha ama taxi wami emgwaqeni qede lapho ulala nomtanami!” (You are disrespecting me boy you cut off my taxis on the road then you sleep with my daughter!) That’s what he said and Aphiwe tried to beg him to calm down but he didn’t listen. The mother doesn’t like me also but she doesn’t want to disappoint her daughter so she pretends to like me.

After what Ndlela said Aphiwe’s brother grabbed me with my clothes and beat me up. Phiwe was crying hysterically begging her brother to stop. I didn’t fight back, not that I’m scared of Zenzele but he’s Aphiwe’s brother and I have to respect him. It’s really bad I don’t even see her as much as I want. It was better when she was in Cape Town shooting an e. TV drama called Traffic because I’d fly to her whenever I wanted to see her or drive when I want to but now she’s back home and they’re making sure that she doesn’t see me.

“It’s not that easy nana”

“Let’s hope they will come around”

My phone rings it’s connected to the Bluetooth.

“Mama”

“Uphi umtanami Nkosinathi?” (Where’s my child Nkosinathi)

“I’m also your child!”

“Haisuka umdala wena usunezinza!” (You are too old and you even have pubic hair!)

Kwanza and I burst out in laughter.

“She’s turning nineteen tomorrow Mama obviously she has pubic hair too”

“Hers is soft like a baby she is, yours is rough you even know how to make a baby wena!”

We laugh once again.

“Hello mommy” - Kwanza

“Hey baby are you good?” - Mama

“I’m fine mama wena?” - Kwanza

“I miss you I can’t wait to see you. Where are you guys now?” - Mama

“We will come back tomorrow morning” - Me

“Noooo you can’t do that Nkosinathi buyani namhlanje” (...come back today)

“I’m sorry mama...”

“Hheyi angifuni nokuzwa buyani!” (I don’t want to hear it come back!)

She hangs up. Kwanza and I shriek with laughter. I was pulling her leg. We are already on the way home in 3-4 hours I will be there. Tomorrow we are throwing Kwanza a party, it’s her birthday. That’s why she came back for this weekend just to spend her birthday with

us. She doesn't know though we all went all out to make her day special. We won't be celebrating her birthday only but congratulating her as well for getting a bursary to study medicine in Cuba. She really worked hard and made us proud. Thula took a gap year much to Dad's disapproval. I told him he must give her a chance to figure out what she wants. It's better for her to take a gap year than studying a course she doesn't like, she will keep failing.

“Ngizonishaya nina angisiye ugogo wenu!!” (I will beat you two I'm not your grandma!!)

Mom says as we pull in the yard. Did I mention that Mom and Dad got married in December last year. It was a close friends and family wedding. Dad bought her a big double story house in Hutten Heights. They all stay here now, I couldn't leave my Dad's house. I'm a man and I'm responsible for growing the Dlomo surname. It's good though to own the house and I don't have to worry about anything when Aphiwe is visiting plus she's a nudist.

We laugh as Kwanza hugs Mama. Dad comes out too followed by Thula who screams when she sees Kwanza and runs to her. They share a hug after Dad has hugged Kwanza. Their noise is deafening what is this all screaming for? I take Kwanza's bag then we all walk inside the house. I go put her bag into her bedroom and join my family in the balcony. Thula brings drinks and snacks we listen to Kwanza telling us about Cuba and laughing here and there.

“Dad can I talk to you?”

“Let's go to my study”

We walk to his study room with our glasses, his has whiskey and mine beer. We settle on the couch.

“What's wrong?”

He looks at me in anticipation

“I need a favor from you”

“I’m listening”

He sips on his whiskey and looks at me

“I need you to get your brother and go to Ndlela and ask his daughter's hand in marriage”

He widens his eyes

“You want to marry her?”

“I love her baba”

“What do you think will make Ndlela accept your lobola?”

“I don’t know but there has to be a way Taima I love that woman and I want to be with her for the rest of my life. You are friends with him maybe when he sees you he will come around nakhu he hasn’t done anything to me after cutting off his taxis”

He swallows spit and clears his throat

“It’s not possible Nkosinathi we are not that close he happened to owe me a favor now we are even. I told you to leave this girl but you didn’t listen to me. You never listen, Ndlela will never let you marry his daughter forget about that girl and move on”

I shake my head in disapproval

“I love....”

“Nkosinathi stop being stubborn maan!”

“So you are not going to help me?”

“Why do you think there’s something I can do huh?”

“Because you know him Dad and he knows you!”

“I don’t know him!!”

“Huh??”

“Look let this go and move on with your life. This girl isn’t worth it Nkosinathi. Ndlela will never accept you!”

I look at him intently

“Is there something that you are not telling me?”

“Something like what? Hayi Nkosinathi there are plenty of girls out there leave this girl maan!!”

“Mxm uhlulwa ukubhekana nenye indoda nixoxe njengamadoda uncamela ukuthi ngizengihlukane no Aphiwe nc nc nc akukho ndoda la kuwe” (Mxm you can’t go to another man and negotiate men to men rather I break up with Aphiwe nc nc nc you are a weakling / your are less of a man)

I run out before he even says anything but he catches up with me and grabs me by my collar pinning me against the wall.

“Don’t you fucking dare talk to me like that I’m not your child boy I will grate your balls!!”

“Haibo Mphikeleli what are you doing?”

Mom says as she pulls her husband away from me. The girls are looking at us behind mama.

“Uyadelela lomfana!” (This Boy is rude!)

Mom looks at me expecting me to say something but I walk away. I get in my car and drive off as mom calls out for me. I call all my drivers just checking up on them. It’s been hectic since taxi violence has started, different taxi associations are fighting over routes. On Monday I’m going to the meeting and we will be discussing this. I’m so not looking forward to see Aphiwe’s Dad. I haven’t seen him since that day his son beat me up. I hope we will find a solution before we lose more of our beloved taxi drivers and owners.

My phone rings after hanging up it's Mamacita. I find myself smiling as I answer the phone.

“Mamacita”

“Are you back from Johannesburg?”

Oh so no hello how are you my Papito?

“I'm also fine thank you and you?! ”

“We need to talk”

I don't like the tone of her voice, it's so cold.

“I'm on my way home now I'm in town”

“You will find me waiting in your house”

She hangs up on me just like that. What have I done now? Last night we talked nicely and we have had phone sex. I hope her family has not forced her to break up with me. I will literally die, she's the air that I breathe. Our love has grown so strong, we complete each other. She has changed a lot these months she's no longer that Phiwe who thinks she's better than anyone else. What a freak she is in bed damn! I can feel a twinge in my dick as I think of it.

The things that woman does to me demedi! I have never had a woman who challenges me in bed and that's a turn on for me. We do all the freakiest stuff together you can Imagine. The only thing she doesn't like is to be tied into bed on her wrists and ankles it reminds her of what that asshole put her through. I was so livid and broken that she had to go through all of that. I made a promise to myself that I will always protect her. I find her already waiting for me in the living room, yes she has her own keys. I look at her she looks like she's been crying my heart skips a beat. I sit next to her as she switches off the TV

“What's wrong baby?”

“Do you have anything that you need to tell me?”

I look at her and shake my head

“No why?”

“Are you sure Nkosinathi?”

“Yes I’m sure”

She gives me a picture I look at it and swallow a lump in my throat. It’s been years but I will never forget her.

“Who is she?”

“I don’t know”

“If you know what's good for you Nkosinathi you better start talking”

Oh mother fucking Isiah how did she find out about this?

“Inathi you said there shouldn’t be secrets between us”

I can’t tell her this, what if she leaves me? No I can’t.

“Please tell me I’m not dating a psycho again”

Her voice is trembling and her eyes are glistening with tears.

“I’m not a psycho Aphiwe”

“If you are not going to explain yourself to me. I’m going to walk out of that door and I will never look back.”

She gives me an ultimatum. I know that telling her this will change things between us. It could be the end of us I can’t allow that. Ngiyayithanda lengane. She gets up and walks to the door my heart beats harder.

“Her mane was Nokukhanya”

She stops on her tracks and turns around to look at me

“I met her in some house party”

She walks towards me and settles down next to me looking at me expectantly. I rub my palms on my thighs wiping off the sweat on them with my pants.

“You know when My Dad passed there was no time for me to cry I had to man up and arrange my Dad’s funeral. I knew that I had to take over now and be a man to provide for my family. Crying wasn’t going to help me. Sabelo and Khaya were supportive, they decided to take me out to this party. Sabelo is the one who was invited there so we all went there. It was a ncaaaa party booze was there so were girls. You know it’s not a party without girls and booze. When everyone was dancing I was drinking my sorrows away, this girl came to me. We talked and decided to leave together. I took her to Sabelo’s place because at home the extended relatives were still there. Sabelo’s wife had spent the night at her parent’s home. I fucked her hard taking all my pain, grief and anger into her until I passed out. The next morning when I woke up...”

I swallow thick spit in my mouth and I can feel her piercing gaze on me.

“She had bruises all over body, neck, wrists, thighs and there was also blood on the sheets. I shook her but she did respond and I thought she’s tired let me try again. She...she...”

“She what?”

She whispers and swallows hard that I heard the sound of her throat swallowing.

“She didn’t wake up. I couldn’t understand what happened. We had sex and we were both enjoying or at least I thought she was but the next morning she died. I felt like my world was collapsing when Khaya confirmed that she was dead. I was so scared Aphiwe I

thought about my Mom and sister, who was going to take care of them if I go to jail? They were already broken about Dad's passing I knew that going to jail was going to kill them beyond....I...decided that we burn her and threw away her ashes."

We promised each other that we will never talk about this until this one day we found out that she was only sixteen and Mom happened to be there when we were talking about this. She was hurt and angry that is why she freaked out about Omu and said I never learn. I swear there's not a single day where I don't feel guilty about what I did to that girl. It still haunts me after 6 years and this one we are in right now counts 7.

"Oh my God Inathi"

Now she's crying and she has moved away from me as if she's scared of me. I move closer but she moves away.

"It was a mistake Phiwe and a mistake that I will always regret for the rest of my life. Please don't be scared of me I will never hurt you like that"

I stretch out my hand for her but she shakes her head vigorously

"She was just a child Nkosinathi!"

I couldn't even see that she was a child, I was drunk and she had a matured body.

"I know baby I know, her death haunts me everyday of my life"

"Get away from me!"

She screams when I try to touch her. It breaks my heart that she looks scared of me.

"Baby...."

“Leave me alone! You are not better than Bob! You took a little girl’s life the least you could’ve done was to give her a proper burial not burn her!”

I look down and bury my head into my hands as remorse, guilt and pain washes over me.

“We are done!”

“What? No Aphiwe”

“Don’t come near me I will scream”

“I’m sorry Aphiwe!tell me what do you want me to do for you to not leave me please. Even if you want me to confess and go to jail it’s fine”

She shakes her head and cries out loudly. Her sobs feels like a stab in my heart. I’m afraid to even hold her. She gets up and walks out crying. I can’t let her drive in this state but her brother is waiting for her. How did he? I remember that she once told me that her brother is good with digging information. That's how she found out about this. They’re really trying to separate us and I hate that it’s working.

Chapter Thirty Nine

Tears are streaming down my face as my brother drives home. I can't believe I have been sleeping with a murderer again. God what have I done to you? Why do you always make me fall for murderers? When my brother gave me the picture of the girl and told me that she was last seen in some party walking out with Inathi years ago I didn't want to believe him. They don't like my man I expected them to find anything that will make me break up with him but after what I have been through with Bob I decided to ask Inathi. I still can't believe what he just told me. I know that no one is born perfect but I definitely didn't expect this from him.

“What did he say or do to you?”

My brother asks after a while. He's the one that dropped me off at Inathi's house and said he will give me only 15 minutes to talk to him if I don't come out he will get inside the house.

“He didn't do anything to me”

“Then what did he do to the girl?”

He doesn't know what really happened to the girl. The information he got was that she left with Inathi and he believed that he did something to her which is true but he doesn't have to know that.

“He was drunk and he didn't see that the girl was under age he only saw that the next morning so he gave her money and told her to disappear”

“That's a lie I don't believe it. Where is she pho? Ngiyazazi nginswempu kabi ekuvundululeni ngabe ngimtholile lomtwana la akhona. She can't disappear without a trace” (.....I know I'm good at digging information I would've found her wherever she is....)

I wish he could help find Cebisile but that's just impossible because he knows Cebisile is Inathi's baby mama. Cebisile's disappearance is weighing down on Inathi. I can't believe that she really used the child to get back at him. Keeping the child away from him won't change anything and Uthandiwe won't stay young forever. She will grow up and want to know her father, she may lie but one way or the other Inathi and his daughter are going to meet one day and I know that Uthandiwe will resent her mom when she learns the truth.

"You said the aunt was abusing her I'm sure the girl saw it as an opportunity to escape that hell hole"

"Still Aphiwe I would've found her. That guy is lying and of course he will lie to you because he doesn't want you to break up with him. I hope you ended things with him he's not the right guy for you"

"You don't know him as much I do Zenzele he's a great guy and...."

"Good guy that sleeps with underage girls and kills them!"

"He didn't kill her!"

"Oh please if you really believe him then you are so naive than I thought! If you know what's good for you Aphiwe you will stay away from that boy!"

He's 5 years older then you don't call him a boy! Thanks God we are home. I step out of the car and slam the door as I walk inside the house.

"Baby"

Mom says I don't say anything but walk upstairs to my bedroom. Uyangicika nje kwayena (she irritates me) because when she's with me she's pretending to like Inathi but when there's Dad around she doesn't say anything. I don't understand why can't they just accept him. Dad was being greedy and inconsiderate he was not thinking about other taxi owners.

Inathi is calling me, I want to talk to him at the same time, I don't want to. I think I understand why he had to get rid of her body. How was he going to take care of his mom and sister in jail? It's cruel I know but sometimes you have to do what you have to do to save your ass. My mom walks in without knocking and she knows I hate that.

“Yini inkinga yakho?” (What's your problem?)

My problem is you walking into my bedroom without knocking.

“I don't have a problem”

I say with attitude.

“Ngiyakubiza uyangiziba what's wrong with you huh don't you have respect now?” (You are ignoring me when I call you....)

I don't say anything but cover my head with my throw.

“Yey wena Aphiwe I'm talking to you!”

She pulls away the throw from me

“What do want from me Mom?”

“Ever since you are seeing this boy you have no respect!.....”

“If there's a person that teaches me respect it's him Mama! That boy as you say he loves me enough to tell me when I'm wrong. He doesn't sugarcoat anything he gives me the truth as raw and painful as it is unlike some parents I know!”

“Is that what he tells you huh? That we raised you wrong? See this boy is not right for you he's feeding you poison! He wants you to drift away from us then he will start controlling you! I don't know why can't you see that he's bad for you!”

“Finally she said it! I don't get why can't y'all be happy for me that I found a good man that loves me so much”

“You’ve only known him for a few months he’s still going to show you his true colors!!”

“7 months is not a few months, that's almost a year! Nothing you say will make me break up with him I love him!”

“Heeeeh sazesavelelwa ilomfana he must have a gold dick!!!”

“Yesss with a diamond tip and platinum balls!”

I feel a hot sensation on my cheek. I can’t believe she just slapped me. She has never raised her hand on me and I can see that she’s even shocked herself. She walks out banging the door behind her. I take my phone and call Inathi his voice comes through before it even rings once.

“Apple butter”

I let out a loud sob.

“Baby I’m sorry please don’t cry you are breaking my heart when you are crying like this”

“Please come fetch me”

“ I’m coming yezwa”

I nod with my head as if he can see me. I toss my phone away and cry. Before I even expect him he calls me and tells me that he’s outside the gate. I slid out of bed, take my gate remote and wear my slippers then walk downstairs.

“Where are you going?”

Mom asks as I head to the door. I’m 24 years old but I’m treated like a 5 year old in this house argh!

“Out”

I head out and go to my man. He has parked on the other side of the road and standing outside of his car with his hands tucked in his pants . He knows I don't want him to wear sweatpants but here is is now in a sweatpant. The walk to the other side of the road feels so long and tears are blurring my vision. I jog to him , he meets me halfway and catches me in his arms.

“Ssshhh I'm sorry. I'm really sorry”

He takes my hand and we went to his car. He opens the door for me I get in, he closes the door and jogs to his side.

“Our spot or my house”

“Our spot”

He starts the car and drive to our spot. It's a secluded place under a tree. We jump to the back seat and he makes me sit on his thighs, straddling him. I bury my face on his neck and inhale his spicy but sweet scent. He's stroking my back with his hand while the other is on my waist. No one is saying anything to the other but I'm so calm now. He makes me calm, his presence cheers me up and makes My day.

“If I could take back the hands of time I would baby. I have never found peace in my heart ever since that day. Guilt is eating at me every single day and I console myself that I had to do it for my mom and sister. If I have to confess so that you don't leave me then I will baby that's how much I love you.”

“I don't want you to go to jail”

“Then what do you want me to do ? Say it baby as long as you won't leave me”

“I understand”

“Huh?”

I pull back from his neck and look at him, his eyes are bloodshot red. I cup his bearded cheeks in my palms. Up to this day I still can't get use to his handsomeness.

“I understand why you had to do it baby”

“You do”

He looks at me surprised

“Yes and I don't want you to confess and or do anything. I just want you to continue to love me and continue to fuck me hard”

He smiles as he pulls his lower lip between his teeth, looking all yummy. I just wanna devour him right now and right here!

“Oh Mamacita I'm going to drench you in endless ever lasting love and fuck you senselessly!”

I release a moan and grind on him. He's turning me on. I feel his hands going under my dress and squeeze my butt. I press my lips on his and we share a kiss that makes me wet in the way that I have never had I'm sure I have creamed his pants. His lips escapes my mine and go for my neck leaving kisses and gentle bites

“Mmmmh”

I moan as he squeezes my breast in his hands. I want no foreplay just him deep inside of me. I get up a bit and release his rod it springs out ready to do the dance. He bites his lips as I stroke his cock then pull my panties aside. I slide myself down on his hard length and we both moan.

“Why are you wearing sweatpants?”

I start rocking up and down his shaft.

“Ahhhh eishhh”

He moans and his grip on butt tightens.

“You don’t get to touch me after making me a fool naughty boy. Put your hands on the back of your head!”

I run my hands under his t-shirt and find his little erect nipples and pinch them.

“Fuck!”

He grunts and put his hands on the back of his head. I roll my hips building up the speed of my thrusts.

“You said you got rid of them am I your fool?”

“Nooooo shit!”

“You are advertising my dick to horny hoes!”

“I’m sorry baby please let me hold you...oh shiit”

His groans are getting higher and higher as I bounce up and down.

“Fuck! I want to touch you baby please”

“Keep holding that head wena!”

I love it when he’s at my mercy begging me. He wasn’t wearing this sweatpants when I went to see him in his house he only wore them after I left because he didn’t think he will see me again today. He must be punished for lying to me and said he got rid of them. Now I’m riding on his dick like I’m playing hoola hoops and he’s animalistic groan fills his car. The feel of his dick growing bigger inside of me drives me to the edge we both explode at once.

“Shidi maaan!!”

I bury my head on his neck panting like a dog. Gosh his dick is amazzzzingggg. I laugh when I think of what I said to Mama about his dick.

“Ukitazwa yini?” (what’s tickling you?)

“Mom slapped me and she has never laid her hands on me”

He pulls me back and looks at my cheek I know that I have her fingerprints on it. My skin bruise easily.

“Fuck I didn’t notice, why did she slap you?”

He caresses my cheek and kisses it

“She said bazebavelelwa wuwe you must have a gold dick and I told her that yes with a diamond tip and platinums balls”

I laugh but he’s not laughing. He doesn’t find it funny oh well...

“You shouldn’t have said that apple butter she’s your mother and you should respect her”

Oh here comes the lecture.

“I know baby but she made me angry”

“Still it doesn’t give you the right to talk shit to your mother, she gave birth to you. She deserves every single respect from you no matter how angry she makes you”

I fight the urge to roll my eyes. I can’t do that to him I remember this other day I rolled my eyes at him he spanked my butt until it was numb.

“I’m sorry baby”

“You are apologizing to a wrong person.”

“I will apologize to her”

He nods his head and burst into laughter out of the blue. I’m confused as hell.

“A gold dick with a diamond tip and platinum balls yeeey uyakhuluma ngalomlonyana wakho” (...you talk too much with that small mouth of yours)

He says laughing and I join him.

“Wazengqeda apple butter” (you are killing me apple butter)

He has changed my life for the better. I have learnt a lot in the past 7 months. He let me in his world and taught me many things I didn't know, not only about the taxi industry but life in general as well. I give an applause to our taxi drivers for the important role they play in everyone's lives. I know that many people like me (before) do not acknowledge the big role they play in our lives. Taxi drivers wake up in the wee hours of the morning to drive people to their different destinations.

Life without them would be so impossible. Imagine if they can stay off the road just for a week, the world would crumble to its knees. People will die in the hospitals and clinics because the doctors and nurses won't make it to work. It would be impossible for businesses to operate without the workers. Some people will lose their jobs for not showing up at work. The list is endless but still they don't get the respect and recognition they deserve. We call them by names and degrade their jobs, that very same job it's one of our basic needs in our lives.

How long do they have to take our overestimated opinions and insults before they react? Not all taxi drivers are dirty and unclean and those who are now I understand why? Their long working hours are crazy and draining. What a waste of creativity to whoever came up with the term “Umageza Empompini” this is demoting taxi drivers to lower rank and deepening the class divide. No one is better than the other, without the taxi owner there's no taxi driver and without the taxi driver there's nowhere to go.

“I hate that I'm the reason you are fighting with your parents”

Now he's serious and I can see how deeply this affects him. It affects me as well, nothing hurts as not getting the approval of your parents

to be with the one you love, the one you want to spend the rest of your life with.

“I’m sorry baby”

I hate that I don’t know what I will say or do that will change this situation. I feel his phone vibrating in his pants mind you he’s still inside of me. I get up from him and take the wet wipes that we keep in the glove box. I wipe myself first then wipe him, his pants has wet stain of our cum.

“Won’t you answer your phone?”

I ask throwing the used wipers outside the window.

“No”

He pulls me back to his thighs but now I’m facing the other side and his warm breathing against the side of my neck is tingling.

“Why?”

“It’s Mom”

I look at him with a raised brow

“I had fight with Dad”

“Oh what were you fighting for?”

“He doesn’t want to come to your Dad and ask for your hand in marriage on my behalf”

He says so calm as if what he just said is not astonishing

“You want to marry me?”

I ask with my eyes wide open

“Yes why are you surprised? I told you nje that I will wife you”

Yes he did this other day when we were having an amazing sexathon but I didn't think he was serious I thought it's sex that was making him say things he didn't really mean.

“Oh my God baby you were serious?”

“Yes my love I want to spend the rest of my life with you but your parents are standing in our way, not that I will I give up on you though. I won't rest until I make you my wife”

I smile through my tears, why are they making our lives difficult we didn't commit crime we just fall in love.

“Oh baby I don't know what to say”

“I will fix this I don't know how yet but I will fix it, I promise you”

“Why doesn't your father do not want to come to my father?”

“He says he will never accept me but I feel like he's not telling me everything. I mean as my father what's hard for him to come and plead to your father on my behalf? I'm sure they can reach a common ground. He so adamant that your father will never accept me”

I sigh heavily.

“But what could he be hiding maybe I should Dad about him?”

“No don't do that”

“But we have to get to the bottom of this otherwise I'm marrying you without their blessings”

“That means a lot to me baby but we need their blessings. I'm a Zulu man I want to do everything by our custom. I don't want you to be my wife on paper nje kuphela” (...only)

“I hear you baby yaz I remember this other day I saw Mom and your Father but they didn’t see me. I was surprised but I brushed it off”

He looks at me confused. I’m also confused how do they know each other.

“What do you mean together?”

“No they were not in a cosy position but seeing them together was astounding”

He doesn’t say anything but he’s mind seems to be far away.

“Do you think they’re having an affair?”

I ask eventually after a long silence

“I don’t know baby but I will find out. It’s getting dark now I should drive you back home”

We move to the front seats, he starts the car and drive me home.

“How’s Kwanele?”

“She’s fine and she’s glowing you will see her tomorrow”

“I know how hard it is for the first few months. It’s scary to be far away from home in a foreign country and having to meet new people and all that. I’m glad she’s getting used to her new environment. Everything is ready for tomorrow?”

“Yes my love it’s all set”

“She’s going to be happy”

I offered to pay for the decor and catering. Inathi paid for DJ Zinhle she’s Kwanele’s favorite artist and the photographer. The folks paid for the venue and food. It’s going to be a beautiful party I can feel it.

“I know hey she deserves more actually ,that child really made us proud.”

The smile in his voice it's evident that he's proud of his sister. I love the bond he has with his sisters it's out of this world. I'm so craving this kind of relationship with my brother. I know that Zenzele loves me but he's not the affectionate type of a brother. The brother that hugs, kisses and takes his sister out to watch movies or have ice cream like Inathi does to his sisters. He even knows which type of pads they use and which one causes them rash. I know hey he's really the best brother ever. Zenzele is...Zenzele I know his hug because I force him to hug me but he loves me and will kill for me. We kiss for a long time I don't want him to go and leave me.

“Baby go I don't feel comfortable being here before your parents house your Dad could come out”

“I don't want you to go”

That's just me when I'm in love ngiyayinamathela indoda (I'm clingy to my man) and I'm not even ashamed of it.

“It's only a few hours, then you will see me again musa ukukhala please” (...don't cry please)

When I'm with him I'm always happy it's no longer nice living in this house now ever since the day I introduced my man to my Parents. When I think of that day my blood boils. Zenzele beat the shit out of my man yhoos I was so angry and broken. I regretted inviting him to my house but he told me that I shouldn't worry it was not my fault. I finally let him go and walk inside of the house. Thanks God there's no one downstairs. I make my way up to my bedroom and slide into my bed. Mom doesn't bring my food as usual when I don't make it to dinner table. I sleep as hungry as I am.

The next morning I'm woken up by my grumbling stomach. I'm so hungry and I even feel light headed a bit. I have missed calls from my Papito and my friends. I will return to them when I have eaten right now I need food. I know that the girls want to ask about the

time they should come to Kwanele's party. Papito didn't have a problem when I asked to invite my friends. Zonke likes him and she thinks he's the right guy for me then Stacey is tolerating him because I made it clear to her that whatever her opinion about my man is, she should keep it to herself. I wash my face and mouth then head downstairs.

"Morning sis Rebs"

She's making breakfast and the smell of pancakes makes me drool.

"Good morning Wewe, how did you sleep?"

"I slept okay I guess. I'm so hungry"

"The breakfast will be ready now"

"Do you want a hand?"

She smiles and nods yes with her head. What the hell is happening here? Well Nkosinathi Dlomo is what is happening here.

"How is your hot man?"

I blush

"He's okay sis Rebs"

"He really loves you and I think he's a good man for you. You've changed Wewe in a good way. You are no longer that spoilt brat"

We laugh ahh what can I say? I'm blessed!

"I know hey but no one sees that except you"

"It's tough but don't give up on your love"

"I'm not planning to"

"That's my girl!"

I giggle

“When are you going to ask me to teach you how to cook? Zulu men love home cooked meals especially prepared by their women.”

Bob was a white guy of course. I sigh I haven't thought about it.

“I don't know”

“Haibo girl you need to know soon. That man wants you to cook for him, he may not say it now but later he will and you have to be ready. Plus he's a taxi driver they all love cooked meals, make sure that meat is always there”

I laugh

“Oh that's just him! I remember on his birthday last year I organized brunch for us in a seafood restaurant guess what did he say? Angizidli izinkalankala mfethu ngifuna ipapa nenyama. Hhhay kabi ne thatha na le juice mhlampe kwayona nje umchamo wenkalankala” (I don't eat crabs bro and no offense take this juice maybe it also a crab's urine.)

We burst into laughter.

“What were you thinking taking a taxi driver to a seafood restaurant?”

“My dad eats seafood I thought Inathi will like it too”

We laugh once again but her laughter ceases the minute mom's scent hit my nostrils.

“Rebecca I'm not paying you to advise my daughter about men or have you forgotten your job description?”

Sis Rebs swallows hard

“I'm sorry Mrs Ndlela I...”

“My husband is hungry finish up!”

With that said she walks out leaving her scent lingering in the kitchen. I help Rebs set up the table vele that's the only thing I know. She thanks me then we gather around the table and eat. The tension is too heavy for me.

“Can you guys hear that?”

They all look at me lost

“The tension in this house is so thick this is not us. We used to be a happy family.....”

Dad cuts me off

“Until you brought that boy to us”

“That ‘boy’ makes me happy Daddy, why can’t you be happy for me? Don’t I deserve to be happy?”

“Happy with a guy that sleeps with underage girls and make them disappear?” - Zenzele

“What do you mean he makes them disappear?” - Mom

“He kills them obviously but your little princess here is so naive to believe that” - Zenzele

“It’s only one girl Zenzele and no he didn’t kill her!” - Me

“How do you know were you there?” - Mom

“Dad what if Inathi pays you for the taxis you cut off the road?” - Me

It will be unfair to ask Inathi to do this so I will pay Dad on my own and say it’s from Inathi if he agrees.

“I don’t want his money I have so much money” - Dad

“Then what do you want him to do?” - Me

“To stay the hell away from you!”

“He asked me to marry him and I said yes”

“Whaaaaat????” - Mom & Zenzele

“Over my dead body!!!” - Dad

He bangs the table I jump a bit with fright. He’s fuming with anger now and his eyes are all out ngathi ixoxo lishayiswe imoto (like a frog that's been ran over by a car).

“I’m tired of you guys controlling my life I’m going to marry Nkosinathi whether you like it or not! Can’t y’all just let me be with my man and stop telling me that he’s not the right guy for. How do you guys know that he’s not the right guy for me? I don’t trust your judgment because I found myself locked up and raped by the same guy you guys thought was the right guy for me.” - Me

I get up

“Where the hell are you going we’re still talking to you??” - Dad

“I have my man’s sister’s party to attend I need to prepare myself”

I walk upstairs as Dad screams at me.

* * *

To say I’m relieved would be an understatement that my apple butter understand why I had to do what I had to do. She completes me and makes me whole, she’s the best decision I have made in my life. I can go on and on the whole fucking day about her. I called her last night but she didn’t answer her phone I think she was asleep

she's a deep sleeper and she likes her beauty sleep. I will wait for her to wake up then she will call me.

I knock on the door she opens it and lets me in without saying a word. She's mad I know that look of hers. It smells so lovely in here I hope whatever that is smelling so divine is the breakfast. I'm starving and last night I slept with a cereal. The results of staying alone and having a woman who can't even cook an egg to save her life. I always eat here but for obvious reason last night I couldn't come.

“Morning Ndlovukazi”

“Ya”

Yhoo she's really mad even her pet name is not doing the trick today.

“It smells lovely, what are you making? ”

“I woke up at 03:00 am baking your sister's cake”

I smile that's so sweet.

“That's so sweet. What about breakfast? I'm starving”

I say opening the fridge checking for last night's leftovers. The smile on my face when I see the plate of beef and rice with potato mash but it disappears the moment Mom closes the fridge.

“You are not eating any food without apologizing to your father!”

I knew it!

“But.....”

“There's no but you were so disrespectful how could you say that to him?”

She won't stop screaming let me just get over and done with this now.

"Where is he?"

"In the garden"

I nod and walk out heading to the garden. He loves his garden and he doesn't want anyone to do it for him.

"Greetings"

"Yebo"

That yebo is is cold and sour. I clear my throat.

"I'm sorry about what I said yesterday, I was out of line. Please forgive me for disrespecting you"

He doesn't say anything for a while just continue with watering his plants.

"It better be the last time you do that boy"

"So are we cool?"

"Yes"

"Are you cheating on Mama with Aphiwe's Mom?"

He looks at me with shock.

"What are you talking about?"

"Oh cut it Dad you know what I'm talking about, are you cheating on Mama? Is that why you don't want me to marry Aphiwe because you are chowing her Mother?"

"Hey hey watch your tone"

“Well if you don’t tell me what’s going on I’m going to tell mama”

“Tell me what?”

Mom says as she appears behind us. I look at Dad faking a huge smile.

“It's a surprise my butternut”

“What surprise?”

“Would it be a surprise if I tell you?”

“I guess not...the girls are up now come let’s go sing for Nele”

“We are coming just now butternut ”

He plants a peck on Mom’s lips and watches her as she walks away.

“I’m not cheating on your Mom I will never do that to her. I'm not a cheater and I will never be”

“Then how do you know her?”

“We are old friends”

“You never told me that and I saw how terrified you were when Mom was here. It can’t just be that you are old friends”

“Okay fine we use to date back then before I even met my late wife and we happened to bump into each other that day. I don’t want your mom to know because you know how women are she will overreact kanti there’s nothing going on between me and Aphiwe’s Mom. I’m happily married and so is she”

I look at his eyes I think I believe him.

“Oh okay wash your hands and let’s go sing for birthday girl”

He does as I say then we walk into the house. We hear the girls laughing as they walk down the stairs. Mom takes the cake , it's beautiful and have two candles 1 and 9. We start singing Thula join us as Kwanza blushes. I laugh as we sing the ungaki thing. She blows the candles and we cheer for her.

“Say a wish!” - Thula

“I have so many wishes I could go on all day but I will just say one. I wish God to keep me and you guys until I make you guys proud of me and thank you for everything you've done for me especially you Mama and Bhuti” - Kwanza

Ohhh now that's so sweet.

“Happy birthday my Princess Mommy loves you so much” - Mom

They share a hug

“Happy birthday my little Doctor” - Me

I say and hug her then pass her over to Dad who wishes her a happy birthday and passes her to Thula.

“So where are the prezzies? ” - Kwanza

We all look at each other we are going to give her at the party.

“Come on guys don't tell me that you didn't buy even a chocolate slab” - Kwanza

“I got you this sis” - Thula

She gives her a lollipop

“A stumbo Thula really?”

We laugh

“I baked you a cake my princess I woke up at 03:00am. The people who are owing you are these two” - Mom

She points at Dad and I.

“Thank you mommy. I love you so much!” - Kwanza

She hugs her again

“Bhuti? Daddy?”

“Oh well since you two don’t know what to say you are taking me for shopping right now”

The half of the day is spent at the mall, the shopping for Kwanza turns out to be Mom's and Thula's as well. I'm happy that birthday girl is happy and she's satisfied, little does she know that there's a big surprise for her. Time is 17:00pm now the party will start at 18:00pm until midnight. I'm at Newcastle Inn making sure that everything is just the way the princess would like it to be. I have to admit that Phiwe's people did them things here. The colors are red and black with a touch of white here there. Red and black are Kwanza's colors. Everything here screams Kwanza, I have no doubt that she's going to like the decor.

I came with Aphiwe's TT she's going to ride with the folks and the girls. She has to dress up Kwanza and do all those things women do. There's food, whiskey, wine, champagne everything I'm happy and satisfied the only person I'm worried about is Dj Zinhle she's running late but she promised to be here soon. It's going for 18:00pm now and people have started arriving. Thula and Kwanele's friends were the one who were handling the guests lists because I don't know all the people she's close with but what I know is no one doesn't know Kwanele at Osizweni High school. She's the type of girl who's known by everyone wherever she goes. I feel my phone vibrating in my pants.

“Mamacita”

“We are here Papito”

“Okay”

I hang up and call everyone. Mpume and Sweetness are here now.

“Guys they are here now let’s get ready”

We all keep quiet and wait for them as we hear their voices getting near. When they get in we all scream.

“Suuuupppprriiissee!”

Kwanza covers her mouth with her hand in shock. She looks so beautiful I almost didn't recognize her.

“Welcome to your 19th birthday party nana”

“Oh my God!”

Now she’s crying and Mom is comforting her. We sing her a happy birthday song.

“Oh my... I don’t know what to say thank you so much guys”

“One two testing.. One two....Evening everyone before I say anything can I just tell you guys that you all look dashing!”

That’s Aphiwe she’s the MC. Screams of cheer fills the room

“Nibahle impela kodwa animidluli usungaye” (Y’all are beautiful but not more then our birthday princess)

Everyone laughs

“I'm Aphiwe Ndlela some of you have seen me on screen recently in Traffic on an etv drama. I’m going to be the MC for tonight. Thank you everyone for availing yourselves. Feel free and enjoy it’s a party.

We apologize that our Dj is running late but so long enjoy finger foods and drinks. Let's have fun and be merry"

She walks to me but some girls stop her and ask to take selfies with her. I look around almost everyone here is Kwanza's age, there are a few who looks older. I like that everyone adhered to the colors of the day it looks so beautiful. My parents are sitting in a corner and having finger food. Kwanza is sitting on her special seat with her best friends on her sides and the photographer is taking pictures of them. Thula is...Oh there she's welcoming some tall boy at the door who's looking nervous. They walk to Kwanza and she blushes when she sees the boy then they share a very long hug that ends with a kiss on the forehead. What the fuck?

"What are you looking at?"

Phiwe snaps me out and looks at what I was looking

"Who the fuck is that boy?"

"I don't know baby"

"I'm going to...."

"No don't go there please just let her be it's her birthday party tonight and the boy hasn't done anything inappropriate. Even if that's her boyfriend they won't be feely touchy while you and your parents are here"

"I don't want her to have a boyfriend at all Aphiwe"

She gives me a look

"What?"

"She's 19 baby"

"So?"

"She's old enough to have a boyfriend"

“No no no she’s still a baby, boys are a distraction!”

“As much as you don’t want to hear it but she’s already at that stage where most start dating. Yazi mina I lost my virginity at the age of 16 years”

“Phela wena kade wasa that’s why you know gold dick with diamond tip and platinum balls”

We laugh and share a kiss that doesn’t last long as we hear screams. Dj Zinhle is here and these children are going crazy at her. Finally now the party can begin. Phiwe goes to the front as Dj Zinhle’s team set up their equipment. Kwanza is crying in her favorite artist arms and she’s comforting her. When they break the hug Kwanza looks at my direction and mouths ‘Thank you, I love you’ I smile and mouth back ‘I love you too’

“Yaaay our Dj is finally here let's give it up for Dj Zinhle!!!”

The cheers goes crazy as Aphiwe gives Dj Zinhle the mic

“Hello hello hello everyone!!”

The response burst out loudly

“Thank you for such a lovely welcome and I apologize for being late I had to start somewhere. Kwanele I’m sorry but I promise this night is not going to be a night to remember by you only but for everyone”

With that said she gets on with what she does the best making the crowd scream and dance. I smile when I see my boys making their way in that is Senzo and Sabelo. Don’t ask me about Khaya because I also don’t know where he is and I don’t care. They make their way to me we fistbump and share pleasantries. Aphiwe’s friends also make their way in and she meets them halfway. The colored one doesn’t like me but Zonke doesn’t seem to have a problem with me.

The night is going well, mom and I said little speeches earlier which made Kwanza cry and gave her gifts. Everyone seems to be having a good time. I'm not drinking I want to make sure that everyone is okay and everything goes well. Phiwe complains about bladder irritation so when Mom and Dad decide to leave she leaves with them and her friends leave as well. Dj Zinhle wenza amasimba but we are waiting for that song that makes everyone goes "ahhhhhhhhhh" even the ones that doesn't know how to dance they make a plan it's like she read my mind.

♪♪ Kdala ndibona ndiphila kanje ndibona ndiphila kanje
 Kungenxa yothando lwakhe yhiiii
 Mehlo ami avuliwe
 Ndlebe zami zimamele
 Mlomo wami uthetha naye thetha naye
 Nguye yedwa
 Kdala ndibona ndiphila kanje ndibona ndiphila kanje
 Kungenxa yothando lwakhe yeee yeeah
 Mehlo ami avuliwe
 Ndlebe zami zimamele
 Mlomo wami uthetha naye thetha naye
 Nguye yedwa
 Wavuth umlilo namalangabi
 Wavuthi umlilo nangu lomlilo x4
 Nangu lomlilo lilo lilo lilo lilo
 Lomlilo lilo lilo lilo lilo lilo
 Lomlilo lilo lilo lilo
 Lomlilo lilo lilo lilowooo
 Hayyyiiyeeehyeeeh
 Thando lwakho dali imilingo suki mishosha
 Intandoyakho abangaboni sebeyobona
 Mina ngeke ngikwazi ukufakazela omuny umuntu kodwa uthando
 lwakho ayi mina ngizotshela abanangi
 Nangu lomlilo lilo lilo lilo lilo
 Lomlilo lilo lilo lilo lilo lilo
 Lomlilo lilo lilo lilo
 Lomlilo lilo lilo lilowooo
 Hayyyiiyeeehyeeeh♪♪

Almost everyone is dancing and this moment just reminds me of Cebisile. Today I can move because of her I wonder where she is with my daughter. The day we will meet I swear I don't know what I will do to her. It's indeed a night to remember.

Now I'm driving home with the girls they are drunk like fuck . If I wasn't here these boys would've taken advantage of them. Kwanza is drunk but she still has a bottle of champagne sipping on it.

“Bhuti wami thank you so much not for tonight only but for everything you have done for me. I'm not lucky but I'm blessed to have a brother like you. You are such a great role model to every brother in the world. Thanks for all the guidance and words of wisdom I am indebted to you beyond repayment. Many girls out there are craving for this love from their brothers but their brothers are not cool like mine psshhh”

They both burst into laughter. It took her forever to say that because she kept burping and slurring in between. Her words tugs at my heartstrings. I'm happy she's happy.

“Thanda Bhuti wami yezwa” (I love you my brother)

“Ngiyakncanywa nami nana wami” (I love you too my baby)

“Ncoooooooooo” - Thula

“When I'm a doctor I will buy you a plane Bhuti. Please play Ngizokuthengela bhanoyi.” - Kwanza

I do as she says, she turns up the volume and we all sing together as she stuck out her upper body from the sunroof.

♪♪ Wowu indiza mshini
 Aw ng'zokthengela
 Aw ng'zokthengela iBhanoyi
 Aw ng'zokthengela iBhanoyi
 O waaaa a
 Aw ng'zokthengela iBhanoyi
 (my love) x4

Aw ng'zokthengela iBhanoyi
 Ah noma bengathini eh
 wena ungowami eh
 nabaphans sebevumile
 aw ngithi sekulotshiwe
 Ikhandalivele lidume
 um'ungekho eduze
 I-Smile sam saziwa nguwe
 we-Sweetheart my lovei weh
 Sebezamile baningi bethi
 sohlukana kodwa
 lento ayenzeki
 Oh bath'uBaby ungidlisile
 kanti abazi ukuthi mina
 ng'semathandweni
 Wowu Indiza mshini 🎵🎵

Through the loud music that is playing I hear gunshots and the car screeches as it spirals out of the road. I sway the steering wheel I manage to stop the car from rolling over. My heart is beating out of my chest I catch a glimpse of the car as it drives away. .

“Kwanza! Thula! Are you girls okay?”

I say as I turn the light on. Kwanza is lying on top of Thula and there's blood. My heart stops beating for a second..

“Kwanza! Thula!”

I get out of the car to the back seat to them. I remove Kwanza from Thula and there's blood all over I'm not sure where she got shot. I feel her pulse is not there oh no!

“Kwanza! Don't do me like that nana please!”

Thula lazily opens her eyes and when she looks at Kwanza she screams in anguish. I search for my phone and call the ambulance.

“Are you okay Thula? Did you get shot or hurt?”

“Nooo I don’t feel any pain”

“Hang in there nana the ambulance is coming”

I say rocking Kwanza back and forth. The police and the ambulance arrives. Two paramedics attend Kwanza while the other is attending Thula. The police are asking me questions but my focus is on my sister. I see the other one that is examining Kwanza shaking his head as they whisper something to each other.

“What’s going on sir? Is my sister going to be okay? Why are you stopping? Take her to the hospital!”

“I’m sorry sir your sister is no more”

Those words echo in my ears, I feel the world spinning for a second.

“No no you are lying! She’s not dead! Kwanza is strong she...noooo!”

“No matter how strong she was she wouldn’t have survived three bullets one at the back of her head, two on her chest”

“Nooooo! Kwanza wake up mtaka ma show them you are strong show them you are a fighter!”

I try to stop them as they put her in a body bag but it’s in vain. I don’t know when the state hearse arrived. They take her body away I feel tears burning in my eyes but they refuse to fall. Thula refuses to go with the ambulance to check for internal injuries or bleeding since they didn’t find any wound on her.

I tell the police that I will address my family so they drop us off and leave. I’m dreading my walk to my parents bedroom. I don’t have the strength to do this my knees are wobbling. I can hear moans as I approach their bedroom.

“You like that my Butternut?”

“Yesss daddy don’t stop please”

I swallow a painful lump in my throat as it hit me hard that I'm about to change this moment their having right now for the worst. When I get to the door I stand there contemplating whether to knock or just go away. I'm not strong enough to do this but do I have a choice?

“Ubani?” (Who's that?)

Dad asks on the other side of the room

“It's me baba”

I say with a shaky voice. I hear some shuffling then the door opens. Dad eyes pops out as he looks at my clothes covered with Kwanza's blood.

“Nkosinathi what happened why do you have blood?”

I walk in mom is in bed duvet is wrapped around her armpits. The look on her face when she sees the blood is making me weak.

“Nkosinathi what happened? Where are your sisters?”

The tremor in her voice can't be missed. I try to talk but words are failing me. I don't know what is the hardest between telling her that her daughter is no more or that she was shot gruesomely with three bullets.

“Nkosinathi”

It comes out as a whisper and I can see tears glistening in her eyes.

“Ngiyaxolisa mama uKwanele akasekho emhlabeni”
(I'm sorry mom Kwanele is no more)

I can hear my voice breaking down by every single syllable coming out of my mouth.

There's no response from her for a moment I'm not sure if she heard me or not

“Woah Nkosinathi akasekho emhlabeni uyephi?” (She's no more where did she go?)

“She passed away mama”

“Ay it can't be Nkosinathi, how? She was fine and happy just few hours ago she...nooo!”

She says shaking her head vigorously as tears form in her eyes.

“I'm sorry mama”

Her loud heart wrenching sob fills the room breaking my already shattered heart. This is not real its a horrible dream, I'm suffocating and everything around me is crumbling, someone wake me up please!

Chapter Forty

The days keep moving by but no one is waking me up from this horrible dream. I'm in a dark tunnel without a single glimmer of light to give me hope that someone will wake me up from this horrible dream. I'm losing my strength each passing day trying to stop all the running up and down arranging for the funeral, the people coming in and out to offer their condolences, the deafening heart wrenching sobs of my mother but it's all in vain. Everything around me is crumbling down at a very high speed. I don't know what to do.

I hear her footsteps as she walks in and I know she's here to feed me that's how she's been making sure that I eat something at least. She comes closer after putting the tray on the dresser. I'm sitting on the edge of the bed with my head buried in my hands. I don't know how long I have been sitting here I just zone out a lot lately. On Tuesday I almost ran over an old woman luckily Dad was there with me now they don't want me behind the steering wheel. I remove my hands from my face and look at her before me kneeling on the floor. The doek looks good on her and Kwanza once said if you want to know that you are ugly or not you must wrap a doek on your head and look yourself in the mirror if it doesn't suit you then you must be really ugly.

"What are you smiling about?"

"The doek looks good on you"

She smiles but it doesn't reach her eyes. It's been a tough week for all of us. They clicked the very first moment they met.

"Thank you. I brought you food"

"I'm not hungry"

"You haven't been hungry since..."

She blinks her tears back and swallows spit

“But you have to eat”

“I will eat later”

“No you have to eat now Papito before you guys go to fetch her”

It's Friday today my nana's funeral is going to be tomorrow. I'm not looking forward to say my final goodbye to her. It still feels surreal maybe by tomorrow I will be woke and all of this will be just a horrible nightmare. She gets up from the floor and go take that tray on the dresser then comes back and sits next to me.

“Say a”

I chuckle lightly and do as she says, she feeds me. It's the only way she can make me eat because honestly I don't have an appetite. I'm grateful to her for being here with me, she has been by my side since day one. She's also taking care of My Mom making sure that she baths and eats.

“Phiwe?”

“Sthandwa sami”

“Thank you for being here, your presence means a lot to me and thank you for taking care of My Mom”

“Don't mention it baby, No matter what I will always be here”

I open my mouth she shoves a spoonful of food in my mouth. I chew slowly my mind can't stop thinking about that night. I don't think I have ever seen Kwanza that happy before. She was smiling endlessly and crying tears of joy, little did I know that was going to be the last time I have ever seen her happy like that. It's been months she started studying in Cuba she came back just to spend her birthday with us not aware that her life was going to be cut short in the most gruesome way. She was going to be a doctor and the best one in the

world that I know for sure and she had other dreams to pursue but she was robbed of that chance to shine and flourish.

“Nkosinathi!”

Phiwe snaps me out of my world of pain and sorrow. The despair look on her face is the one she always has whenever I zone out.

“I’m so worried about you please don’t think too much”

I wish that was possible but you can’t stop the mind from thinking.

“I’m full now”

“But you haven’t eaten much”

“I’m fine now”

She sighs heavily and takes the food away. It’s time to go fetch my sister from the mortuary. I’m going with Mom’s aunts and my Dad’s uncles. Yes we do have extended family but they’re just that. We only see each other in times like this or when there’s a wedding. There was a bit of drama during the week about where funeral would be held at. Dad’s uncles argued that Kwanele is a Dlomo her funeral can’t be at the Ndlovu’s but they sorted it out so the funeral is going to be here, My dad’s house that is. Actually the night vigil will be here then her funeral will be at the church.

The tents guys have arrived I tell them where to put the tent then leave with the elders to fetch my sister by the time we come back the sangoma is already waiting for us at the gate in the little shack that I built this morning. The sangoma performs the cleansing ritual. It’s usually done when a person died tragically in an accident or violence. It is to prevent the same kind of death to happen in the family again but I think it’s no use really because 6 years ago the same thing was done right here. When the sangoma finishes we walk inside the gate heading to the main house. Thula is the first one to burst into a loud sob as we walk in. She runs to me mind you I’m holding the coffin.

“Bhuti let me see if it’s really her? It can’t be her maybe the paramedics made a mistake. I read this story of a woman who was declared dead by paramedics but she was found alive at the mortuary”

Phiwe takes her and walks away with her as she cries wiggling. I swallow a lump in my throat as we continue to what used to be my parent’s bedroom. The moment Mom’s eyes see the casket she lets out a piercing painful sob. I couldn’t watch her breaking down like this, it breaks my heart into a million pieces. I walk straight to my back room and take my car keys. I need to get out of this house I’m suffocating I can’t breath.

“Baby you can’t drive in your state”

I don’t say anything to her she snatches the car keys from me

“You are not in the right state to be behind the wheel”

“Give me my car keys Aphiwe!!”

“No!”

“If you know what's good for you Aphiwe you will give me back my car keys!”

“I’m not going to let you kill yourself Nkosinathi we are mourning for Kwanele we can’t lose you too...”

I grab her wrists and we wrestle for the keys I twist her arm.

“You are hurting me Inathi!”

She cries out I let go of her hand.

“Oh baby I’m so sorry”

I envelope her in my arms she cries hard against my chest. I didn’t mean to hurt her I just wanted the keys.

“Ngiyaxolisa sthandwa sami” (I’m sorry my love)

I scoop her up and we gently lie on the bed her on top of me. I feel so horrible now

“I’m deeply sorry yezwa”

She looks up at me as I wipe her tears with my thumbs and kiss her forehead.

“Inathi crying doesn’t make you a weak man it doesn’t make you less of a man. You need to cry and release all this pain inside of you. No one is expecting you to be strong sthandwa Sami, that girl was your sister. She was killed brutally ngiyazi kubuhlungu ekujuleni kwenhliziyo yakho. I’m here for you baby I’m going to hold your hand through it all just allow me to be, Stop shutting me out” (...I know it hurts in the depths of your heart..)

I’m broken beyond comprehension but I’m not going to cry I’m a Dlomo, Mkhabela, Dinangwe I don’t break down.

“I love you so much”

“I love you too my Papito”

We stay in each other’s arms not saying anything. I don’t know how but I end up dozing off. When I wake up she’s not here by my side and I’m no longer wearing my sneakers. I reach for my phone the time reads 19:30pm. I roll out of bed and wear my sneakers before going to the bathroom to pee. Once I’m done I wash my hands and head out. The yard is buzzing I walk inside the kitchen and find the ladies peeling. I scan my eyes around looking for Phiwe

“She’s in your Mom’s bedroom”

One of my cousins says. I don’t want to go to that bedroom it pains me seeing My Mom in the state she’s in and there’s nothing I can do. Let me walk out I will come back later, I join the gents in the tent. They’re drinking juice and eating muffins. Senzo and Sabelo

are also here, when did they get here? and why didn't they wake me up?

“Hawu madoda nifika nini?” (Guys When did you get here?)

“Aw kudala ndoda uyabona sesidla namakhekhe” - Senzo
(It's been a while as you can see that we are eating cakes)

“Kungaze kufike isonto liwaqede wonke ay phela iziyoni ziqeda kwasani” - Sabelo
(Before the church arrives and eat them all. Zion Churches finishes everything)

We share a bit of laughter.

“Don't let My Mom hear you say that” - Me

I grab a chair and sit down. They've been very supportive throughout this painful time. Sabelo came to help me with a few things, Senzo is hands on with the taxi business since I'm not in a space to run it. We engage in conversation laughing here and there. I notice Senzo looking at the entrance with a look I can't read when I turn around my eyes meet Khaya's eyes. What the fuck is he doing here? I get up from the chair and Senzo does the same we look at Khaya, one wrong move we are onto him. He walks towards us and when he gets to me he gives me a brotherly hug.

“I'm sorry boy”

I'm stunned I didn't expect that I thought he's here to cause trouble. The last time I saw him was that day he stabbed me and he never came to me to apologize. We sit down and continue chatting. I'm happy my boys are here to support to me it really means a lot to me. Phiwe sticks her head into the tent I'm sure she's looking for me, she scans her eyes through this group of men.

“Musa ukulunguza sondela mabhebeza” (don't peek come close my baby)

Says this other dude with dreadlocks. I have never seen him around. I stand up so that Aphiwe can see me, she comes to me as this dude whistles.

“Aw spawupete madoda umuhle mtananomuntu!! uAndile Igama isibongo Buthelezi cela ungipha uthado lwakho” (You’re so beautiful my name is Andile and my surname is Buthelezi please give me your love)

“Usindwe ama dreadlock lasekhandalakho anukayo isithathiwe lentokazi” (You were delayed by your smelly dreadlock this woman is already taken)

Laughter fills the tent. I hold Phiwe’s waist and plant a soft peck on her lips

“You good?”

She nods shyly, the gents are making her shy so I take her hand and we walk out of the tent.

“Your cousins said you were looking for me”

“I woke up alone I just wanted to check if you are okay and ask you why didn’t you wake me up”

“I’m okay Papito and I wanted you to rest you haven’t slept for the whole week”

“How is Thula and Mom?”

“Thula is sleeping I gave her whiskey she couldn’t stop crying then your mom...uhm she will be fine”

“Is there something that I need to know?”

“Nah uhm let me go help with dishing up”

She’s running away what’s going on?

“Phiwe talk to me please”

“She..she...uh she’s losing it”

“What do you mean?”

“She’s acting weird baby”

“Weird how?”

“Weird crazy”

I leave her standing right there and jog to My Moms bedroom. I don’t knock but burst in. She’s sitting on the mattress with her aunts. I walk towards her and kneel before her then touches her face she looks at me and smiles.

“Mfana wami” (my boy)

The weight she lost within a week is shocking, she has always been thick and curvy but now she’s so thin her cheekbones are all out.

“I came to check up on you Mama”

“I’m fine my boy don’t worry about me”

She caresses my cheek and smiles faintly.

“Ngiyakuthanda Mama” (I love you mama)

“Ngiyakuthanda nami mfana wami” (I love you too my boy)

She plants a peck on my lips then I walk out. I didn’t see anything strange she’s just broken beyond. I go back to the tent dreadlock guy is not here now

“Seka hambile u dreadlock?” (Dreadlock is gone)

They laugh and nod. Wenze kahle wahamba hawu. My cousins serves us food. I’m so not hungry.

“Please tell Aphiwe to keep it safe for me I will eat later”

“Okay”

Aphiwe runs in crying my heart skips a beat. I’m on my feet in an instant

“Baby what’s wrong”

“That...that dreadlock guy was touching me inappropriate”

That bastard!

“Where the fuck is he?”

“He walked out of the gate and ran away”

I run out heading to the gate it’s dark now and the road is so empty where did she disappear to? Fuck I’m going to get him he will know not to mess with me.

“Iphi lenja!” - Senzo

“He disappeared but I’m going to get him” - Me

“He’s one of the guys that rape our sisters nxa!” - Khaya

It’s 22:00pm now and the vigil started an hour ago. There are so many people it doesn’t help that Mom’s church is huge we had to remove the sides of the tent and leave the top so that everyone can have a space. I didn’t think many people will come abantu abazwani nokulindela but then again Kwanza’s death has touched everyone even strangers it’s all over the news and social media. The police haven’t found out who is behind this. I don’t know anything about church but I won’t miss my sister’s vigil. The tall boy from the party stumbles to the front, he looks drunk or high.

“Inhliziyo yami ibuhlungu bazalwane igobhoza igazi ngokuhamba emhlabeni kwa Tulip. Angazi nokuthi ngithini kodwa ngibone ukuthi sekungaba iphutha elikhulu kabi ukuthi ngingasashongo amazwi okugcina okuvalelisa isthandwa sami”

(My heart hurts, it's bleeding because Tulip passed away. I don't know what to say but I thought it would be a big mistake if I don't say the last words to my love)

What the fuck?? There's a bit of mumbling going on. This boy is disrespecting us! I stand up but Phiwe holds me

“Let him say his last words to her Inathi he also lost her like you”

“No!”

I stand up and charges to him he reeks of alcohol.

“This is not a shebeen get out of here!”

“It's all your fault! You killed her! I hope you are happy with yourself! When you fuck other people's wives did you even think about how was it going to end? They wanted to kill you but they killed her! We are all gathered here in pain because you couldn't keep your dick in your pants! You got your own little sister killed because of a married pussy you are a disgrace....”

I punch him over and over and over the more I punch him it feels so good. Does he think I don't know that ? Of course I know! I know it's my fault she's dead and I hate myself! I hate myself! I hate myself! I so hate my fucking myself!!! I feel strong hands pulling me away from him and takes me out of the tent.

“Leave me alone Senzo I want to beat the motherfucker!!”

“Hayi Mnesh he's just a boy let him go please he's hurting” - Senzo

“You need to control yourself Mnesh yes what that boy said was unfair but you can't beat up a boy in your sister's vigil in front of a congregation” - Sabelo

“And I don’t think Kwanele would’ve like this. If you are the one who’s not respecting your sister’s vigil how do you expect other people to do that? I know right now you are not in control of your emotions but try for your sister and pay your last respect to her” - Khaya

They all embrace me in a group hug. They’re right I shouldn’t have reacted like that.

“We are here for you if you need to vent or anything boy anytime” - Senzo

“Nakanjani man” - Sabelo & Khaya

“Ta bafethu it means a lot to me” - Me

The day I have been dreading has finally arrived. I’m so not ready and I’m not strong enough to get through this day. I don’t want to say goodbye to my little sister and I don’t even deserve to say goodbye to her. Vele it’s my fault Kwanza was killed. I lost my little sister and caused My Mom so much pain because of a cunt. I resent myself and I’m so disgusted by the weak man that I am. Instead of protecting them I killed my sister and caused My Mom immense pain. 6 years ago she was burying her husband who was shot, now it’s her daughter and she was also shot. I failed them and I will never forgive myself for this.

“Let me help you with that”

I’m struggling to tie a knot on my tie my hands are shaking terribly. She takes the tie and makes the knot then helps me with putting it on.

“You are so gorgeous”

She says. I’m in a 3 piece black suit with black shoes.

“So are you baby”

She's wearing black heels and deep v neck ruffled details black dress. It fits her so perfectly displaying all her curves. Her weave is tight and she's not wearing any makeup.

“Thank you sthandwa sami. It's time, let's go”

She takes my hand we walk to the main house heading straight to the master bedroom to see Kwanza for the last time. I try to move closer to her casket but my knees are wobbling.

“I've got you baby”

Phiwe whisper to me and leads me to the coffin. Tears form in my eyes as I look at her. I couldn't have recognized her she's not the Kwanza I know she looks so pale and swollen. I can't stand this, I walk out and go to the backyard to get some fresh air. Phiwe doesn't talk but holds me for dear life I needed that hug.

We leave for church and damn I have never seen so many people in a funeral. I'm even spotting a few faces of people I only see on TV. The service goes well as everyone pays their tribute to my beloved little sister Kwanele Dlomo. Phiwe goes in front to read my sister's obituary as her pictures and videos shuffle on the 3D screen on the wall while “I was here” by Beyoncé is playing. I remember when she told me to do this on her funeral I told her that she's the one that is going to bury me not the other way around.

♪♪ I wanna leave my footprints on the sands of time
 Know there was something that meant something that I left behind
 When I leave this world, I'll leave no regrets
 Leave something to remember, so they won't forget

I was here
 I lived, I loved
 I was here
 I did, I've done everything that I wanted
 And it was more than I thought it would be
 I will leave my mark so everyone will know
 I was here

I wanna say I lived each day, until I die
 And know that I meant something in somebody's life
 The hearts I have touched will be the proof that I lived
 That I made a difference, and this world will see

I was here
 I lived, I loved
 I was here
 I did, I've done everything that I wanted
 And it was more than I thought it would be
 I will leave my mark so everyone will know 🎵🎵

At the cemetery I thought by this time I would've woken up from this horrible nightmare. One can't have a such a long dream. I steel myself from the pain that causes me to realize that it's not a dream, it's happening, my little dynamite is gone and It's all my fault. I walk away as her casket descends to the ground, Phiwe is running after me calling out my name. Each step I take is getting heavier and heavier, I crumble on the ground and for the first time since this painful ordeal happened. Phiwe engulfs me in her arms and we cry together.

“Ngiyaxolisa nana, I'm so so so sorry mtaka mah”

Chapter *Forty One*

♪♪ Mmm, baby, I don't understand this
 You're changing, I can't stand it
 My heart can't take this damage
 And the way I feel, can't stand it
 Mmm, baby, I don't understand this
 You're changing, I can't stand it
 My heart can't take this damage
 And the way I feel, can't stand it
 Mmm, baby, I don't understand it ♪♪

Love is about loving your partner beyond their imperfections and flaws. It's about holding their hands through thick and thin and survive every storm that may be thrown your way. It's about not giving up on each other but what happens when your partner let's go of your hand? Do you hold their legs and hope that you won't fall down or do you also let go of their hand and move on?

It's been five months since Kwanele passed and I have been trying my best to be the most supportive girlfriend ever but Inathi is pushing me away. The more I try to be there for him I lose myself. I have become his dirty bin where he throws all his shit in and I'd tell myself that he's grieving. Three months back I had a miscarriage. The pain of finding out you lost a baby you didn't know was in your womb to begin with hurts deeper than anyone could ever imagine. Yes a baby was the last thing in my plans but that wasn't going to change anything since it was already there.

I'm not sure if the cause of the miscarriage is stress that I have been consuming each day or it's that fall I had when Inathi became physically aggressive with me or it's the aggressive and brutal sex I have been subjected to. He knows very well that I don't want to be tied on my wrists and ankles because it takes me back to that time I was locked up by my ex but he does that to me. Every time he does that the flashbacks comes back. I no longer enjoy our sex life now it's so painful and leaves me bruised. I'm in pain even now last night

he didn't touch my vagina he was just feasting himself on my asshole and I have marks on my tummy and thighs he was pouring candle wax on them. I'm a freak yes and we have done some of the kinkiest things together but they were not harmful.

He blames himself for Kwanele's death and it's weighing heavily on him to the point that he tried to kill himself. I still remember that night he was holding his gun rubbing it on his head broke my heart to the core. Had I not gotten in there he would've killed himself. Oh I would've died with him, that man is my source of oxygen without him there's no life in me. It's been very hard I'm in a cocoon of sadness. I wipe my tears on my face and take out my headset then pause the song I was listening to changes by Xxxtentacion. I hear some noise that must be him. Just then he walks in it's around 10pm and he's been out for the whole day.

“Ngilambile” (I'm hungry)

It's the first thing he says as he settles on the couch opposite the one I'm lying on. I'm always here in his house more than I am at home. They have given up at trying to break us apart because I always come back here no matter how they try to keep me away from him. I get up and walk to the kitchen. I prepare warm water for him to wash his hands first when he's done washing his hands and wiping them I go back to the kitchen. I discard the water and dish up for him. I have prepared tripe, pap and spinach for him. I followed every step sis Rebs said I should I hope he will like it.

I place his plate , sauce of green chilies and a glass of beer on the tray. I take the tray and to the living room. I place the tray on the coffee table and move it closer to him before settling next to him. He starts eating then suddenly spits out the food.

“Arg what the fuck is this huh? You want to kill me with salt?”

Oh my heart sinks

“Is it too much?”

“Damn it is! When will you learn to cook huh? I’m sick and tired of eating this yuck food of yours! You are a woman you suppose to know how to cook!!”

“I’m sorry baby I will warm up pizza for you then”

He takes his beer and gulps on it as I take the tray and go to the kitchen with it. I place it on the counter and look up to the roof as I say a little prayer to myself. Dear God please intervene, sprinkle your drops of healing into his heart and make him forgive himself for everything he blames himself for. I need my Papito back please my dear lord. Amen. I wipe my tears and warm the pizza then go give it to him. I’m watching him eat without a word. He keeps glancing at me then he finally says something.

“Why?”

“Why what?”

“Why did you leave early at the party?”

Where is this coming from now.

“I had a bladder irritation baby remember? ”

“You have never complained about bladder irritation before then”

“What does that suppose to mean?”

“It was all your plan Aphiwe all along you have been working for your father and killing my sister was his revenge for making him take out his taxi’s isn’t it?”

I gasp with shock what did he just say?

“What did you say?”

“You heard me! How could you do this to me huh?”

Oh my God he’s really serious about this! Now this is overboard.

“How dare you Nkosinathi? You know I have been very patient with your bullshit but this? My father and brother are anything but not murderers! I can’t believe that’s how you think of me! You think I’d do that to you wow! You know what this was the last straw I’m done with you!”

I get up and walk to the bedroom to pack my clothes. I’m shaking with anger and tears are streaming down my face. How could he? Once I’m done I head to the living room.

“I have been a supportive girlfriend to you Nkosinathi but you keep pushing me away. You promised me that you will never hurt me and that you will protect me but what you have been doing these passed months is hurting me deeply. I’m tired of you treating me like shit. I understand that you are grieving but it doesn’t give you the right to make me your dirty bin to throw your shit. You really think I would be here with you tolerating your bullshit if loving you was just a plan to kill your sister? You think I would’ve stayed after you killed my baby? You.....”

“Woah what baby?”

“Remember that day you manhandled me I fell down, you left me there on the floor and I went home. That night I started having cramps and bleeding I thought it was my periods but the more days went by the heavier was the bleeding and the pain. I went to the doctor and I was told I had a miscarriage.”

“Why...why you didn’t tell me Aphiwe?”

He sounds so broken now but then again this is the man that just accused me of killing his sister.

“What difference was it going to make? You killed my baby. I still stayed with you but now I’m leaving I can’t take it anymore. I want to thank you though for everything. You’ve given me a different perspective to life. I now know that life is more than just a status. You made me become the best version of myself. Thank you for the love you showed me before we got here at least now I know a

glimpse of true love. Yes I have never doubted your love for me and I know that it runs deep it's just that right now you have no control over your emotions. I will pray for you that you heal not only for yourself but for your family and the next woman you going to love. I will always love you Bhelesi”

I walk out with my overnight bag. I get into my car and drive home tears falling down my face. That was a hardest decision I have ever made but I had to for my life before he end up killing me. I'm surprised to find mom still awake. She's lying on the couch in the lounge drinking wine.

“Hey baby”

She's surprised to see me but she's happy to see me. I can tell by that smile on her face. We have drifted apart through these months.

“I broke up with him mama”

“Oh baby come here”

She sits up straight. I settle down next to her and bury my head on her bosom and burst into tears.

“I'm sorry sthandwa sami”

She cradles me like I'm a baby rocking me back and forth.

“It's going to be okay baby”

I calm down after a while and she pours wine into the glass and gives me.

“Thank you”

“Tell me what happened”

I narrate everything between my sobs not leaving a single detail.

“Oh baby I can’t believe you went through all of this alone. You should’ve come to me Wewe”

“I was scared you going to tell me that you told me so”

“You had miscarriage Wewe that's huge! You were supposed to tell me I’m your mother for fuck sake!”

Tears are flowing down her face.

“I’m sorry mama”

“It’s all my fault. God I’m sorry baby”

“It’s not your fault mom.”

We drink the wine together talking about anything that is not depressing. At 23:30 I kiss her goodnight and go to my bedroom. The moment my head hit the pillow I doze off.

I slide out of bed and run to my bedroom I’m pressed. I moan as I release myself damn my bladder almost burst. Once I’m done I wash my hands and go back to my bedroom. Time on the wall is 3am I only slept for 3 hours but now my sleep is gone. I decide to go fetch mom’s wine and drink until I can’t anymore. I can hear voices as I walk down the stairs. It’s Mom and Dad they’re arguing at this time of the night. I take a little peek and it’s looks like mom hasn’t moved an inch on that couch and she still have a glass in her hand.

“You need to stop drinking like fish and come to bed!”

“Just leave me alone Mbuyiseni!”

“What’s wrong with you huh? We haven’t had sex for 3 months I’m getting tired of waiting for you now!”

“Then go Mbuyiseni I’m not stopping you”

“Are you talking to me like that?”

“Our daughter lost her baby because of us Mbuyiseni”

“That bastard made her pregnant!!”

“Is that all you care about? I just told you she had miscarriage and you are talking about Nkosinathi!”

“It’s for the best she lost the baby”

I can’t believe Dad just said that!

“Wow! Are you listening to yourself? We lost our first grandchild Mbuyiseni!”

“Ehy I don’t want a Dlomo grandchild mina!”

“This obsession you have over this boy cost us our grandchild and our daughter is broken! We should’ve just let them be maan! That boy loves Wewe and have you noticed how humble and matured Wewe has been ever since he dated that boy?”

“Aphiwe has always been humble and matured don’t you dare give that boy credit.”

“That’s a lie! As much as we don’t want to admit it that boy brought a positive change in our daughter’s life but you won’t see it because you don’t like him”

“That boy wanted to use our daughter to avenge his father I wasn’t going to watch him do that!”

Avenge his father huh?

“That’s not true he genuinely loves her and he doesn’t know about what we did to his father”

What did they do to Inathi’s father?

“How do you know that?”

“I did my own little investigation. The boy is trying to make something out of himself there was nothing personal by asking you to take out some of your taxis on the road. He has only 4 taxis and you have 30 taxis you were already making more money without the taxis you had to take off road.”

“It’s not my fault that he has 4 taxis I also pay permit for those taxis that I had to take off the road!”

“True but you are not in the taxi industry alone Mbusiyeni you also have to think about other taxi owners and drivers. Just because you can buy as many taxis as you can doesn’t mean you shouldn’t consider other people . That’s selfish and greedy you have to work with each other and reach a common ground that’s how we will have peace in the taxi industry for once.”

Exactly mama!

“No matter what you can say I don’t like that boy and I never will!”

“You don’t have to like him you should’ve just let him be. Is it not enough that we robbed him a chance to have a lavish life by stealing from his father? did you have to kill his sister? . A 19 year old girl Mbuyiseni you are so heartless!”

No! What?

“It’s him that was suppose to die but your stupid son did an amateur job so much for being a hit man! He could’ve least made sure that he killed them all”

Oh my God! I can’t believe this! Inathi was right! I feel tears threatening my eyes.

“I’m sorry Baba for disappointing you”

Now that’s Zenzele’s voice I’m no sure where did he appear from maybe he was out. Wait does this means Mom is okay with her son being a hitman? What kind of mother is this? Kahle kahle who are

these people? I'm trembling now and tears are falling relentlessly. I make my way in and they all look at me with shock.

“Ba...baby what..wa....”

Mom is stuttering.

“Oh my God I can't believe this! Who are you people? Am I that naive that I didn't know what has been happening in this house? Mom how can you be okay that your son is a hit man? Zenzele how could you kill Kwanele huh? She was like a little sister to me! Dad what kind of a father are you that tells his son to go around and shoot people? Who does that huh? You people are so sick and you disgust me! The pain Inathi's family is going through because of you guys niyenza kanjani into enje na?”

I scream in anguish.

“That boy is using you Wewe” - Zenzele

“No he's not he doesn't know anything he just fell in love with her genuinely. I thought you are good at digging information my son but it seems like this time you missed. Ndlovu came to me and ask me to talk to you Mbuyiseni to not do anything to his step son. He demanded actually and I promised him I will do it because I knew that your father had no intention of hurting Nkosinathi but after he asked Wewe to marry him all hell broke loose” - Mom

“I don't understand Mom why would Nkosinathi's stepdad make demands to you and you listen to him?” - Me

“Because there's something he knows about me that has been weighing heavily on me. Nkosinathi's father used to ask me out when I was already in a relationship with your father. He would disrespect him touching and grobing me in front him.....”- Mom

“And you enjoyed every single second of it!”

“That's not true Mbuyiseni!”

“You made him to disrespect me by entertaining him! Even now the way you are defending this boy I bet you still love his father!”

“That’s not true! You asked me to choose and I chose you!”

“But you were so hurt when I told you how did we got all this worth!”

“If dad knew about Nkosinathi’s Dad then what does Mr Ndlovu know about you mom?” - Me

“Yes that's what I want to know” - Dad

We all look at mom as tears runs down her face.

“Uuhm...God how can I say this? I... I slept with Dlomo”

Woah now this is...huh? Mom and Inathi’s father fucked and just when I thought this is deep she drops a bomb.

“Uhm Zenzele is not your son he..he is Dlomo’s son”

“Whaaaaat?” - Dad & Zenzele.

Mom burst into tears.

“No mama don’t you dare fucking cry! Tell me you’re joking!” - Zenzele

Dad is so shocked that he can’t utter a word.

“I’m sorry my boy and to be honest with you I was going to take this secret to the grave but after you killed your sister I had to come clean”

To say mom is shocking me today would be an understatement!

“Now it all makes sense! It makes sense why Dad and I never connected! I always had to prove myself to Dad that I am man enough! No one has ever cared for me like you do to Wewe. She

went overseas to study and you helped her start up her own business. Mina I was never given a choice I had to kill and kill and kill to prove to my father that I'm a man! If only you told me the truth Mom none of this would have happened. I wouldn't have killed my little sister and I would've definitely not despise my older brother. You are so selfish Mom you thought only about yourself and your marriage but you could've at least told me maybe just maybe we would've kept the secret together and I would've stood my ground to Dad or should I say Mbuyiseni? Nx!"

Yhooo That was intense I never knew this is how Zenzele feels and now that Mom had said this Zenzele has Inathi's resemblance, the reason we all missed this it's because he looks more like Mom. I remember when I told Inathi that I love the way he treats his sisters and I'm also craving the same relationship with my brother. He told me that his father was also like that but he knew that he loved him. Zenzele is not an affectionate type of a person like his father!

The glimpse of hope I had about me and Inathi getting back together one day has vanished. He will never let me back in his life after knowing that our Brother killed their sister and all this time he has been working hard for his Mom and Sister when their father could've left them with all this wealth. Is it even right for me to think about us being together again after finding out that we share a brother? I need a break I can't deal with this it's too much. Tomorrow morning , oh it's morning already well I'm going to Vryheid to my grandma she always knows how to make me feel better.

Epilogue

The worst thing one has ever had to go through in life is losing a loved one. You stop responding to the world around you and stop reacting to the people in your life. Each breath is a struggle, you feel like you are in a dark cocoon of sadness and the world ceases to exist. It's been five months since Kwanza passed and I miss her so much! Life will never be the same without her. We are trying to live but we are barely breathing, all of us. Mom has a nervous breakdown she's surviving on medication and therapy. Thula is living a wildlife she's partying like an animal and is sleeping around. Her nude pictures and sex videos has been trending on social media but she doesn't give a fuck. Dad is trying his best to be there for all 3 of us but it's a real struggle.

I'm consumed with self blame and self resentment but I realized that it won't change anything the least I can do is to make sure that the person who did this pays. The police are not working hard enough to find this bastard so I have been trying to figure it out myself and dating back to that night. Why would the Mbhele's wait for 7 months to attack me? Maybe they wanted to catch me when I at least expected but I think they were going to make sure that I know it's them I could be wrong though.

Many taxi drivers are not happy about the way people have been raving about Mellow Yellow anything is possible. Then there's Ndlela, who thinks so highly of himself and believe that no one can tell him anything but I came and made him take out their taxis off the road and on top of that I dated his daughter. It would be a sign of defeat and weakness for him to give me his blessings to date his daughter. How far would he go to make sure that I stay away from his daughter?

How is it a coincidence that a car I saw driving away that night is a Jaguar sports car just a week ago I saw Aphiwe's brother driving the same Jaguar? I had forgotten about it until a week ago I had a flashback right after seeing Zenzele driving past me with his Jaguar. It's clear that whoever did this was watching us and he knew

everything. Remember I was driving Phiwe's TT and the chances of her being with me in the car were so high but clearly if it's him he already knew that she was not there with us.

“Calm down Mnesh and sit down”

Senzo says. I'm pacing up and down sharing my theories with the gents and the more I think about this it drives me crazy.

“My sister is dead because of me! I should've stayed away from Aphiwe just like how Dad warned me to but I didn't listen! I have never listened! I always get in many tricky situations and drag the people I love with me!”

A 16 year old girl died and the gents had to get their hands dirty by helping me bury her. Cebi killed Thiza trying to cover up our secret. Bra Mos died because of what I did to him and it could be possible that the Mbhele's were avenging him. Mom has always told me to start another business and forgot about the taxi business but look now it could also be possible that it's one of the jealous taxi drivers that killed my sister. I should've just stayed away from Aphiwe the day I found out that she's a Ndlela because I already knew that her father won't be happy with me dating his daughter but NO! Nkosinathi as always didn't listen! I hit my head on the wall countless times.

“Mnesh please you are hurting yourself stop it!”

Khaya says as he takes me to the couch.

“No one is born perfect boy we all make mistakes. Bad times are there to teach us lessons. No matter what you did to whom, Kwanele didn't deserve to die these people have to pay” - Senzo

“We are still not sure it's them gents” - Sabelo

“It's them, the finger is pointing at them judging by Mnesh's theories. Maybe this was just their plan from the beginning including Aphiwe and Mnesh's relationship” - Khaya

I clench my jaw as I think of the possibility of this but Phiwe would never do me like that or would she?

“No I doubt, that girl loves Mnesh she has been nothing but supportive to him no matter how much Mnesh treated her like shit”
- Sabelo

“I don’t treat her like shit, what are you on about now?” - Me

“Oh come on boy we have seen you and we are your friends we know you too well. You are taking out all your grief to the poor girl because you know she loves you.” - Sabelo

I don’t say anything because deep down I know I have been unfair to her

“That girl truly loves you Mnesh if it was someone else maybe they’ve would have left you. Even I myself as your bro I wouldn’t take half of the things you put that girl through. What if Aphiwe caught feelings and told her father that she can’t go on with their revenge? That’s when they decided it’s better they kill Mnesh. - Senzo

I don’t know what to think anymore, my mind is reeling and I have a horrible headache now. I take my beer from the coffee table and gulp it all in one go.

“You got a point boy” - Khaya

“Guys we are still not sure it’s them don’t forget that. We need someone professional who can do a private investigation” - Sabelo

“That’s what I was also thinking” - Me

“Zac is....” - Senzo

“Zac couldn’t find Cebi I need someone who’s the best in this”

“I haven’t used my gun in a long time, oh I can’t wait to use it on that big headed man called Mbuyuseni” - Senzo

He whistles making me to chuckle.

“No Senzo you are insane now ,when the private investigator proves that it’s them we have to tell the police” - Sabelo

“Police for what? These people are filthy rich I’m sure the police are on their payroll. Mele zife le zinja!” - Senzo

“I’m with you Senzo” - Khaya

“No this is wrong! Tell them Mnesh” - Sabelo

He has always been Mr Perfect Guy. always wants things to go by the book.

“I’m afraid they’re right Sabelo why do you think the police are not taking this case as a priority as they promised?” - Me

“But Mnesh killing is not right, we can’t be fixing something with another problem.” - Sabelo

“The law is failing us Sabz there’s nothing we can do about it. This country is fucked up we might as well take the law into our own hands. This is the only way to get justice for my sister” - Me

“I’m not killing anyone count me out” - Sabelo

“Now you are being a pussy Sabelo” - Senzo

“I’m not a pussy don’t you dare say that!”

“Vele maan uyi nquza! Nqa Nqe Nqi Nqo Nqu Nquzaaa” - Senzo

We break into laughter except for Sabelo. He’s mad I can see it by that look of his. He takes his car keys on the coffee table and walks out. We continue and chat about anything less depressing and Khaya promises to hook me up with a private investigator he knows.

When I get home I try to hold myself until I couldn't and ask Phiwe. I couldn't prepare myself for what she tells me. It hits me deep in the depths of my heart, though I know that I haven't been fair to her I didn't know it was this deep. The pain laced in every word she utters cuts me deep like a sword in my heart and makes me regret twisting the knife in her bleeding heart. "I Will Always Love You Bhelesi" These are the words she leaves me with and walks away. A lone tear invites another and another until I give in to the urge of letting out a heart wrenching sob.

I'm woken up by a phone ringing in my pants and when I open my eyes I realize it's the next morning and I slept on the couch. I slide my phone out of my pants and look at the screen, my eyes feel heavy and I have a terrible headache. It's detective Thwala who's calling, he's handling Kwanza's case.

"Detective"

I say with a groggy hoarse voice.

"Hi Mr Dlomo are you sleeping?"

"I was now I'm awake"

"How are you?"

"I will never be fine until you find my sister's murderers detective"

I say sternly

"I'm calling you about that sir please come to the police station I can't talk about it over the phone"

"Okay I'm coming"

I hang up and get up from the couch stretching my stiff neck that it pops. Phiwe's scent is all over the house, melancholy descended on me as it hits me hard that she's better off without me. I don't deserve her. I failed to treat her like a queen that she is. I miss her already oh Phiwe!. I walk to the bathroom and take a quick shower

when I finish I get dressed then drive to the police station. Thwala and I shook hands then I settle down on the chair.

“I hope you have found the killer....”

“He handed himself in actually”

Now this is what I wasn't expecting.

“When?”

“Just about an hour ago he confessed everything”

“Who is he? I want to see him.”

“He is in a holding cell for now. I will go get him”

He gets up and walks out. With every second I wait my heart pounds harder against my chest. I wonder who is it and why did he confess? The door swings open and they walk in. I feel rage burning through me as our eyes meet.

“You son of a donkey!!!”

In a second I'm on my feet charging for him the detective pulls me just as I'm about punch this motherucker!!

“Calm down Mr Dlomo”

“It's me that you wanted why didn't you face me like a man? Why did you kill her instead of me??!”

“Mr Dlomo if you don't calm down then I will have to take him away” - Thwala

I sit down and look at him as he sits down too before me. Thwala walks away and stands a bit far from us.

“Why Zenzele? Why kill her and hand over yourself, do you think it will bring her back? What game are you playing? Surely it can't be that you are remorseful”

“I'd give anything to take this all back Nkosinathi.”

Tears stream down his face. I chuckle. He really thinks I will fall for his crocodile tears.

“Oh please stop with the crocodile tears! You knew what you were doing.....”

He cuts me short

“I'm a hit man Nkosinathi I kill without giving a shit, I really thought I killed all 3 of you. Believe me when I say that I'd do anything to take everything back”

He wipes his tears and looks at me, I find it hard to believe that what I'm seeing through his eyes is a glint of remorse and sadness.

“Why should I believe you?”

He heaves a sigh

“I have been living a life of proving myself to my father. I had to kill to prove that I'm a man to my father. Of course at first it was hard but I was so desperate to make him happy and be proud of me. The irony in this is that I grew up wanting to save people's lives but I'm killing them now without feeling an inch of remorse or guilt. I never thought that one day I would kill someone close to me....”

He pauses and heaves a sigh .

“You are my elder brother Nkosinathi and Kwanele was our little sister”

Huh? I need to clean my ears they must have wax.

“Your father and Mom had an affair and they made me”

No is he's serious?

“You are joking right?”

I can't believe that all this time I have been missing the resemblance between us. He may look more like his Mom but he's a Dlomo without a doubt but I still don't want to believe it.

“I wish I was joking. I found out yesterday and Mom wasn't going to tell us but after what I did she had to tell us. It's only her secret, the only person that knew is your step father. He blackmailed Mom to make sure that Dad, well Mbuyiseni doesn't retaliate after you made him take out some of his taxis off the road.”

I can't believe this it's lies!

“No you are lying!”

“You can ask him. Your father stole a piece of gold worth millions at the mine he was working at and Mbuyiseni stole it from him that's how he became this rich. All of this wealth Mbuyiseni has belonged to our father. We thought you wanted to avenge him and you were using Aphiwe for that only to find out last night from Mom that you knew nothing. You fell in love with her without any agenda. I'm really sorry Nkosinathi, if Mom wasn't selfish and told me this I wouldn't have killed Kwanele. I know that confessing is not going to bring her back but she deserves justice. I'm sorry Nkosinathi from the deepest parts of my heart.”

He gets up and walks to the door leaving me dumbfounded. When he gets to the door he turns around and calls out for me. I tilt my head aside and look at him.

“Please don't hold this against Aphiwe she knew nothing and she really loves you. Take care bro”

I'm feeling all sorts of emotions now. I can't believe that Dad had a child outside of his Marriage and he never told us? The nerve Ndlela has to live his lavish life as if he never stole from my father. I knew

that there's more than what meets the eye, as for Bab'Gatsheni how could he? I drive straight to his house.

“Son”

“Where's Mama?”

“She's sleeping.”

“How could you keep the fact that Dad had a son and that son is Zenzele, Phiwe's brother?”

He gasps in shock

“Really Bab Gatsheni?!”

“I promised your Dad that I will keep it a secret Nkosinathi I'm sorry”

“Wow! Even after when he died you still kept this a secret!! Do you realize that if you told us Kwanza would be still alive?? Zenzele is the one that killed Kwanele. He confessed to the police!!

He pops his eyes out in shock

“No!”

“Yesss! You made My Mom fall in love with you while you have a big secret about her late husband!! How could you do this to her??”

“Lower your voice please I don't want your Mom to hear this....”

“She deserves to know what a snake her husband is !!”

“She's barely surviving, this will kill her beyond please My Son don't tell her. I'm sorry I kept this but I made a promise to your father.”

“She will find out vele I'm sure it's on the news already that Kwanza's killer has handed himself in”

“Don’t tell her I knew about Zenzele....”

“I won’t tell her not for you but for her health. She loves you, this will set her back nx!”

I walk out banging the door behind me. I don’t know how to take this it’s too much. I drive to Kwanza’s grave, I come here almost every day just to feel closer to her. I sit down and play her playlist as usual.

“They say the dead know everything that we don’t know I guess now you know that the person that killed you is our brother. I can’t believe it! I wanted to avenge you nana but now I can’t kill our brother. He didn’t know just like how we didn’t know that we are siblings. I still blame myself though if I didn’t bring Aphiwe into our lives you’d be here now. Ngiyakukhumbula nana” (...I miss you nana)

I wipe my tears

“You have made me weak wena all I do is cry ngiyabihlika nje ngivuza namafinyela.” (...I’m sobbing all the way with snort all over my face)

I chuckle as I wipe my tears with the back of my hands.

“I trust you to interrogate Dad there for keeping our brother from us. Buye awudlali ke wena” (...And I know you don’t play)

I giggle to myself

“He’s really our brother, I saw the resemblance and he also wanted to be a Doctor just like me and you. We took the passion of saving lives from Dad.”

Eight Months Later....

“Usekhozini sawbona” (Khozi FM hello)

I swallow thick spit and clears my throat.

“Uhm hello”

“Yebo unjani?” (Hi how are you?)

“Ngiyaphila unjani wena? ” (I’m fine and yourself?)

“I’m good. I’m Nkosinathi Dlomo from Newcastle. I want to dedicate You Are The Reason by Calum Scott to my woman. Aphiwe Ndlela if you are listening to this I want to tell you that I can’t function without you I really need you by my side. I love you my Apple butter”

“Ohhh Apple butter wakhe I hope you are listening. uDinangwe uyakudinga.” (...Dinangwe needs you)

I say my goodbyes and turn up the volume as the song starts playing.

♪♪ There goes my heart beating
Cause you are the reason
I'm losing my sleep
Please come back now

There goes my mind racing
And you are the reason
That I'm still breathing
I'm hopeless now

I'd climb every mountain
And swim every ocean
Just to be with you
And fix what I've broken
Oh, cause I need you to see
That you are the reason

There goes my hands shaking
And you are the reason

My heart keeps bleeding
And I need you now

If I could turn back the clock
I'd make sure the light defeated the dark
I'd spend every hour, of every day
Keeping you safe

I'd climb every mountain
And swim every ocean
Just to be with you
And fix what I've broken
Oh, cause I need you to see
That you are the reason

I don't wanna fight no more
I don't wanna hide no more
I don't wanna cry no more
Come back I need you to hold me
(You are the reason)
Come a little closer now
Just a little closer now
Come a little closer
I need you to hold me tonight

I'd climb every mountain
And swim every ocean
Just to be with you
And fix what I've broken
Cause I need you to see
That you are the reason♪♪

“She will forgive you Bhuti I have hope”

Thula says giving me a hopeful smile. I return it faintly

“I really hope so baby girl”

A lot has happened in the passed months but I have to say that each month felt better then the previous month up until now. Mom is smiling now here and there at least it's something and she even went out with Dad today which is something she hasn't done in ages. Dad makes Mom happy so I didn't tell her that her husband knew Dad had a child out of wedlock that we knew nothing about.

Thula has tone it down a bit on her wild life, she's slowly but surely getting there. Finding out who killed Kwanza and why somehow brought closure to all of us. Zenzele was sentenced to 15 years in jail. Ndlela died, he was involved in a car accident. Good riddance to bad rubbish!

I haven't seen Aphiwe ever since that night she left but I stalk her on WhatsApp. I hope she will forgive me, I really can't live without her. She's a Ndlela and I'm a Dlomo we only share a brother so that doesn't make us related. I still love her and I want to fix our relationship we had a good thing there.

I wanted to sell my taxis and start another business but Mom told me not to do that. The Taxi industry is my passion and it needs people like me who will always bring peace whenever there's violence. I couldn't believe it when she said that but I was so happy that finally I got her support I added 6 taxis on top of that four. I'm growing and I'm going to make my way all up there to the top. My phone is ringing my heart skips a beat when I see who's calling. I clear my throat and answer it.

“Phiwe”

“Hey”

Oh I missed her voice so much

“How are you?”

“I'm okay and you?”

“I feel better now that I'm hearing your voice”

There's a bit of silence I hope she's smiling

"Can we meet please?"

"Uhm I don't know"

"Please Phiwe"

"Okay"

"Where are you?"

"Dannhauser"

I wonder what is she doing there.

"I'm coming"

I hang up

"Mmh that's smile uthini?" – Thula (...what did she say)

"I'm going to her now we will talk" - Me

"Good luck" - Thula

"Thank you baby girl" - Me

I drive to Danhauser and call her when I get there she tells me that she's at OK. I park my car before OK store and make my way in. There she is looking beautiful as ever but she's...I swallow a bitter taste in my mouth as I walk to her.

"Phiwe?"

I whisper not believing what I'm seeing and touch her big belly it's so hard

"You are pregnant?"

She nods looking down. I pull her chin up making her to look at me she has tears in her eyes and I can still see that pain I put her through. I hope she will let me fix what I have broken.

“How far are you?”

“8 months”

“It’s mine right?”

I ask with a shaky voice.

“Yes”

“Oh thank you so much I almost had a heart attack”

She laughs, her laughter still tugs at my heartstrings.

“Akusho wena kusho ubuso bakho” (You don’t say it’s written all over your face)

I giggle and take her one hand in mine then push her trolley as we go through.

“Wow so I’m going to be a father?”

Happy doesn’t begin to describe how I’m feeling right now.

“Yep it’s a boy and I think we should name him Kwanele”

I kiss her and envelope her in my arms sniffing her lovely scent. Oh how I missed having her in my arms and her scent damn it’s turning me on. I break the hug after a while.

“Why didn't you tell me?”

“I didn’t want to stress Inathi I’m sorry I had to put my baby first”

I understand especially after I caused her miscarriage

“I never thought you knew Danhauser, what are you doing here?”

She giggles it's really a small town you wouldn't expect to find Miss New York.

“My Mom's sister lives here in Newtown I came here to buy my cravings. I just needed to breathe a different air”

“Your Aunt allows you to drive at this stage of your pregnancy?”

“She doesn't know I sneaked out”

“Phiwe!”

“I need some ice cream Papito”

I break into a huge smile I have missed being called that man.

“It's winter nje Mamacita”

“Trust me Kwanele doesn't care about that. Thank you for the song dedication”

“You were listening?”

“Yes I was driving here, funny enough I don't listen to Khozi but today I felt like listening to it”

“I have broken you beyond please give me a chance to fix that sthandwa sami”

She releases a shaky breath.

“I don't know Inathi, I don't want to lose another baby and I don't want to go through all that pain you caused me”

“I know baby and I don't blame you but we can take it step by step and you will see it yourself that I really want to fix us. I want to make you Aphiwe Dlomo”

“Step by step it is then”

She takes yummy things and puts them in the trolley. we see a cute little chubby toddler fiddling with chips.

“Hello nanaaa” - Me

She smiles widely exposing her two short babies on her upper front and lifts up her hands. I take her, where is her mother?

“What kind of a mother leaves a baby here?” - Phiwe

“Ndiwe! Oh God this child where is she now! Ndiwe!”

A voice of a woman says then she appears. Our eyes meet.

“Cebisile!”

She’s too shocked to react. I look at this cute little angel in my arms. How did I miss it when I laid my eyes on her the first time?

“Uthandiwe come to mommy” - Cebisile

The little angel shakes her head No and buries her head on my chest. I feel warmth deep in my heart.

The End